

Lessons of Life

GUSTAVUS COHEN

SWEETHEARTS & HOW TO READ THEIR CHARACTERS.
OUR TEACHERS ON TRIAL.
THE TREE OF LIFE.
HEALTH & EDUCATION.
KEEP TO THE RIGHT.
SHAMS & REALITIES.
TALENTS WASTED.
FASHIONS.
NOSES.

ILLUSTRATED.





Faithfully Yours
Sustanus Cohen

LESSONS OF LIFE:

BEING COLLECTIVE ESSAYS

BY

GUSTAVUS COHEN.

CONTENTS:

THE TREE OF LIFE: ITS GROWTH AND DECAY, OR LIGHT
AND DARKNESS.

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SWEETHEARTS, AND HOW TO READ THEIR CHARACTERS.

PUBLISHED AT

THE "PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN" OFFICE, 341, STRAND, W.C.

LONDON:

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL STREET. BLOOMSBURY.

HENRY VICKERS, 317, STRAND.

LIVERPOOL:

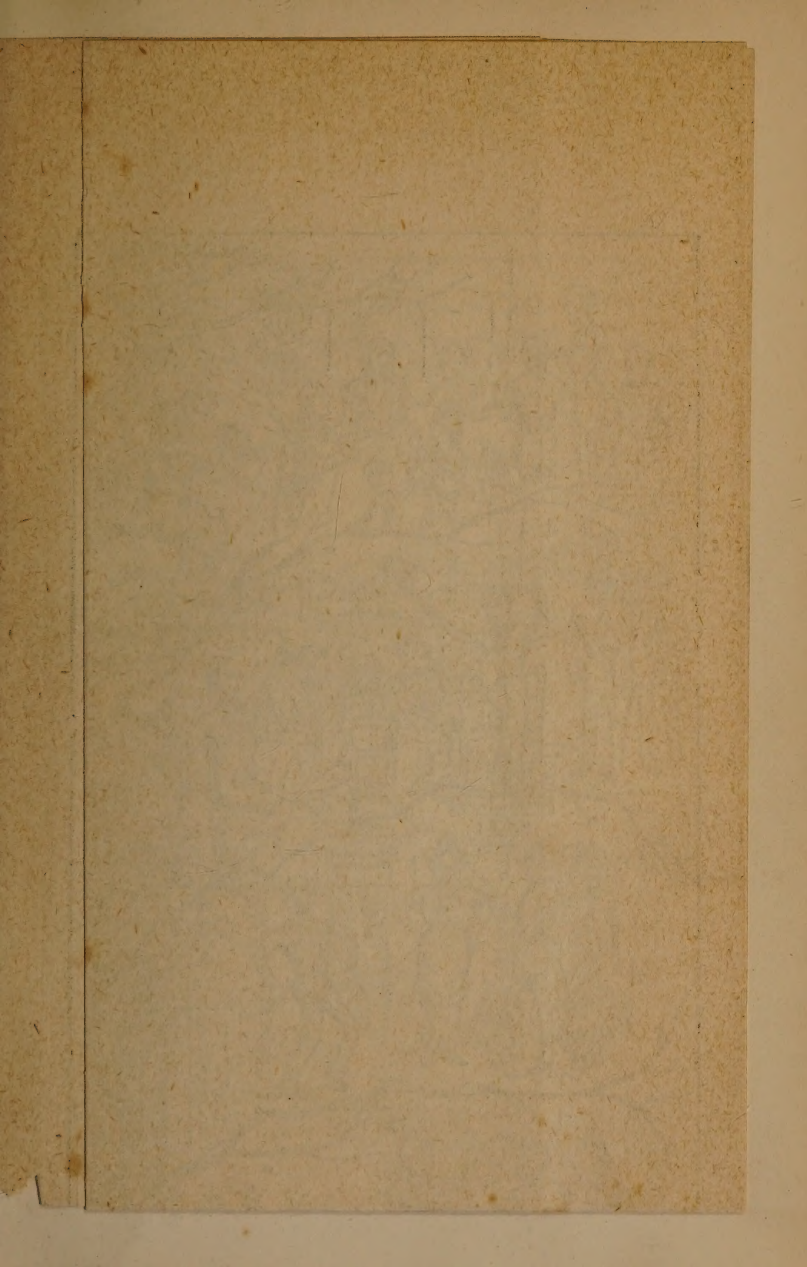
GUSTAVUS COHEN, 40, BEDFORD STREET NORTH.

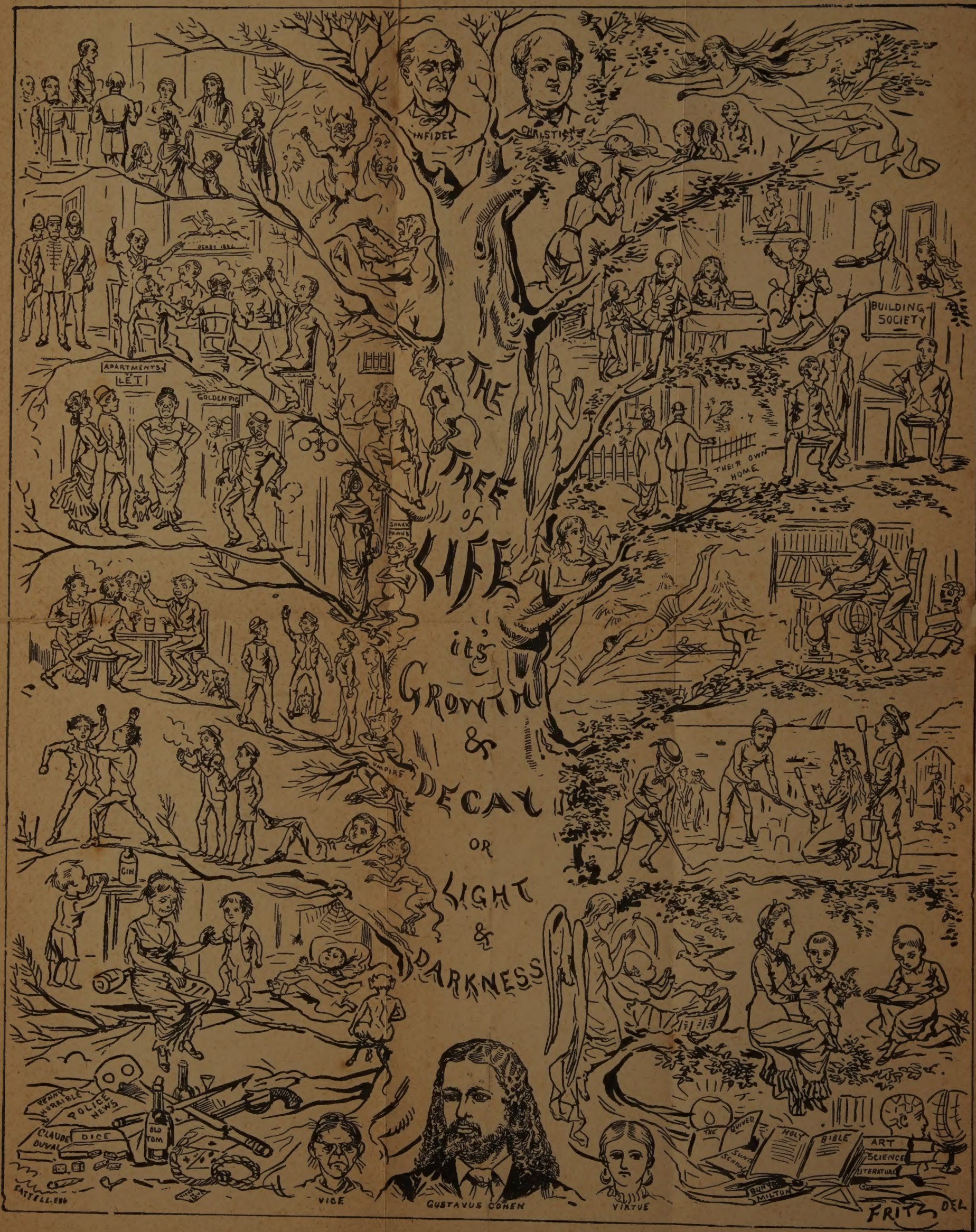
W. H. SMITH & SON, DALE STREET.

MANCHESTER:

JOHN HEYWOOD, DEANS GATE.

1884.





THE TREE OF LIFE :

Its Growth and Decay ;

OR,

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

BY

GUSTAVUS COHEN,

Author of "Our Teachers on Trial," "Keep to the Right,"
"Sweethearts and Wives," "Modern Judaism,"
"Shams and Realities," "Talents Wasted,"
&c.

With Illustrated Plate, by Fritz Braun.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

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INTRODUCTION.

“I LIKE, too, that representation they [the ancient Norsemen] have of the Tree of Igdrasil. *All Life is figured by them as a Tree.* Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death ; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe : it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future ; watering its roots from the sacred Well. Its ‘boughs,’ with their buddings and disleafings,*—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word ? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it ;—or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the Past, the Present, and the Future ; what was done, what is doing, what will be done ; ‘the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do.*’ Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful ; altogether beautiful and great. The ‘*Machine* of the Universe,’—alas, do but think of that in contrast !”

THOMAS CARLYLE.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP.

*Growth and Decay.

The Tree of Life : its Growth & Decay ;

OR,

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

LIFE has been compared to numerous objects : it has been spoken of as a "grand mystery," and men have too often been regarded as mere motes, who have been cast haphazard upon the surface of the "stream of life" to be eddied and played about by the rushing water, for a few passing moments and then to be swept from the gaze of humanity into the realms of the unseen. Let us not forget that we all have been endowed with faculties and powers which when properly directed should enable us to battle even against the tide ; against adversity ; against obstacles of the most formidable nature ; and happy the man who, proud of his conquests over sin, may, without fear of the future or remorse for the past, look calmly from the summit of old age across the pathway he has left behind him. His end is indeed peace. In the beautiful words of Richter "A truly christian man can look calmly down like an eternal sun upon the autumn of his existence—the more sand has passed through the hour-glass of life the more clearly can he see through the empty glass."

Life may not inaptly be compared to a Tree ; a thing tender and young at first, but in years assuming a more permanent and decided form until at last the growth is over and the decline commences. But should we not consider the source from whence the tree draws its life when we think how strange is the contrast between the tree that has flourished on rich and fertile soil and the tree that owes its existence to the poisons drawn from an unwholesome and barren earth. So it is with the babe, the tenderest slip of human existence. Let the parents watch earnestly and dutifully over that little child which God has entrusted to their care. Let its earliest instincts be good and pure ; its eyes learn to love the beautiful ; its hands to be devoted to the good ; and the foundation of a true and happy life upon this earth will have been laid in the young heart about to enter upon the trials and temptations of the world. There is an old story still in my mind which relates how a poor cottager and his wife were one day visited by a strange gentleman. The strange visitor after having partaken of a meal asked the old man to take him through the garden, and in the garden there were trees of a certain kind, some straight and stately and others again crooked and unsightly to look upon. "How is it," said the visitor, "that some of these trees which are all of a kind are so beautiful and towering, while others are so warped and shapeless?" "Ah," said the old man, "the storm had blown away the supports we had once tied them to, and as we never fastened them up again they grew crooked and ugly as you see them." "But why do you not tie them up again, now?" queried the stranger. "No use, now," muttered the cottager, "that should have been done while they were young and pliant." There was a

silence. "Had you ever a son?" asked the visitor. "Yes," said the old man with a sigh, "but he was a sorry rascal and at last ran away from home, and we have not heard of him since!" "That son has sent me here," said the stranger. "After a life of sin and shame he this morning expiates his crimes upon the scaffold, and has, in his last hours of remorse, commissioned me to carry the dying-vows of his repentance and prayers for forgiveness to the parents whom he has so long forgotten. Ah, had you but watched and bent him to the good while he was young and unhardened, I should never have had need to bring you tidings so full of pain and sorrow." In this story, simple as it is, we must all recognize the heavy duties and responsibilities which fall upon all parents, no matter what their sphere in life may be. The child need not spend its young days in the gutter among low and depraved companions because its parents are poor! It requires a mother's watchful eye—a mother's tender help until the younger days, the days of the greatest danger have been safely passed. A child's growth—its whole future—depends not upon the vicissitudes of fate but upon the example set by the parents, the companions and the associations of its earlier youth. Let us all learn to appreciate the reality of life, and believe in our own strength and resources, instead of mere "luck" and chance! As Carlyle says: "Think of 'living'! Thy life wert thou the most pitiful of all the sons of earth is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. *It is all thou hast to front eternity with*, work, then, even as He has done and does, like a star unhasting, yet, unresting."

Life is a chain of events, a succession of causes and effects, a development from one stage to another; each

succeeding event, each effect, and each stage of it is connected with and influenced by what has gone before. Until we completely disburden ourselves of the loose and makeshift morality which teaches that "it is never too late to mend," and accept the Divine laws of cause and effect, and base our existence more completely upon them, we shall never make much progress in the higher grades of life and intelligence. Whatever ideas we may hold as to the mercy and long suffering of God we may depend upon this that He never will break through an established law of the universe to suit the whim, to please the fancy, or to gratify the appetite of one of His disobedient children, nor will He interdict the working of His just laws against those to whom penalty is due.

Look for a moment thoughtfully, and you will perceive that the sun illumines only one side of the Tree of Life.* The reverse side is in darkness. What a grand theory this carries on the face of it! Light is Life and happiness. Darkness is misery and living death. You naturally ask why do people live on the dark side of the Tree, when they have only to move round into the sun? Because there are many terrible impediments; and because of the flesh warring against the spirit; and unless a strong will is brought into exercise and the assistance of the Highest Power is sought the flesh will assuredly gain the mastery. These are the subjects we are now about to contemplate.

In the sun we see life, happiness, health, order, diligence, kindness, courtesy, affection, and greater than all, and cause of all—Love. In the shadow we behold miserable and foul existence — confusion, wrangling, dissipation, idleness, violence, disease, crime and hate,—

* The reader is referred to the Plate accompanying this work.

the products of the Father of Sin. At the foot of the Tree, in the sunshine, you see the face,—the angel-like face, of Virtue ; how winning, pleasant eminently loving and lovable it is. Similarly situated at the other side, you see the haggard, evil, repulsive, tattered, countenance of Vice.

I draw your attention to the Tree of Life that you may the more easily understand the existence which we all share. On the sunny side up through the spreading branches of this Tree you will find all the grades of happiness this life knows, until they culminate in the transition to the heaven which is the home of the righteous. On the other side you will perceive the birth of misery and crime in the midst of ignorance and filth, and its never ceasing accumulation until it ends in the condemned cell, in unbelief, and in hell itself.

The side of the Tree lighted by the sun is ever flourishing. The reverse side is blighted and in a state of decay.

The foundation of all goodness, success, and happiness in life is the Bible, which you see lies at the foot of the TREE of LIFE. Other sources from which the Structure flourishes and gains strength and beauty are—(after the Holy Book just named) such works as *The Pilgrim's Progress*,—the *Record of Martin Luther's History*,—the toils of the teachers in the Sunday-School,—the writings of those who periodically contribute to such publications as the *Quiver*,—*The Sunday at Home*,—*The Day of Rest*,—and *Good Words*.

In this category I must not omit to name the thousands of preachers of all denominations who toil so steadily, pray so perseveringly, and argue so potently for

the welfare of the great masses of humanity. A nation is indeed blest who can name among her sons such men as Dr. Fraser, the present Bishop of Manchester, the Rev. Canon Farrar, and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the influence of all of whom is calculated to lessen Crime, Vice, and Misery, and promote Virtue, Truth, and Happiness; or in other words to add light and brilliancy to the right side of the TREE of LIFE, and thus by contrast show the darker, blighted reverse, in still more repulsive colours. Because I have mentioned the names of well known living dignitaries in the church of Christ you may imagine that I ignore the influence and inspiration to be derived from the memory of those who have gone before. Listen reverently while I mention the glorious names of John Wesley, Whitfield, and the other founders of what is called Non-conforming belief in England. Cast your minds back to the time of the Huguenots in France, and the Covenanters in Scotland, who fought and died for God and Truth.

In this association we cannot omit the "Noble army of martyrs" who have died for God's sake and the human weal in the warfare not yet ended, wherein the children of Light are ranged against the myrmidons of the Prince of Darkness. Do not let us forget the labours of the Ministers of the Gospel in humbler and more limited spheres, whether connected with the Established Church or with Non-conforming bodies, who conscientiously and incessantly toil with indefatigable energy among their own flocks, and who earnestly seek the salvation of their fellow men, whose names are only known to the recording angel before the great white throne and to the poor souls to whom they minister so cheerfully.

The men I have mentioned contribute not a little to the sunny condition of the right side of the Tree of Life, just as their careless or ill-placed brethren add not a little to the number of the unhappy beings who fester among the decaying branches on the dark side of the mighty trunk. I use the word 'decaying' advisedly, for the growth of disease, distemper, and all rottenness only goes to make up the great hideousness to the left side of the Tree of Life.

My outline of the foundations of the right side of the Tree would be incomplete without mentioning Sunday Schools, which are for the most part modestly and well conducted; the elevating Arts, Sciences, and the writings of Literary men; and among the latter I would record as on a golden scroll the names of Bunyan, Milton, Knox, Herbert, Keble, &c. Of course, many others might be added, but these few remind you of the company who have done more for the good of the world and for the spread of Christ's kingdom than any others since the days of the Apostles themselves.

The roots of the Tree of Life burst green and bright through ground watered by the labours of such men, while on the other side we see the blighted and withered branches which are the inevitable result of their being nurtured by the foul and festering heap of evil which lies on the left side of the Tree. The emissaries of the Evil One lurk in darkness, and surreptitiously endeavour under all circumstances to counteract the effect of the noble efforts put forth by true-hearted Christians, and to keep up the hellish hilarity which prevails in most of the scenes on the left side of the Tree.

Having said so much, I will now proceed to examine more closely both sides of the picture. Always keep in mind Light and Darkness. Never forget the glory and blessedness of life in the sunshine, and the misery of life in the darkness as of prison cell.

One Christian body holds a beautiful belief which may be briefly described thus: that every human being has his or her guardian angel. All through life those guardians from the spirit-world watch over their "principals," and seek that no evil may come to them. The idea is so beautiful and pathetic that it deserves to be true. Alas! it possesses none of the qualities essential for belief in this practical commercial age! Standing in front of the Tree, what do you behold? Hovering in the ambient air you see an angel—her eyes are full of pity, pathos and tenderness. Her face is not the same to everyone. Persons are known to differ as to the resemblance. Some say that the benign countenance bears the imprint of the mother who has gone before, or the sister who cherished and sacrificed all for a beloved and thankless brother. People have been known to say that the face of the guardian angel has assumed a masculine expression, like that of father or uncle, but no one ever doubted that, mingled God-like dignity, sympathy, charity, pity, humility, and love dwelt upon that glorious brow, and lingered in those lovely eyes. This good spirit permeates the branches of the right side of the Tree of Life, but the tree you will see is always visible through the folds of her heavenly garments. Look reverently up on this lovely figure and thank

Heaven that your faith enables you to discern this rapturous vision—the Guardian Angel of mankind!

Leering and grinning at her from beneath the shadow of the adjacent boughs on the left-side of the Tree, behold a hybrid nondescript of the most hideous form. This demon seems to be able to assume any size, and a great variety of disguises. At present the horned fiend is a malignant imp gloating over the bedraggled form of a figure of degenerate and disgraceful vice. His distorted, stunted, horrid looking body is borne on pig-like hoofs. You can hear horrible sounds of idiotic revelry as this repulsive demon capers and writhes—jabbers and cachinnates in awful glee among blood-stained knives, daggers, pistols, and other destructive weapons. Here too, at the foot of the Tree, overshadowed by the genius of evil, darkness and decay, we find other ingredients which go to supply the principal enjoyment of diabolic beings. Oh! the mass is varied enough, and some of the things look innocent enough too, in all conscience! Here we find a ghastly sheet relating to police news, a plentiful variety of penny horrors, which the imps cast around in terrible glee. Side by side we see Claude Duval and other stories of “the road,” together with cards and dice. Here also lie tickets-of-leave, and ingeniously-formed instruments which enable impenitent thieves to thief again. Entwined among the weapons of burglary, plunder, and destruction, can be seen the hangman’s rope. Frequently do the newspapers contain accounts of murders committed in the dead of the night by burglars. It is easy to account for the desperate measures taken in such cases by the wretched culprits who dare not face

the light. Occasionally their midnight expeditions may be intercepted by the police, or by some disturbed member of the household ; the first impulse of the ruffian in such an extremity, of course is, how to escape ; in the excitement of the moment, and as the last extreme measure of desperation, he disregards the sanctity of human life,—even if any compunction at such an awful crime existed in his breast in quieter moments, he fires his pistol and robs a fellow creature of his life ! He is however speedily overtaken, and society is freed from the presence of one of its worst pests. He pays the extreme penalty of the law. You thus see how intimately related is the executioner's rope to the other articles to be found in the heap. Here also you will find the mask of hypocrisy which is so potent for evil, and is indeed assumed very early on the wrong side of the Tree of Life. And more blighting still, the bottle, which slays its thousands yearly, from the cradle-time of childhood to the maturity of manhood. Right and left you have now before you those things which lie at the foot of the Tree of Life so graphically limned by Herr Fritz. From this point our progress becomes the more clear, distinct, logical, and practical.

FIRST BRANCH TO THE RIGHT.

Look to the first picture on the right of the Tree and you will penetrate the reason why light and happiness invariably go together. Is it too much to believe that the angel I have endeavoured to describe kneels solicitously at the head of the cot of innocent and sleeping childhood ? The leaves murmur overhead, and white doves—emblems of purity, and of the presence of the Holy Spirit—float about

in the sunshine, and whisper, doubtless, messages of peace from on high.

In the same picture you perceive a happy young mother, lovingly tending and nursing a cherub rather larger than the one in the cot. Already that child beholds the light of heaven, and kind hands have placed sprays of beautiful flowers in the still aimless hand, so that the beauty of God's earth may be among the earliest impressions imparted to the wondering infant. Remember, that the first disposition of every child is to inquire into everything, and so while you must never impose tasks upon them, your duty—a duty of which you should never tire—should be to convey to them pleasant information concerning the world in which they live, and of the responsibility of existence therein, for upon such lessons the welfare of long lives depends.

I do not believe that children—as I have told you so many times before—are benefitted by too early reference to literature, or school books. Nevertheless, now-a-days, we are blessed with many beautiful productions which are admirably fitted for budding childhood. You can place in the hands of your children well drawn artistically coloured picture books,—there is no mean education in that alone, for success in life depends greatly on having a large development of Form, Locality, Individuality, and the Perceptive faculties generally. In instructing them, nothing but the truth should be told to children, for when they find out that they are deceived, their disappointment will not only be great, but they may begin to doubt much that is actually true, and worse still—by the force of example they may themselves even utter “stories,” which in the fulness of time may lead to terrible deceits.

Let fiction be carefully *distinguished from* fact. Individuality should be encouraged from the very earliest period, and they will then be enabled to distinguish between fiction and fact for themselves. You will find plenty of works which treat of the birds, fishes, beasts, vegetables and minerals, which are not only amusing but true, and therefore powerful for good ends. Again, let those, whether they be parents, guardians, or teachers, who have the care of children, always bear in mind this important truth: '*Whatever you wish your children to be in character, be that yourself.*' The intellect of a child is not sufficiently developed to comprehend arguments or to understand logic; its character is so ingenuous as to be above all suspicion. The natural sources of its knowledge are from Observation and by Imitation. Let these be liberally and profitably supplied, the first by the means I have already described, and the second by surrounding them with noble examples of Christian fortitude and perfection of character. The early impressions made upon a child's mind are the most indelible. If the foundation of character in them be thus soundly laid—their thoughts, ideas, aspirations, and actions rightly encouraged and directed, you will endow them with that which will be of infinitely more value to them in after life than legacies of property or money, the acquisition of which has probably necessitated a neglect of the development of their characters, besides encouraging in them a spirit of dependence the very opposite of that required in a dignified and self-reliant manhood.

Behold the happy children seated in the sunny garden playing with beautiful flowers and good books, and as a startling contrast cast your eyes on

THE FIRST BRANCH TO THE LEFT.

What do you see? A miserable and squalid home, filled with cobwebs and horrible crawling creatures. A gin-sodden half-naked filthy object sits squatting upon the floor, with vacant face and meaningless leer. The words that drop from her lips are horrifying beyond all description, and the neglected offspring who surround her, ape her awful blasphemies and curses in ignorance. A spider spins his web down to the face of the neglected younger child, and a starved rat gnaws at the colourless rags which take the place of a coverlet for the unhappy one. The child screams but there is no one to comfort. The natural fountain of affection is dried up and gin has taken its place,—gin—gin—the children's destroyer—gin. No heed for the child's cries. The creature, which it would be the grossest libel to call by the sacred name of mother, is dead to all but the desire for more gin. You see the empty bottle by her side, and yet she finds a copper or two that one of her doomed flock may go for another half-quartern, while her more cunning and depraved eldest born—still, however, only a child—creeps to the rickety table, and greedily gulps down the dregs of another cup, which has been forgotten in the ravenous desire for more—*more*. Who can doubt what the future of those miserable beings will be? The mother will be found dead in the gutter some cold morning—a parish shell will carry her to a nameless grave; and so her children will be left to a career of dissipation and crime.

THE SECOND BRANCH TO THE RIGHT.

Return we now to the more agreeable aspect of the Tree. What do we here behold? Happy and harmless enjoyment of the most beneficial kind, and in the most

healthful locality—the vicinity of the sea. The sunlit sea, the golden sands, the merry companions of the summer trip, all contribute to the enhancement of the enjoyment.

This picture represents Childhood. Who cannot be struck with the heartiness, vigour, enthusiasm, good humour, and genial disposition of well trained children? Happy days of Childhood, when Infancy has been passed under the guidance and personal influence of a thoroughly practical, God-fearing mother! What can be more beautiful, more in accordance with the will of God, than the gradual development and growth of the human mind as exhibited on this side of the Tree of Life? What delights a mother's heart more, than to watch the buddings of the infant mind? How incessantly active! What a number of pet schemes and projects! All, the forebodings of future genius, skill, enterprise and effort. Never discourage children in their little undertakings; however trifling and insignificant they appear to us, they are all-important to them. By suddenly destroying the result of a child's effort, or speaking a harsh word when the child is innocently employed in it's harmless amusements, you may crush the child's hope, and dishearten and discourage it for all future attempts; and thus, instead of building up in the child a strong and vigorous character, you are even dismembering the elements of good already to be found there, are pulling down instead of building up,—stifling the germs of life and energy instead of encouraging and cherishing them.

Here, in this picture, we see the happy children intently bent upon building a castle on the sands, straining every nerve and muscle in order to compete successfully with the

advancing tide. Such occupations bring into activity the noblest and most useful faculties of the mind,—energy, to grapple with difficulties; industry and perseverance, to successfully overcome them; self-confidence for the future, in that they have been successful in the past; enterprise; spirit; nobility of character; mutual confidence; friendship; benevolence;—in fact, it is an unconscious and pleasant discipline of the character for the stern affairs of real, practical after life, besides making them strong and healthy in body. But, alas! this mode of education is lost sight of now-a-days in our too-eager desire to get our children “well up” in arithmetic, mathematics, Latin, French, poetry, music, and a host of other artificial accomplishments.

The great variety in temperament and other mental and physical conditions of children renders it utterly impossible, in the short space of this lecture, to prescribe instructions suitable for the education of *every* child. I can only make a few general remarks. It would be well if every mother knew sufficient of human nature to be able to see the tendencies of each of her children. These tendencies should be diligently watched, and encouraged or checked as is desirable for the development of a sound character. Failing such knowledge, every mother should consult the professed student of Human Nature, and get from him such information regarding their treatment as he from his wide experience and knowledge can supply.

I plead earnestly for the children. Let them have an abundance of open air exercise, and the free untrammelled use of their limbs. It is an outrage upon nature to confine the exuberant and overflowing vitality of healthy youngsters within the precincts of a stuffy, ill-ventilated school-room. Give them a thorough physical education. They require

bodily strength, stamina and power of endurance ; this attained, the facilities for mental culture will be threefold more seized upon, and intellectual acquirements will be threefold more thoroughly grasped, and consequently of more practical utility.

My own knowledge and observation enable me to say with confidence, that children who are crammed with book learning at the expense of their physical health always make less useful citizens than those who are educated from nature and by experience, in the early part of their lives. I do not depreciate or underrate book-learning in its proper place (*i.e.*, when the mind has become expanded,) but I do emphatically say that nine-tenths of the “accomplishments” and of the so-called “education,” which are so lavishly bestowed upon children, are not only useless, but positively injurious. The real meaning of the word *Education* is, *to draw out, i.e.*, to gradually unfold the powers of the mind in their natural order ; but our present system of education, instead of doing this, absolutely prevents those powers being drawn out, it completely deadens, and annihilates them. To one who understands the principles which govern human nature, the present system of education seems nothing less than the outcome of a lunatic asylum. Common sense says “Begin at the beginning,” but the present system of education ignores the beginning altogether ! It is as impossible to educate (in the true sense of the word) the intellect of a child by the present mode of treatment, as it is to build the second or third storey of a house before laying the foundation. The intellectual faculties, or, which is the same thing, the frontal part of the brain, may be fitly compared to a house of three storeys,—the bottom storey corresponding to the Perceptive

faculties ; the second corresponding to the Memory or retentive faculties ; and the third corresponding to the Reasoning or reflective faculties. And in the development of these you *must* proceed in the natural order. You may possibly succeed in making a brilliant intellectual display very early in life, but it will be like a house on stilts, possibly pretty, but utterly unfit to withstand the ragings of the storms and tempests of life. Parents remember this : in the education of your children, you must lay a foundation before you can begin to build. And that foundation is, a strong, healthy, robust and vigorous constitution. This is the lesson to be gathered from the second right hand branch of the Tree of Life.

Referring again to the picture, we see that the young of both sexes mingle together. This is desirable. The presence of a girl or young lady infuses a tone of gallantry and refinement into the otherwise boisterous, and sometimes ungovernable conduct of boys.

How many fathers and mothers do I know—do we all know—who spend their substance upon themselves in the scenes of their labours instead of using it for the purpose of gaining new leases of life for themselves and their pining children by the seaside ! It is nothing less than a crime for a man who earns a respectable salary not to provide this health-draught for himself and his dependants ; and the wife, the mother who does not help him to save up for the summer trip, is as culpable as the husband, and will be judged accordingly by the Great One who lets not a sparrow fall to the ground unheeded.

THE SECOND LEFT HAND BRANCH

Shows two quarrelsome boys fighting. You may be sure those lads have been seriously neglected before they came

to this disgraceful and quarrelsome condition. A well-regulated boy having Combativeness fully developed would take no pleasure in a public squabble. Boys who are ill-used, brow-beaten, and humiliated turn naturally to resentment, and when they find that they cannot succeed in chastising their tormentors, they do what they consider the next best and possible thing, they bully and ill-use those who are weaker than themselves. This goes on from bad to worse till a spirit of cruelty is developed, and no living thing is safe from their spiteful interference. The young lads who love to torture their weaker companions will not stop here. Harmless birds and dogs become their prey, and so they progress until in the end they find some girls foolish enough to marry them, and as a reward for their love and temerity they receive beatings and thrashings that are not only disgraceful in the eyes of the world, but among the most degrading and bestial of sins in the eyes of God.

In the pugnacious and cowardly career of the bully you will find several other congenial occupations which eventually develope into the most serious misdemeanours. The fighting boys think they are mighty manly as they try to pound each others' faces into jelly. If their characters are cruel, mean, and disgraceful, what about the characters of their backers,—the juvenile sycophants who look on approvingly,—and smoke the pipe, which in their estimation, proves their right to the dignity of manhood?

Scarcely less revolting is the attitude of idleness assumed by the juvenile individual reclining on the right hand of the sketch. The lurking imp is at his side, whispering evil thoughts into his ear, and applauding

the whole affair as being most courageous ; and many of the unthinking world vote the lads plucky : and they are thus assisted in a career of misery, disgrace, and crime.

Of course, these creatures do not always succeed. Thank Heaven, there are parents and schoolmasters who have studied the truths of Phrenology and kindred sciences. Moulded by such hands as those of Doctor Arnold, of Rugby, noble and modest souls have come out into the world to whip overwhelming conceit and to chastise insufferable bullies. Combativeness is well trained and well employed when the possessor of the faculty finds a poor little fellow thrashed by a larger bully, and when the former boy, full of honour and generosity undertakes the punishment of the latter, and invariably succeeds, because in addition to the necessary physical powers, he possesses the greater boon of moral courage, combined with such nobility of soul as completely overawes the merely brutal boaster.

The well-trained possessors of Combativeness are the men who bring renown to themselves and glory to their country. Parents who teach their children to abhor all that is mean, tyrannical or cruel, are sowing the seeds of heroism. No school education—pure and simple—can impart such noble lessons. Masters must be noble in soul themselves, and must find means to impart to their pupils—not in the school-room so much as in social intercourse, the sentiments which lead the enthusiastic hearts of boys to the emulation of good deeds.

This train of thought suggests to us the further defect in the educational system of the present day, viz. : that Education is supposed by many teachers merely to consist

of the cultivation of the intellect. This is a mistake. Real education includes, in addition to this, the *development of character*. A most important matter, which needs special attention by parents and teachers. To this subject I have devoted a special lecture, and need not therefore in this place refer to it more fully. The character of a child is formed not so much by precept as by example. Dr. Samuel Smiles, in his admirable book on "Character," most truly says, "the child learns by simple imitation, without effort, almost through the pores of the skin."

It is possible to read in the development of a child, with a great amount of accuracy, the characters of those by whom the child is mostly influenced. We can, for instance, by looking at the two pictures,—that on the right hand, and that on the left,—come to a tolerably correct conclusion as to the home surroundings of the individuals there represented. Who dare not confidently affirm that the home influences of those on the left are of a careless, indifferent, unprincipled and defective nature; whilst the surroundings of the happy children in the opposite sketch are entirely the reverse? Comparing the two sides of the Tree at this period of life, we see on the right hand branch industry, energy rightly directed, and pleasurable culture of the body; while on the opposite side we see, idleness, dissipation, and misdirection of energy.

Let us again concentrate our thoughts upon the right side of the Tree, and view the material from which the best specimens of manhood are made.

THE THIRD BRANCH ON THE RIGHT

Portrays the studious youth hard at work in his study, anxious to surpass his fellows in erudition. To enable a young man to succeed in this, his Love of Home

must be encouraged, so that every domestic relationship may contribute to his success. An uncomfortable home, a disorderly household destroys many a laudable effort on the part of youths who start fair with a determination to succeed. Concentration is another most necessary faculty to possess in order to attain ultimate success, but how can anyone fix his mind attentively upon anything if half-a-dozen neglected children are tortured into screaming mutiny by a careless nurse or a mother who is without a settled idea herself, and therefore utterly unfitted to cope with or manage her children. To be a home-student paltry interruptions must be avoided, and parents and tutors should remember that no matter what amount of Concentration a young beginner may bring to bear upon his studies—no matter what Firmness,—no matter what Conscientiousness—no matter what power or force—no matter what determination to succeed, the end may be comparative failure, unless the toiler possesses the friendship and approbation of his natural guardians and friends while on the right path.

The student, of course, must use all his faculties to their utmost capacity if he wishes to attain honourable success. Therefore above all he must keep the brain clear and healthy, so that all the organs may be judiciously and beneficially developed. A certain amount of mental culture and discipline is absolutely necessary in every department of life, especially in business and commercial spheres of labour. Clearness and rapidity of thought, promptitude of decision, comprehensiveness of intellectual grasp, are all indispensable in this age of progression; therefore if a youth would excel, he must spend at least a portion of his time in mental and intellectual discipline, if not in

severe study. It is a well established fact that the condition of the brain is reciprocal with the condition of the body; the former is in perfect sympathy with the latter. To enable anyone to be great in intellect he must first be a powerful animal. The more complete the health and vigour of body, the more qualified is the brain to perform its functions. This all important fact is overlooked by many whose time is largely devoted to intellectual pursuits. The term of their existence is thereby cut short, and their overwrought brains refuse to act longer. Many a fond mother has mourned over the loss of her promising son simply because this law of nature has been ignored. Young men! if you want to preserve long life accompanied with health and vigour of both body and mind, you *must* preserve the balance between your mental and physical powers. Nature will not be mocked!

Mr. Ruskin puts this truth plainly when he says that, "no moral power can be more dangerous than that involved in the monkish doctrine of the position of body to soul." For says he, "No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body! no body perfect without perfect soul."

For success the bodily health must be thought of, and therefore, in this sketch, we combine the student at work with the student engaged in healthful pleasures and recreations. Active and lithe of body, you behold him fearlessly diving into the pellucid waters of the river or lake, while a companion lightly skims across the water's burnished surface in the neatest and swiftest of boats. The grand *physique* of our British athletes has become the theme of admiration, and the common subject of conversation, all over the civilized world. This

exceptional development comes from our general fondness for out-door sports.

The tastes and habits just noted, I regret to say, are not at all general, although I have reasons to believe that they are increasing among all classes. Still, the thought of the thousands who live artificial lives in fetid atmospheres, wallowing in vice, obliges me to draw your attention to the sketch on the opposite side,

THE THIRD BRANCH ON THE LEFT.

The fiery eyes of the fiend dance brilliantly in this case, for the individuals present are gambling recklessly while he acts as umpire. Cards and dice, particularly when allied to the burning, accursed alcoholic drinks that are becoming the ruin of our race and nation, have attractions more powerful than men who have neglected the development of character can withstand. The worst qualities in our nature are aroused by this vice, and the evil does not end there. Acquisitiveness in this connection becomes such an all-consuming passion, that when "luck" deserts a player, cheating begins. This latter quickly becomes a habit, and then, to the life of disgraceful dishonesty is added the perpetual fear of exposure; the consequence of which would be, if not the punishment of the law, at least, equally effectual ruin, attendant upon the chastisement received at the hands of his late companions—the only difference between whom and himself is the fact that he is found out, and they have yet to be exposed.

Let these degenerate mortals gloat over their gains and look ever so pleasant, there can be nothing but misery and wretchedness in the path indicated by the sketch now before you. It begins probably in a narrow court

off a filthy street, or in a leafy lane between high and pleasant hawthorn hedges. The earliest gamblers are boys, and the entrancing game for the carrying on of which they will rob their aged and starving grandparents, is known as 'pitch and toss.'

Behold the demoralized boys who seemingly take an interest in these nefarious games! How eagerly all watch the copper coins! Their anxiety and assiduity are marvellous, and worthy a much better cause. Listen to the disgraceful and obscene language uttered by young lips that ought still to be innocent and pure. Ah! parents you little know what future pain and remorse your carelessness and lack of watchfulness may bring upon you! You think only of your own enjoyments, your own ease, the satisfaction of your own desires. Perhaps you may excuse yourselves by saying you have had a hard week of it, and you think it dreadful that you cannot have one day in seven for a little repose—a little rest. Have your rest by all means—your industry may deserve it, and your constitution may need it,—but arrange means by which your children are tended and protected against temptations. Johnny is sent to Sunday-School, but you do not trouble to know whether he has really gone there. It would be a terrible shock for you to hear that he had passed all last Sunday night gambling in the lowest thoroughfare in the vicinity playing at pitch and toss. It would sting you to the quick to discover that poor Sally, the little kitchen-maid whom you discharged for pilfering, did not rob you of the coppers, on account of which supposed crime you sent her back to her starving home. Johnny could have told you that; but his passion for gambling having been aroused, he will stop at nothing

now in the way of falsehood and theft, until the sad end comes when he is found in the prison-cell waiting his trial for signing a name that is not his, or by other false and dishonest means obtaining money for the gratification of his all-consuming passion.

From the boy-gamblers in the street to the more fully fledged youths in the taproom or 'parlour' of the public-house, is only a step. Odours of bad tobacco and stale beer fill the air. Oaths of a profane and horrible nature resound over the din of the other parts of the house,—glass after glass is filled and emptied, and besotted brains become more idiotic and frenzied, and still the cards are cast and paltry sums of money exchanged—the law against such games in Public-houses notwithstanding;—and so the evil grows, until self-respect is lost, character gone, the fair and promising past forgotten, and nothing ahead but a life of misery, and a disgraceful death.

A benevolent and paternal Government here at home has legislated against gambling, but the Act is nothing more than a dead letter. Card-playing and dice-throwing occur daily in every town and city in the kingdom, and men become more and more demoralized, while wives and children suffer the pangs of hunger and the miseries of poverty.

But this Spirit of Evil is not umpire in the low and nasty dens of the publichouse alone. You will find him in rich attire in the gilded saloons of San Carlo and Monaco, as he is also still to be found at Homberg and Baden-Baden. These places are tolerated, although periodically the grinning demon conducts a pale-faced spendthrift to the rocks overhanging the blue Mediterranean,

or to some other quiet resort; a few last words, a last look, a shot, and a once promising career is over.

In every sphere of modern life and society, gambling is prevalent, and with the same tragic result. Men—and women too—wish to make money, and are in course of time perfectly unscrupulous as to the means by which they attain the end. Acquisitiveness is a most laudable faculty, but when abused becomes most dangerous, and is indeed the veritable “root of all evil,” if any one faculty can assume that character. The Stock Exchange is but a monster gambling establishment; and our fashionable West End—and particularly Military—Clubs see more money pass hand nightly, and more men ruined periodically, than the outside public would believe.

Having thus widely reviewed the people who squander money—anybody’s money in preference to their own—from the penny pitch-and-toss street speculation, to the legalised money markets; from the smoky public-house, to the palatial London-club, we will briefly turn to the people who endeavour to husband their means for good and praiseworthy purposes.

THE FOURTH BRANCH ON THE RIGHT.

An industrious and steady worker looks before him and thinks of future comfort. Aided by a loving and worthy help-meet, he knows that by the blessing of the Almighty in the fulness of time children will be growing up, who will need maintenance, and that with the enjoyments of a well-ordered and temperate life, the expenses will also grow.

In this man’s nature there are numerous virtues. His Love of Home makes him long for one of his own, and so

he prudently sets about preparing for it. Acquisitiveness is in him a virtue which enables him to put by sum after sum, heartily though hardly earned, and if the smallness of the amount acquired seems totally inadequate to the accomplishment of the purpose in view, that does not dishearten the hopeful man. With Firmness, Conscientiousness, Self-respect, and native dignity, the worker toils on, cautiously, but with heart of grace, until he finds himself in a position to meet the authorities of a Building Society—not a sham affair, but a thoroughly guaranteed and reliable concern.

Patience and perseverance soon see the end accomplished, and it is pleasant to note the natural pride with which the provident couple view their own sweet home. Now is the moment for a fair look at the guardian angel who hovers near. The prosperity of the human family is her chief joy, and her heavenly blue eyes now sparkle with happiness as she invokes a blessing upon the heads of those who enter there with contrite spirits and thankful hearts. In her mind's eye the good spirit sees the happy boys and girls who will soon enliven the silence of the spot with the musical laughter of childish glee.

How mournful to leave this delightful scene of progression and prosperity for that displayed on the opposite side of the Tree of Life.

THE FOURTH BRANCH ON THE LEFT.

Here you will find an exact contrast to the loving, careful, economical couple who are certain to get on in the world. The man it is evident is fonder of the *public* house than of any other, and his partner is what one might expect under the circumstances, pert, not to say impudent, gaudily-dressed and brainless; it is no wonder that such a couple wander

from one set of furnished apartments to another, until they reach the delectable locality where we find them. They do not understand, so cannot appreciate the meaning of the word 'Home,' and certainly they will not enjoy any of the home comforts in the stuffy attic which they will shortly occupy, under the roof of the coarse bare-armed virago who is now confronting them. With a fine eye to the eternal fitness of things, Herr Fritz has portrayed the landlady with her cat. He perfectly understands the relationship between the two, as doubtless most of us do. It is wonderful what a cat of the *genus* Lodging-house can do in the way of destruction. We have many authorities on the subject, but my own experience goes so far as to affirm that cats have eaten whole shoulders of mutton, upset and destroyed considerable quantities of flour, and perpetrated other misdeeds too numerous to mention. Whether he ate all the things the lodgers missed is another matter, but as they soon took to patronizing the *Golden Pig*, they never could accurately say whether they themselves or Tom had consumed the scraps of chops generally left.

This condition of affairs does not last long, and when improvidence brings poverty, there is another institution close to the Golden Pig, which must certainly be visited. Reared on the gin-bottle, early graduated in bullying and fighting smaller boys than themselves, proficient in pitch and toss, declared public-house gamblers, they will, with the greatest effrontery compel the females, whom misfortune has placed in their power, and whom they profess to call by the endearing name of wife, to visit the establishment of Messrs. Shark & Co., pawnbrokers; and great is the exhilaration of that jaundiced demon in his nook by that

door which is seldom entered but by the foolish and the improvident.

The restless, improvident, gambling, cheating denizen of miserable lodging-houses, upon becoming resourceless becomes desperate. If one depth is lower than another he is sure to sound it. Heated and hungry after the debauch of the night before, he looks greedily round for something to push down the greedy maw of Shark, in exchange for a few paltry shillings. All his little stock is gone, but something must be done to pull himself together. A shilling or two will start him, luck must change, and so after a little hesitation the landlady's sheets and counterpanes disappear under the sign of the Three Golden Balls. "Only for a few hours you know!" How many times have they deceived themselves before! How many cases of similar robberies never came to light! Never mind. They have a few drinks and then the man goes once more to tempt his luck, and loses. Ah! that yellow-skinned demon—how he grins now! Why? because the beginning of the end has come—the police appear on the scene. The culprits go before the magistrate, who orders a remand. The report of "The mean robbery from a poor widow," brings several more poor widows to the charge, and so the prisoners are sentenced at the Central Criminal Court—having been convicted before for various offences—to long terms of imprisonment.

The homeless sojourner in the comfortless lodging-house is in very close vicinity to the Golden Pig, and to the Three Golden Balls. Were he even inclined to avoid the blandishments of tawdry and painted barmaids or smiling landlords—the faces of the latter, however, assume another expression when his customers have spent all over their

counters)—he is so close to them that the slightest thirst makes a visit inevitable. As for the pawnbroker he will be supported by improvident society of all ranks as long as vice is rampant and other persons' property is to be seized by fair means or foul.

I can hear you saying "what a vulgar fellow Cohen is! the idea of mentioning a pawnshop to our polite ears." My answer to that is that the 'Tree of Life' being my study, I am compelled to lay its every branch and twig bare to all kinds of people, because the sons and daughters of the rich as well as those of the poor, daily come to use the most humiliating methods for the continuation of existence, and my duty is to call the attention of everyone to the rocks upon which the unwary, the simple, and the extravagant are liable to be wrecked.

Leaving the homeless wanderers we return to the happy side of the Tree, and look at

THE FIFTH BRANCH ON THE RIGHT,

which is the bright home of a really cheerful and loving family.

Here is a happy home, indeed. But, what I wish to point out to you is, that happy homes do not come of themselves or by chance. They are the result of certain causes, of the action of certain laws and principles. And what I want to show you is, that it is possible for each one of us to have a happy home, if we will only set about it in the right way. The home is emphatically what we make it. If you start life with a good home, a comfortable home, a happy home, but fail to manage it properly it is certain to come to grief by a slow process of decomposition,—aye, in some cases by that rapid process, commonly called "a smash."

Unhappy homes are not the results of "chance" or "bad luck;" I don't depend on chance or luck at all, and I want you to do the same. Unhappy homes are more commonly the result of carelessness, mismanagement, ignorance, want of love, and the like. If, therefore, unhappy homes are produced by such conditions, a reversal of these conditions will secure to you a happy home, a home devoid of petty strifes and bickerings, a home filled with love and unselfishness, a *Home* in the full and real sense of the pure old English word. Such a home we see depicted in the sketch now before us. Let us more closely examine this picture, and try to discover the source from whence so much harmony, concord, joy, peace and happiness proceed, and ascertain what principles guide and direct such a home. In this home there is a harmony, a working together for the common weal, a subjection of self-interest to the interests of others. All the elements of which the home is composed seem to balance, the relation of each member to each other is satisfactory; the result is, all are happy. How is this? The ruling principle of all is Love. No home is happy without love to one another and love to God. Let infidels and sceptics try as hard as they like they cannot explain away this fact, that that home is happier wherein the principles of Christianity are made the guide and stay of its members. Contrast the home of a devout Christian whose life is a living testimony to the power of God's love, with that of a disbeliever. In the first you find a warmth, a glow, a sympathy, and all the hearts are in harmony. Whilst in the latter you find a coldness, a blighting chill, as of winter, wherein no hopes can bud, no aspirations flourish, no efforts appreciated; consequently a dull, harsh, selfish spirit is infused into the

minds of the young ones, and their manhood is withered up, and, were they merely dependent upon home influences for the formation of their characters, their case would indeed be hopeless, and their prospects for the future utterly void.

What else do we see in the picture before us? We see industry, amusement, instruction, devotion, reverence, order, discipline, obedience.

See the father imparting instruction to his inquiring little son. See the eager seriousness and simplicity with which the child listens to the instructions of his parent! How many homes would be the brighter and happier, if only fathers would identify themselves a little more with the children! Instead of this, however, we find fathers, when they come home from their daily toil, or withdraw themselves from the anxieties and perplexities of business, sitting moping ill-humouredly over a newspaper, getting more irritated at every interruption, until finally they throw away the paper, and ill-temperedly seek amusement and enjoyment in very questionable quarters, grumbling that they cannot find peace at home. Fathers, I appeal to you, is it right that your presence in your own home should cast a blight, a dampness, or a feeling of suppressed dread over all who are there—all those who are nearest and dearest to you? Is it right, when you enter the sacred precincts of your own household, that the merry laughter, the boisterous fun and the romping games of your children should suddenly be hushed, and their voices drop into whisperings? Why not enter into the children's hearts, and let your approach be the token of joy and pleasure? You would in this way contribute not a little to the illumination of the right side of the Tree of Life, besides being the happier yourselves.

Going further, in a well-regulated home there must exist mutual trust and confidence between children and parents. Children naturally are trustful, and naturally repose unlimited confidence in their parents. To whom else can they go? Parents must be worthy of this trustfulness and confidence. Can you reasonably expect obedience from your children if you are inconsistent in your own conduct? How can you think that you will gain their confidence, if you habitually deceive them?

There must also be mutual trust and confidence between the parents themselves. Oh! husband, cruel hard-hearted husband, you cannot imagine the pain you cause to your loving wife by absenting yourself from home without acquainting her with your real whereabouts! It is a source of great pain to a wife when her husband's movements become mysterious. Be perfectly open and candid with each other. There should be no secrets whatever between a married couple. They are bound together to help, cheer, comfort and encourage each other, and this is not possible where there is estrangement.

THE FIFTH BRANCH ON THE LEFT.

On the reverse side of the Tree of Life the little demon has now gained the upper hand completely. Until the commission of crime, he was in a manner doubtful about the allegiance of those he had so cleverly tempted. He flattered them before and only in secret gloated over them, now he is the complete conqueror—he thinks—and “lords it” right royally.

The men who are sent to prison for the commission of mean and paltry crimes to satisfy their lowest appetites, upon once more gaining freedom, generally turn to the guilty haunts of the past. No commercial men are less to be

trusted as friends than the dealers in wines and spirits. They will smile and bow and cringe, as a rule, for custom, but when the customer is 'cleared out,' they give him the proverbial 'cold shoulder.' A good customer may get money by fair means or foul, the publicans never enquire how. The habitual drinker may swear and quarrel, and squabble and fight, but his vagaries are only laughed at as "rich jokes," and "playful games,"—but a time comes when his pocket is empty, and a change comes over the feverish spirit of the dream. Decent Licensed Victuallers then, "won't have that noise in their houses." They "pays taxes," they do. They "ain't a'goin' to have their places o' business lupset by sich rubbish," not they, so the simple fool is thrown into the street first, and given into the custody of the police afterwards, and so link by link is added to the terrible chain of crime which at length weighs the sinner down to the deepest hell.

Grown desperate—a gaol-bird among gaol-birds—the unfortunate being finds a friend who is in the "crib-cracking" line.

"Crib-cracking," some of you may not know, is merely the professional term for house-breaking. The criminal soon becomes a known man to the police, who mark his haunts. After this last development money becomes more plentiful, and the landlord of the 'Golden Pig' once more assumes his greasy look of patronizing friendship. But the snuffling Licensed Victualler is mostly a law-abiding man—at least, he says so—and so he finds it right—and profitable occasionally—to betray his confiding customers to the police, particularly when there is a reward offered for the apprehension of the worthy whose principal error has been, that from youth upwards

he has been at work for the good of the Golden Pig and for his own destruction at one and the same time.

The culprit is brought before a solemn, ermined judge and a 'conscientious' Jury of his fellow countrymen. Well may he gaze in wonder when he finds the landlord of the "Pig" foreman of the intelligent body of men who are to pronounce him guilty or not guilty. "An' I actually sold 'im 'alf a dozen o' the silver spoons I got in last swag for next to nothing" cried a prisoner, not long ago, in a case similar to that under review, but the people laughed, and cried—"What a funny fellow, to try for to put receiving o' stolen property on one of the blessed Jurymen." Prisoners have told many a truth like this unheeded.

The dejected prisoner standing in the dock, seeing his tempter and actual accomplice sitting there among the Jury in judgment upon him, may be excused if he finds some features in that well-fed and oily countenance resembling that yellow and crimson Imp that seemed ever at his elbow since Crime had made him his. And as he sits down in his solitary cell, broken and forlorn, deserted by all—left to drift to destruction by even the woman who professed to love him, but whose marriage vows he knew were cast aside by the brutal treatment to which he had submitted her, he notes the grinning fiend floating and gloating over him, and then once more—he recognises, he thinks, the features of the landlord of the 'Golden Pig.'

What a relief to turn to

THE SIXTH BRANCH ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Here we find the peaceful end of a worthy and honourable life. Surrounded by loving ones, Death has been robbed of

its sting. Conscious of the fact that he has done his duty, publicly and privately as far as human imperfection would permit him, the Christian and truly religious man lays down his life cheerfully, respected and honoured by his fellow citizens, the members of his church, and loved fondly and sincerely by those whose paths in life he has cheered and brightened.

As the last scene of the beautiful side of the Tree of Life closes, he who is about to enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death loses all fear, and is filled with a glory that is not of this world. The eyes that are becoming dim are lit up with a new revelation, for he sees hovering over his couch the angel who has watched over his pure and useful life. Earthly eyes may be filled with tears, but hers are not. She is radiant with joy; and the light of a golden glory—not of earth—encompasses her ethereal form. Then, when the tide is on the ebb, he fancies he hears the sound of sweet voices mingled with the faint plash of waters, and the voices may be those of the loved ones left behind, and yet they sound distant and dreamy as memories of the long, long ago.

“ All is of God ! if he but wave His Hand,
The mists collect, and rains fall thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back on the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o’er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ? ”

LONGFELLOW.

Here you behold the end of a virtuous and well spent life. But alas, beautiful pictures such as these do not usually prove potent enough to lure the sinner from the course to which he has become wedded.

To the vast majority of the world, as at present constituted, the inevitable end of the transgressor—the terrible punishment which becomes the natural outcome of a life of carelessness, irreligion, and positive crime—is no deterrent to others from yielding to temptation. This proof of the unerring nature of Divine justice I will briefly endeavour to illustrate by one more picture on the dark side of the Tree of Life.

THE SIXTH BRANCH ON THE LEFT

is the doom of the lost one whose career we have followed, and, I may add, that it is only representative of many others that close around us daily.

The criminal appears once more in the world after a long term of incarceration. His appetite for strong drink has almost been lost, and, as he emerges from the gates of the gloomy prison, vague thoughts of doing what is right, of reforming, cross his shattered mind.

Years of excessive dissipation and imprisonment have impaired his constitution, and he is already prematurely aged. "If I could only meet my old woman now," he murmurs, as he shuffles along, and presently he reaches his old haunts, and behold! there the woman is, and the children of their ill-fated union.

Time passes, and compassionate people find work for the repentant prisoner. Prosperity follows them, until in an evil hour the victim once more passes the portal of the Golden Pig. There he finds his accomplice in the burglary for which he had been convicted, and so, after being threatened and coaxed by turns, he, while under the influence of the demon Drink, and the demon Avarice, once more breaks the laws of God and man, and re-enters a career of crime and misery.

His wife, passionate and soured in temper, aggravates her husband, instead of calming him. Then follows the usual violence towards her, then the discharge from his employment, and desertion by his best friends.

Nothing now but more theft : success in which means continuous drinking, irritability, and ill-usage of wife and children. The latter, as outcasts, soon adopt a career similar to his own, when neglected by a gin-sodden mother ; and so the round of crime is merely history repeating itself. At length comes the immediate cause of the end. His boy refuses to go for more strong drink, and is beaten. The mother interferes, and matters become worse. A fight ensues, and utensils of all kinds are thrown about by the husband and wife whose duty it is to love and cherish each other. In a fit of uncontrollable frenzy the man seizes the empty bottle and hurls it at the woman who, expert in such combats, avoids it. Not so the poor, boy. The terrible missile strikes him full on the forehead. The weakened brain is crushed by the cruel blow—and the murderer is covered with his victim's blood as the neighbours rush in—as neighbours too often do—too late.

After this, weary hours in prison—the trial for murder—the verdict of the jury—the passionate appeal for mercy to the judge by the mother and children—the dread sentence of Death—the condemned cell, where, in the delirium of the worst of all horrors, the grinning demon, accompanied by troops of horrid satellites, gloats and shouts with joy over his cries of misery and despair. Then the gallows !

Who that is human can contemplate unmoved the pictures on this side of the Tree of Life here brought to so tragical

a conclusion? Contrast the end of this man with that of the true Christian, sketched on the opposite side and say whether any being with reason could choose between the two, and select the life of dissipation and crime, which in its commencement is too commonly called 'A Merry Life,' but which at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?

Ponder over all that I have said, and you will then, not condemn but pity the majority of the denizens of the dark side of the Tree of Life. In many cases we find evil imparted to them congenitally along with life itself from evil and degraded parents, in addition to being repeatedly engrafted into their natures by the force of evil examples in the beginning of life. This clings to them; and is it likely that then, a few well-chosen words spoken by a benevolent-minded, but perhaps feeble divine, will eradicate all that has become part of their nature?

Before concluding our survey of the two sides of the Tree of Life, I would ask your earnest and thoughtful attention for a few moments to the practical consideration of the question here raised, viz: *The thorough and permanent improvement of the condition of the lower strata of Society.* By what means is the wholesale disregard of God's laws and its consequent misery to be exchanged for the blessed happiness consequent upon a life of obedience? I am sorry to say that disregard of the natural laws prevails in all classes of society, yet here we will confine our attention to the lowest class, the class I have indicated, whose ignorance is more pitiable than blameable. Notwithstanding all the noble and earnest efforts of City missionaries and other preachers of the Word who make it their special duty to minister to these people, we find existing among them a deplorable mass of ignorance, crime,

filth, degradation, drunkenness and misery. How, I ask again, are we to effect any permanent improvement in their condition? I fearlessly assert that it is comparatively useless to go to these people in their present condition and proclaim to them the Gospel. It would be like casting pearls before swine. Don't misunderstand me, please. I do not say that the Gospel is unequal to the task of regenerating them,—in fact I know of nothing else that will; rather, let us thank God there is a universal adaptability in the Gospel of His Son, Jesus Christ, which is able to save to the very uttermost. Let us look at the matter practically. Our aim is to make them better, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually; and I find nothing in the whole world so capable of doing this as the teachings of Christ. How then, are these two elements—fallen and degraded humanity, and the Gospel of Christ,—to come into affinity? Let us examine the nature of these people a little. It will be of very little advantage firing random shots at them while in ignorance of their modes of life, their habits and peculiar characteristics. “Knowledge,” it is said, “is power,” and a thorough knowledge of them will give us a power in dealing with them which is not possessed by those, however good their intentions, who labour in ignorance. Well, we find that they are peculiarly constituted, they have peculiar modes of thought, peculiar habits, feelings and emotions, all of which require to be understood. But in spite of all their peculiarities of character and disposition there is in them all to some extent a rugged, uncereemonious, grim, untutored sincerity,—the gleam of future hope. I firmly believe there is not a single individual, however bad, sin-ridden, and degraded he may be, in whose nature there

is not left at least one spark of humanity, and at least one unbroken chord which, upon being touched, will vibrate. The secret of success is to discover that spark of humanity and to fan it into a flame, or that unbroken chord and tune it to the honour of God. In all intercourse with this class of people you *must come home* to them ; they need plain practical common sense talking with ; for the time you must become one of them, let them see that you are one of the common brotherhood of humanity ; you must not talk *to* them, you must talk *with* them ; gain their confidence and sympathy, go into their midst filled with the spirit of our Master who, though he could talk learnedly with the Doctors of the Law, and feel perfectly at home in the house of the rich Pharisee, yet was equally at home among Publicans and Sinners.

But a practical difficulty here presents itself. Society as at present constituted moves in "circles," and those belonging to one circle are ignorant of the habits and conditions of life in the other circles. Occasionally we have a John Howard, or an Elizabeth Fry, whose sympathetic natures are so universally adaptable as to be at home anywhere, even in the foulest of dens, yet the majority of us can only move with any degree of confidence in our own sphere. Many willing hearts and ready hands are powerless in this wide and urgent field, on account of having been trained amidst refinement and luxury ; but who would readily help by their substance and means if properly qualified persons could be found to carry out the purposes of their hearts. Who then are the instruments for this work ? I say, it is the *working man's* field of labour. If those working men who daily endeavour to mould their lives after the pattern of Christ, who have

tasted and enjoyed the blessings of God, were to be thoroughly in earnest, and be filled with the spirit of their Saviour,—the spirit of meekness, love, pity and sympathy, combined with a deep spirituality,—if these men, I say, were to take up this matter in a practical common-sense manner,—much good would be done towards permanently improving the miserable condition of the class of people for whom I am now pleading—not in a merely hysterical or sensational manner; for when the animal feelings and passions alone are appealed to the enthusiasm is likely to cool down, and the state of mind and conduct after the reaction is likely to be worse than if nothing at all had been done; the higher nature of man must be appealed to, his Spirituality, his Hope, his Veneration, Benevolence and Conscientiousness. He must learn to love right because right, and to live an honest, upright, pure and holy life, because he is a man formed in the image of his Maker, and out of pure love to Him. Working men! here is a sphere of useful labour for you; the Master himself commands you, “Go and work in My vineyard.” There is no need for you to neglect your daily occupations; you will find ample opportunities in your leisure hours for doing this work, or even while engaged in your daily occupations. No one else is so specially adapted for this work as you are yourselves. Partaking as you do of the same nature, the same practical, unceremonious mode of thought and action, you will be able to enter into their difficulties, to understand their doubts, to explain more forcibly the Truth you have to teach, and to present it to them in a manner understandable by their unpolished and rugged hearts and minds. In all things aim at being practical; let your own life and conduct be the proof that what you teach is practicable; let your own

example convince them that a life of honesty, purity, and holiness is possible. If they are in the habit of getting drunk and find that it makes them unfit for work, they must give up drinking. If their homes are filthy and ill ventilated, and they suffer with foul diseases in consequence, they must keep their houses clean, and let in the sunshine and fresh air. If extravagance compels them to make periodical visits to the sign of the Three Golden Balls, they must practice economy even in little things. If they happen to have inherited an impure and disordered physical and mental organization from parentage, teach them how to become pure, and how to improve the few talents they possess. I believe that earnest, forcible, homely, common-sense talk of working men to their companions, and to those next below them in the social scale upon these subjects, would be the means of removing much of the misery and unhappiness that exists at the present day.

Then there are the children to be cared for. Under the present conditions they are initiated into vice, evil habits, and crime by the example of their parents. If however we could get the parents to realise the happiness provided for them by God, by obedience to His laws, we might expect a brighter prospect for the future career of the children. In the meantime, however, it will not do to let them drift into perdition, but we must rescue the perishing. For this purpose the "Homes" for the education of destitute children call for the hearty and generous sympathy of all well wishers of Society. But it will be a happy time when those Homes are no longer necessary, when all the parents know the laws of nature and take a delight in obeying them, when Light is shed in all the dark places of the earth, and when we can say in truth, "the Lord God

omnipotent reigneth." Every one of you can help in some humble measure to spread the light of Truth, and thus contribute a little to the illumination of the "Tree of Life."

Cast your eyes once more on the Tree of Life and gaze on the two heads sketched at the summit. There you see the growth of good and of evil matured. Behold the benign countenance of the well-trained man, full of faith in the future and satisfaction in the past. All doubts have vanished from his mind with the realization of the blessings that have continually surrounded him, while his footsteps followed the path of Truth, Virtue, and Godliness. His is the example I would have you all follow, and his is the life I would have you descant upon to your children. If you have no children of your own, there are the children of the poor, the ignorant, and the neglected, whom you can gather around you and lead both by example and by precept, in the paths of Wisdom. Those who have means and time, should never be idle in the good works which more than all else, tend to future happiness. It cuts a man of reason to the soul to find men who have led busy commercial, and, it may be, in that capacity, strictly upright and unimpeachable lives, when the hour of death arrives or is not far off, give thousands of pounds to the poor, as if that would purchase the bliss they have forgotten, in their selfish pursuits, till now to seek. One hundredth part of what is given away in posthumous charity would do more good if given in the time of the donor's life,—if he himself took an interest in the distribution of it among the needy, and tried to understand their wants and difficulties. Monetary assistance to one on the borderland of dishonesty at a

time of temptation, together with a few kind words, might not only save a soul, but, from an economical point of view, be profitable both to the individual upon whom it is bestowed, and also to the nation at large.

Study thoughtfully the head and face of the Christian ; examine his features minutely ; contrast his cheerful, open, genial countenance, with the miserable, deceitful, and dissatisfied visage of the Infidel. All the parts of the former are in perfect harmony, there is a beauty, a loveliness, a generosity, magnanimity and warmth of nature pervading the whole face and character. All the faculties of his mind have been assiduously and perseveringly cultivated under the guidance and by the help of a higher power than his own. There is a *wholeness* in such a face, or which is precisely the same thing, the two words being identical—a *holiness*. He is a man who, like the Psalmist of old, although he may have his superficial or even serious faults and weaknesses, is, nevertheless, “a man after God’s own heart.” Mr. Ruskin states a fact which I should like every young man and every young woman to always bear in mind, a fact which every earnest student of human nature cannot but be convinced of, he says, in his own pithy and telling language, “Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face : every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion ; . . . the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust person may always be rightly distinguished at a glance.” It is the aim of all of us to be beautiful both in body and soul. Let us all, therefore, resolve from this time forward to study closely all God’s laws, and endeavour, by His help to obey them. By so doing we cannot fail to become beautiful in features and comely in person.

Now, turn your eyes to the opposite side of the Tree. View the worldly, sordid, hopeless face of the Infidel. From practical experience I know that the heads of Infidels, almost without exception, are deficient of Hope, Spirituality, Veneration, Benevolence—all the higher nature of man. They have neglected the development of the highest and most ennobling traits of character. They are imperfect beings in more than the ordinary sense of the word, and are therefore, not qualified to sit in judgment, or to pass sentence upon such an all important subject as the existence of a supreme governor and controller of the universe. It is only the man whose whole character has been developed and brought into activity,—such a man, for instance, as the late President Garfield, whose brain shows a remarkably large development in all its parts,—who is qualified to say whether there is a God. Contrast his peaceful death with that of the French Atheist, Voltaire.

An infidel is always ugly. An intellectual infidel carries an intellectual ugliness ; an ignorant and bestial infidel, a bestial ugliness. His face is truly one of distortion. His aspirations are chained to this world. He delights in acquiring wealth ; is troubled in mind as to its safety ; he has no faith either in man or in God. I am pained that it should be still necessary to proclaim the Truth which Christ taught so emphatically to the acquisitive Jews of His time : “Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal : but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”

Contrast the weird, sour, sneering countenance of the ‘believer in nothing’ with the face of the man who daily

has proved the magnitude of God's infinite goodness. The former possesses no dignity, and the only concentration he possesses is prostituted to evil purposes. He knows that his evil career cannot elicit approval, because Conscientiousness is not consulted, nor Spirituality awakened. What remains is pure bestial, and the supposed pursuit of happiness, guided by false and selfish ambition only ends in miserable disappointment.

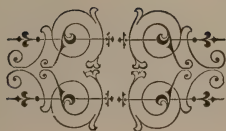
It is the duty of the nation to take this matter in hand, for a bad citizen weakens a nation, and there are thousands of bad citizens among us. It is the duty of Noblemen,—Landowners,—Magistrates,—Ministers of the gospel,—Teachers, and all people in public places to bring light to the dark side of the Tree of Life. It is the duty of every well-intentioned private individual to stop the decay that is everywhere around us, and to advance the growth which will prove a blessing to the cultivator and to the cultivated. It is the duty of everyone who hears me now to do something in this fruitful field, and you may be sure that the blessing of God will descend upon those who ponder over the Tree of Life, and endeavour to apply the lessons it teaches.

I should like you all, especially the young of both sexes, to thoroughly grasp and carry into your daily life this further truth, viz: That Life is either a *growth* or *decay*. The results you behold on the last branch of either side of the Tree are not mere matters of chance, or the consequences of a brief period of time: they are the matured fruit of a life time, the results of a long continued course of experience and of the little things of which life is made up; they are the unavoidable consequences of either a "consistently just" or of a "consistently unjust" life, the results of the working of that unalterable law of God,

which is not only revealed to us in the Bible, but even more plainly implanted upon the constitution of every individual, and solemnly declared through the whole realm of nature, if we would but listen to the voice which proclaims it;— “ *Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap !* ”

Friends,—I have done. Not because my subject is exhausted. Not because you are convinced so completely, that you will, according to your opportunities, embark in the good cause to which all people should devote some part of their lives and energies. The more you do, or conscientiously endeavour to do, for the poor young souls who are helplessly drifting to perdition ; the more you will become like the good Christian whose life we have shown to be one continuous effort to do good for God’s sake, to his country—his neighbours, and his family. Emulate such a career and be sure of this,—your end will be like his,—not only *peace*—but a *glory*, which passeth all understanding. And the hope that these words of mine, perhaps indifferently chosen, though sincerely spoken, may do some good in arresting the decay in the Tree of Life, and advancing the growth of purity and sincerity, buoys me up with new strength, and God helping me that strength will never be wanting in this the noblest of all causes, until this body of mine shall have no longer a place in the earthly Tree of Life. Friends, I ask for your prayers, your kind sympathy in this mission, and your faith in the teachings of our exemplar and Saviour. The countenance of good men and women lightens many a weary burden and shortens many a long journey. I am often inclined to despair as I look round me and see so many proofs of advancing crime and

misery, but the encouragement received from my numerous audiences and ever increasing number of friends, has nerved my frame anew, and I persevere in my work, more certain every hour "as the days do grow," that God is with us and will not desert us in the hour of need. What more need be said than that all of us may have His Countenance and Blessing, and that His laws may be more thoroughly studied and observed, and that our faith in their immutability may become stronger, and that we may all realise that Life is not merely a thing to be undergone as a kind of penance, but a great blessing which we must all learn to regard with thankfulness, and to use to the glory of the Giver of all Life.



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“Our Teachers on Trial,”

OR

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF PARENTS,
GUARDIANS, AND TUTORS,

A

LECTURE

BY

HERR GUSTAVUS COHEN,

Author of “Keep to the Right,” “Sweethearts and
Wives,” “Modern Judaism,” “Shams and
Realities” “Health and Education,” &c., &c.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY.

OUR TEACHERS ON TRIAL.

The title of this lecture may at first sight impress you with the idea that I am here to-night for the purpose of impeaching the great body of people who are entrusted with the tuition of the growing youth of this nation. To a certain extent this is true, but I must confess a very high admiration of the male and female school Teachers of every class ; for their calling demands from them incessant study, great patience, and many other qualifications of the highest kind, and in return for the exercise of which they are in most instances very inadequately remunerated. If these people err by imparting an incomplete or erroneous education to the pupils under their care, it is not always their fault. The fault lies more with the system they represent.

When I speak of Teachers to-night, I do not allude simply to the persons who are professional tutors of the young, but to all grown-up individuals whom circumstances have placed in a position from which young persons may learn, whether teaching is intended or not. That this may become more clear to you, I shall follow the old, time-honoured custom of dividing my discourse into the following parts.

First, I shall speak of our Teachers in the Domestic Circle ; second, of our Teachers in the School, the University, and the Church ; and third, of our Teachers in Trade and Commerce.

Let us, then, look at Education in the Domestic Circle. I have no intention at the present time of impressing upon you the solemnity of the marriage vows. Those of you who are joined in wedlock need no reminding of the responsibility you assumed at the altar—no matter where that altar was placed—not only to the Great Ruler above but to each other. Incompatibility of temper and other small vices—the fruits of bad training by your parents—are to be corrected by yourselves, and with the beneficent aid of Heaven. If you pray to become good and patient, and believe in the efficacy of that prayer, you will certainly profit by it; but do not run away with the idea that one fine morning you will get up from the slumbers which have been interrupted by mutual recriminations and angry words, to find yourselves mild tempered and amiable individuals. The power of prayer is seen in this way: if you pray to become better people it implies that it is your sincere desire to be reformed in every sense. A real desire to become better, if you are thoughtful, will make you act better in every way, and the longer you ponder over that desire, the surer every act in life will take the complexion of your wish. How many valuable lives are yearly sacrificed to that hour of grace which never comes in the visible sudden way that most folks expect! How much misery is caused every day by the postponement of repentance to the eleventh hour, which is seldom secured!

Well, now, starting in life thus burdened by the evils that your parents failed to eradicate from your natures, you bring children into the world, and your duties to your offspring are the heaviest that can be laid upon human shoulders. Just think of this calmly for a moment. The children that are born to you are in your hands for good or

for evil. As you train them so will their after lives be. If these lives end in misery and destruction, you may be the first to blame, and in the eternal truth of Divine Justice, you will be judged for the lost soul that has gone to the spiritual death, and which might, had you but done your simple duty in its infancy and youth, have been a comfort and a solace in your old age. These are terrible words, but the meaning that lies under them is more terrible still, and may well appal the thousands of careless fathers and mothers who let their children do as they please regardless of the consequences.

Listen, then, you Teachers of the rising generation. There is no excuse for the ignorance of the human brain which you all profess. The light is here, and you prefer, from laziness or carelessness, to live in the darkness. You indulge your own personal tastes and pleasures, and beneath your roofs young souls are going down to destruction, and they in their turns will scatter broadcast the sins that you have not uprooted. Thus it comes about that races degenerate, and that nations lose their places in the world. When the mothers of a people cease to know or to do their duty then has dawned the approach of that nation's doom.

The mother is the first Teacher in the Domestic Circle, and the father's duty is to consolidate the good lessons taught by the mother. See how the bent twig becomes the graceful and stalwart tree. When there is a complete harmony between father and mother, the child prospers, and the evils of dissension never reach the young soul. But how seldom do you find this perfect harmony. Let us take an every day picture of life in happy England. The mother, good soul, has a clean hearth, a bright fire, a smiling face, and a

hopeful heart. It is Saturday, and John is coming home with his hard-earned wages. The wife thinks of the pleasant marketing in the evening, and perhaps a trip in the country on the Sunday afternoon. The couple are young yet, and the first-born is only just able to toddle. Perhaps Jack will have made "overtime" sufficient to enable him to buy the bonnet they fancied last Saturday night. They have not long passed the lovemaking period, and the husband is really proud of his wife's "good looks"; but he has companions at the workshop, and the demon Drink who is very often the prime mover in misery, now makes his first appearance. The clock ticks away quite seriously; the flies buzz against the window frames; it is nearly one o'clock, and the husband will be punctual to time, since he leaves the works at half-past twelve. Bessie puts on the pan of potatoes, and the steak is already in the Dutch oven. One o'clock passes, and there is no John. The smile disappears, and the pretty face now becomes gloomy—gloomier—gloomier still—and at length it actually looks repulsive. The child, tired of standing in one position so long, asks mammy to take it up. "Jack's in the 'Green Man,'" thinks poor Bessie; and she gives the child's arm an inconsequent wrench. This of course causes the innocent creature to cry, and then the mother gives it a blow which though it does not actually cause physical pain, yet does other mischief. This germ of manhood has a soul, is conscious of self-esteem or dignity and the first blow has been administered to it. Blindly conscious that something is wrong, the child weeps, and this ebullition causes more annoyance to the mother, who again administers a sharp blow to the child as Jack enters the door.

"Hallo," cries the husband, "None o' that, don't you hit my child."

“You should ha’ been in time and I would’nt a hit him,” replies Bessie, her pretty eyes flashing.

“I only went into the ‘Green Man’ with a pal or two.”

“You’re the Green Man, I should think. Here’s the potatoes spoilt and the steak done to a cinder.”

“Eh!” cries Jack with a long face. “Oh! that’s it, is it. All right—Well I expect a dinner when I come home tired and weary. I’ll just go and have another pint while you cook some’at else,” and the man throws his tools sullenly down.

“Don’t go,” cries the wife pitifully, sorry for what she has done, while little Johnny clutches her dress behind.

“I *will* go,” says Jack sternly, half relenting, however, in his heart, as Bessie steps after him. In doing so she finds her firstborn acting like a break on a waggon wheel. She pulls her skirt away, the lad falls and screams naturally and vociferously. Leaving her husband, the woman picks the child up and strikes it again, and then the infuriated father returns, snatches the child from the mother and half pushes, half strikes the latter away. The action is trifling, but it is a terrible one in its ultimate effects. It is the beginning of a tragedy, and the child even sees that it is wrong, for he is silent now, and his eyes are distended to their widest capacity. The first blow has been struck in the poor boy’s possible good training. How can he respect the mother—the teacher—when his father degrades her with a blow? He knows that a blow is degrading even to himself, and, after a blow, other degrading acts quickly follow. Perhaps a blow may never again be witnessed within such a house as we describe; the horror of the act has been too great, but a wall, as it were, rises between the husband and wife, and the child is first to suffer the effects of such an unnatural estrangement.

A couple of years later granny is much scandalized by the general ignorance of poor Johnny. The lad has good natural qualities, but he knows nothing. "Why did you not learn your A.B. ab, Johnny," asked Bessie's mother. "I dunno," is the boy's vague reply. "You know you should always learn what your mammy asks you," proceeds the old lady. "Oh! no, I should'nt," replies Johnny complacently. "Why? my dear," asks the grandmother in wonder, "Why should'nt you?" she continues, as Johnny does not seem to care about answering. Then the cause comes out. He replies with triumph "Because, daddie says she's a fool."

This is human nature. I am not exaggerating in the slightest degree. Born of physically healthy parents, this boy has superior intelligence. He argues at five years, as you know some children can argue. He tells you bluntly that he won't learn of mammy, because daddie says she's a fool. The boy will not learn from a fool. Passing from that phase we come to another. A friend has accompanied granny and unusual refreshments must be obtained. A bottle is put in the lad's hand and mammy says, "Go round the corner to the 'Rising Sun' for half-a-pint of gin, *and mind you don't tell daddie.*" After the visit, Jack has come home tired, and when tea has been taken, the son is placed upon his knee, and the father, who possesses good elements in his character, begins to question Johnny as to his adventures during the day. "Mammy" is following domestic pursuits in some other part of the building, and Johnny talks on: "And granny come," says the boy. "Yes," answers Jack, "and what did she say?" "She said I must learn," replies truthful Johnny, "but I said I would'nt let mammy teach me because you said she was a fool." Jack does not feel quite easy at this intimation and determines to reform it, when

his heir astonishes him with, "And mammy sent me to the 'Rising Sun' for half-a-pint of gin, and she told me I must'nt tell you, daddie, so you must'nt say nothing." You will observe that here Johnny, after receiving a lesson in secretiveness, endeavours to impart one on the same subject to his father. But the lesson is not yet complete. The half-pint of gin is thrown in Bessie's teeth, so to speak, by her husband, and what is mildly called a row ensues. This has acquired such alarming proportions between Jack and Bessie now, that the neighbours know all about it, and it ends, as usual, in the husband seeking refuge in the bar-parlour of the 'Rising Sun,' where he runs up a score. This score becomes greater and greater as the years grow, and ultimately ends in moral and material bankruptcy. On this occasion, however, no sooner does Jack show his back than Bessie chastises Johnny to her heart's content, and while the lad endeavours to sit, sore and bruised after his punishment, these words keep ringing in his ears: "I'll teach you to tell your father when I send you for gin." This cuts three ways. The mother may become a private drinker, and ultimately a drunkard. The father is already *at home* in the "Rising Sun" bar parlour, and Johnny has acquired enough knowledge to enable him to value the cultivation of *Secretiveness*, and this faculty leads to no end of sins, and far-spreading misery. In keeping to this imaginary family we can the better bring home some useful lessons. A small quarrel, an unlucky blow, is followed by estrangement, estrangement by distrust, distrust by antagonism, and antagonism by antipathy. What is the position of the family now? Johnny is in bad odour with his mother, and the next child—a girl—is more likely to aid the woman in all her ends, being more

easily "wrought upon," from her sex. A girl is the most susceptible and imitative of creatures. Little Jenny becomes the obedient slave of her mother Bessie, and her imitative faculties are so great that she is active in 'imitating' the 'motherly' vices of her unhappy parent. Does not the woman's heart smite her when she is *sipping her gin*, and sees her child nursing her doll on a Saturday night. Why does she turn away with a maudlin laugh when Johnny proclaims that he is acting daddie *drunk on Saturday night*, and Jenny must be *mammy, taking the money out of his pockets when he is asleep on the chair*.

A pretty example for God-given children! A fine beginning to lives that are of serious interest to all concerned. Thousands of such families exist who generate misery, and the cause of this is not far to find. *They do not know themselves*. The holy works of dead prophets and living preachers are never intelligently delivered to them. What they might be, gifted as God has gifted them, is only brought before their minds when some preachers of the gospel thunder in their ears. The father and mother have no good example to show their children. The former spends half his evenings now at the "Rising Sun," and the sun of his prosperity and happiness is setting most assuredly, and for ever. The children often suffer the pangs of hunger, for, as the young mouths multiply, by the end of the week the provisions run short. Pretty Bessie has become slovenly and a slattern in her habits, and daddy's Sunday clothes go regularly to the sign of the Three Brass Balls. Do not be offended at the coarseness of these details. The flower of the people is dying from the causes of which we speak. The children go to school, and in their hungry moments envy the possessions of their richer companions.

They see their clothes and their cakes, and the organ of Acquisitiveness begins to grow. They have already been brought up until Secretiveness is of abnormal dimensions. Nothing in their teaching has led to the cultivation of the faculty of Conscientiousness. On the contrary, they have seen debts contracted that mother and father vowed they would never pay until they were compelled, and so the moral faculties become dulled, and the children of those 'respectable' parents, having Acquisitiveness, long for the possession of things that belong to their neighbours; having Secretiveness, they succeed in stealing them, for Cautiousness has not been so well developed as to keep them from endangering their souls and bodies by the commission of crime. You see I have been speaking of a class of people who were not of the criminal order, and yet by simple steps their children become the fellows of the lowest *strata* of society. Secretiveness unduly large is one of the most fatal of the human faculties. As one of the combination named, it is certain—abnormally developed—to lead to crime, disgrace, and destruction. In fiction it is most admirably delineated in the character of Iago, by Shakespeare. He, himself, early in the play, gives this key to his character, when he says

"When my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart,
In compliment extern—'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am."

And you all know what horrible consequences followed this man's career. In the domestic history of our own land the career of one of the most notorious criminals shows up this wonderful faculty in its prostitution. William Palmer, the Rugeley Poisoner, had an impassible mien, and could hide all semblance of emotion. When accused of the murder

of Mr. Cooke, his only answer to the charge was, "Indeed," calmly and coolly spoken. The people concerned with his arrest could not believe him guilty. But these are the kind of people that are most dangerous to society and to themselves. Beware how you cultivate such a disposition in young people when the matter to be concealed is between people who should have no secrets from each other, or if the secret is not of a worthy character. This is the germ that always developes into dead sea-fruit—ashes to the tongue, if not utterly poisonous. Think that little acts of selfishness and deception and concealment, always lead up to the most despicable features in human nature—cheating, falsehood, treachery, and too often murder for sake of gain, which gain, it is needless to say, ends in death, dishonour, and most terrible punishment and retribution. Think of this, fathers and mothers, and do not imagine my warnings idle because the beginnings are small. Discourage anything of this kind, and the cure is easy in youth. Every day that passes after the generation of the evil makes the cure more difficult, until a time comes when it has out-grown all good influences, and nothing but ruin of soul and body can be expected.

Contrast with the necessarily imperfect pictures I have drawn that of a happy home with a number of well-trained children. Unfortunately those homes are not numerous, for thousands of well-intentioned people, from lack of knowledge of self, wander from the paths that are safe and right to those that are wrong and surrounded by danger. The fathers and mothers that follow the advice we give will not only be happy themselves but the cause of happiness in others. Now the foundation of all happiness is Love. A class of thinkers in France, about a century ago,

transposed the Biblical saying, "God is Love" to "Love is God." This idea is not literally correct; but "Love is of God: and whoso loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." Love is the household god we would have you revere after the Great God of the Universe, Who is Love, and the foundation of all Love. Let this sentiment permeate your lives, and harmony will bring the unalterable happiness which can only be broken at the side of the grave; and there it cannot die, because Faith and Hope will show it to you beautiful and blooming beyond the great waters, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Home will become a palace of truth, and friendship will be the only honoured guest there. You will teach your children in such a home the dignity of manhood and womanhood, and when it comes to the fulness of time and they desire to enter the holy bonds of matrimony, the influence of their past home lives will have been so great that they will convert their husbands or wives as the case may be to the thorough life that knows no misery. That dignity—that self-respect—will make your children welcome and honoured citizens in every public place and in connection with every public duty. When the dream I and my fellow-labourers are toiling to realize shall have approached accomplishment, it will be an honour indeed to cry—I am an Englishman. At present, however, we have too much sham and hypocrisy in high places—too much artificial life in society;—and the consequence is that our family circles are defiled and patriotic aspirations when they find expression are too frequently loud-sounding Jingoisms meaning nothing.

In speaking of the Teachers of the family circle, I have omitted any allusion to the poor governesses that are within some of your doors. They, poor things, as a rule,

are the victims of wrong education and wrong-headed aspirations themselves. A healthy housemaid turns up her nose at the unhappy girl who has been trained to ape gentility, just as Will Blunt, the bricklayer, with his two pounds a week, honestly earned money, looks with pity and ridicule on his brother Frederick who has become a clerk because "dad" in his declining days would like his son become "something better" than a working man—as if there was ever a prouder title borne by any of the sons of men ! Let me tell you what a fine-hearted Manchester man wrote on this subject. There are poets who are sensuous dreamers, and there are verse writers who, like Charles Swain, wrote vigorously to show the world how to live. Tell me, if you can, where you can find anything finer than this :—

“ O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
 O'er the engine's iron head,
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
 And the spindle whirls its thread,
 There is labour lowly tending
 Each requirement of the hour ;
 There is genius still extending
 Science and its world of power.
 'Mid the dust and speed and clamour
 Of the loomshed and the mill ;
 'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
 Great results are growing still.
 Though too oft by fashion's creatures
 Work and workers may be blamed,
 Commerce need not hide its features,
Industry is not ashamed. ”

Something of the same spirit moved Tennyson, when he wrote the stanza I cannot help here quoting while on the subject—

“ Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent,
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good ;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood. ”

There is a fine lesson to those who add to the genteel pauper list of the country by wishing to be "superior to their fathers." Do not misunderstand me. I allude to the effeminate sons of brawny workers—sons who like to wear gloves to work in rather than wrestle with the world in honourable toil. By all means, let us be better than our fathers, if we can, but if our fathers have been honest tradesmen or workmen let us not be ashamed of them. We were observing the centenary of George Stephenson the other day. It was his indomitable pluck and perseverance as a working man that brought him the great glory of his fame, and the world the incalculable benefits that have accrued from his genius. Consider, friends, what a loss the world might have suffered if George Stephenson had had a bad mother or a thriftless lass for a wife. Force of character may conquer everything you fancy. We cannot tell. Man can suffer poverty and privation, and struggle through it all if his own folks do not turn traitors. When the sympathy of those we love is lost, we too often "throw up our hands," saying, "I've tried my best and it's no use." The family circle influence is greater than that of the most powerful Government on earth, because it bears on man, and woman too, when they are easiest moved. See, you that have families, that this influence is for good, for every one of your flocks who falls in the struggle of life through faults of your neglect or heartless misconduct is as certainly destroyed by you as if you had fired the bullet that deprived him of life, or forged the blade that spilt his blood.

This part of my subject insensibly carries me away, because the evils or benefits of family life are felt all over the term of an average existence. Time, however, is closing in upon me, and so we had better now revert to the

second division of this discourse, which will relate to our Teachers in the School, the University, and the Church.

The people who teach in schools of the lower degree are the first to perpetuate the evils that have existed now in this country for nearly a century. Ever since Lancaster created his Quaker schools in Southwark, nearly ninety years ago, the same old formula has ruled the education of the masses. Certain tasks are set to all children irrespective of former home training or the qualifications nature has endowed them with. A task is put to the weak-brained that will lead to the further stultification of his small intellect. The teacher makes no special study of his pupil, and all alike are compelled to learn certain tasks, and they are punished if they do not succeed in learning those tasks. Exceptional teachers may have a kind, encouraging word for every pupil, but that does not enable them to abolish the universal task-learning principle, and so the ruinous system goes on from day to day until pupils learn by rote, and it is only in the sad after-years that they discover the true meaning of their lessons, when they are compelled to sigh for the opportunities lost because the teachers did not know how to find out what were the true capabilities or talents ; and so the world goes on, and illiterate dunces crowd our thoroughfares, our places of business, and our public offices, to the unutterable humiliation of the callings to which they belong, and to the detriment of the interests or nation they serve.

I will not here dwell upon the manner in which the higher sentiments are treated in public schools. As examples of impurity, or laxity in morals, I do not think you will find many teachers of either sex ; but there is too much insistence on those interminable tasks —

too much uniform treatment for such a varied mass of heads, so to speak, and too little study of the individual pupil, without which the chance of true training is impossible. I will shortly show you an example of what I mean ; but first I must say that before proper education is possible, we must begin at the beginning, and teach the teachers ; for, depend upon it, the people who now fill the places of teachers will never be able to do justice to their very important charges until they have made phrenology a deep and lasting study. When they have mastered that science they will see their pupils with other eyes ; they will find their difficulties disappear before them ; they will *see what the children under their care are capable of*, and they will then treat them accordingly. To use a homely expression they will see the impossibility of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and every juvenile mind will be trained to the greatest advantage according to the gifts nature has given him ; his tendency to little vices will be gently obliterated, and he will be assisted by superior intelligence to that sphere in life in which he will be most successful and most useful to the community at large.

Will you, in fancy, kindly accompany me to a large school ? A great class toes a circular chalk mark on the floor, and every member of that class has a task to repeat from memory. Every one is more or less imperfect, and as the mistress cannot confine the whole lot during the interval hour, she cuts the Gordian knot of the difficulty, and sets the whole number to repeat the neglected task in a kind of monotonous dirge, and the words thus meaninglessly creep in to their little minds, whilst an injury, instead of a benefit, is the consequence. Now, let me take that teacher's place for a few minutes. I examine my pupils casually. I find

one who has Tune fully developed. I know the dirge offends his ear, and, as his love of approbation is great, as it is in most children, when I give him a lesson to learn I tell him that I shall be very pleased if he learns it, and perhaps will show my approbation in a substantial manner at the end of the day or the week. Now the child knows that a number of tickets accumulated at examination day may bring him a prize book, and I take care to tell him that his book will be one of fine songs, with music, and he works harder for that promised prize. I know his faculty and I work upon it. To another, in whom a sense of the ludicrous is fully developed, and to whom many things prove a source of joy or mirth, I promise a book of funny stories, and the child needs no other incentive to learning.

Take three children and place them before a map in the geographical class. The map is Europe. Your common teacher points out that the green long slice of country is Portugal. It is beside Spain, you add. Testing the memories of these pupils, presently you find that one cannot tell you the colour of the border of the country on the map ; while another knows the colour, but can't say that it is contiguous to Spain ; and a third points it out because it is beside the great square spot called Spain. From the first, I gather that the child may be colour-blind ; from the second, I can see at once that his idea of locality is very small, but that he has a good faculty of colour ; and the third has the power of knowing one place because it is near another ; or, in other words, has a good memory for names. Now, with me, the facts would have this effect, that they would give me a cue to their capacities, and under my guidance none of these children in after-life should be misplaced so far as

callings are concerned. The world is full of square pegs in round holes, and the Teachers of the children are the people first to blame. Let me give you two illustrations of what I mean. A terrible collision occurred some years ago just outside a certain railway station, and a lot of people were killed. At the inquest the station master and the engine-driver completely contradicted each other over the colour of the signal. The station master said the light shown from the signal-arms was the danger-signal red, and the signalman corroborated him in this. On the other hand, the engine-driver swore positively that the light was green, and therefore he came on. Of course the blame would have rested on him, and the station master and the signalman would have been believed, and a verdict of manslaughter would have been returned by the coroner's jury against the driver but for one circumstance. A Colonel White, whose house was on the bank opposite the station, at the time of the collision was walking in his garden and saw the signal light, and he came forward voluntarily and swore with the driver that it was green. The gentleman's position in society, and his well-known high character, had great weight. The inquest was adjourned, and opinions was divided as to whether the driver or the signalman was the guilty party. There is no knowing where or when this might have ended, had not a lawyer who understood phrenology been engaged to watch the case for the company. The engine-driver and Colonel White were unconsciously tested, and it was proved beyond dispute that both were colour blind. They fancied green was red, and *vice versa*. Now a colour-blind engine-driver is not the kind of man on whose train I should like to ride, and so you see what terrible consequences may occur from neglect of phrenological examination of the heads of even humble

individuals. We who profess this science at once can demonstrate both what children and grown up people are best fitted for, and were we more frequently consulted fewer accidents, and more success and happiness would be found in every walk in life. Before leaving the organ of Colour let me tell you another true occurrence which proved somewhat disastrous to a draper's assistant. Of all the people in the world, just imagine, ladies, a man whose business it was to sell dresses deficient of the faculty of knowing the colour of the fabrics recommended by him. A gentleman, named Simpson, served in a great retail drapery establishment in Glasgow. A Highlander went for some scarlet merino for a child's frock. Highlanders as a rule are very passionate. That Highlander lost his temper when Mr. Simpson placed a dark green merino on the counter and called it a very chaste scarlet. The Highlander began to think that Simpson was up to his little jokes, but he said nothing, except that, "that would'nt suit." Then Mr. Simpson pulled down half a dozen other pieces of the same soft fabric, but not one proved of the colour wanted. Now the shopkeeper in his turn became annoyed, and showed annoyance to his would be customer, asking—

"Well, what '*shade*' is it that you want?" The Highlander was a man of action. He raised his great fist and struck Simpson straight on a somewhat large nose, whereupon the bright crimson blood spurted over the dark merinos before him.

"That's the shade I was wanting!" cried the Highlander with alacrity; and then it became plain to Mr. Simpson's employer that he knew nothing of colours, so they put him in the lace department.

Now such cases as I have described in connection with

colours occur every day in regard to other faculties, and no teacher is supposed to tell what a child is best fitted for, or what he will inevitably fail in. This condition of affairs surely cannot be permitted to last much longer.

I hope I have made it clear to you that the first duty lies in the family circle. The child must be prepared at home for the learning to be received at school. Above all, you must not send your boys and girls too soon to learn. Give the physical organs time to develope and become strong before you begin to 'cram' the child with learning, which, in ninety cases out of a hundred, as I have demonstrated, is not intelligible to the child at all, but merely lessons of rote, acquired disagreeably as *tasks*. If you, as parents and guardians, look well to the personal health of those dear little ones under your care, you will have done a great duty, and a thing pleasing in the sight of heaven; and if to that you add a thorough knowledge of the child's organization, you will comprehend his or her capabilities, and the consequence will be a happy combination of robust manly or womanly beauty, and excellent and becoming intelligence. A true case of the neglect of this duty will illustrate my meaning more clearly. Two persons, of what is called the better class, became man and wife. They were well-to-do in the world, and were people of a high order of intelligence, blessed with a good deal of school education, and a few accomplishments on the lady's part. Their constitutions were healthy and nicely developed, if not very robust, and the brain power in both cases great. The principal characteristic of these two people, however, was this: they were of a highly-strung nervous temperament, and their eldest child—a daughter—inherited this constitutional peculiarity in even a higher degree.

The child was physically beautiful and mentally precocious. Her intellect was so sharp that nothing came amiss to her while even in the nursery. The nurse-maid, and other female servants, looked upon her in wonder at the early age of three years, for she could read better than they could ; but that was not saying much. As the time passed, however, the parents grew proud of the wonderful child, who became the show-child of the neighbourhood in their circle,—the lioness of society in the town they inhabited, and this at the age of six years. Nothing came amiss to this phenomenon, and the father and mother thanked God devoutly for giving them a greater gift than any vouchsafed to their neighbours. The time passed on, and the little lady quickly out-stepped the various public schools to which she had been sent, and at the age of thirteen she was a pretty, delicate creature with large sorrowful dark eyes, a pale face, a large brain, and a puny, delicate body. She knew everything then that the public schools taught. She knew English literature as it is stupidly taught in most schools, whilst grammar and geography had been at her tongue's end for years. In the dead languages — Latin and Greek—she could talk ; and that created the utmost amazement, even among the learned folks, to whom her parents proudly presented her. She knew French, of course ; and her little tongue could nimbly wade through the difficulties of German. She had taken a fancy to Sanskrit, and was versed in its Oriental mysteries. She had not neglected the usual accomplishments, and could read the most difficult music of Wagner at sight. She played the violin, the zitha, the mandolin, the guitar, the harp, and, of course, the pianoforte. This feminine Bayard, or Crichton, could do everything expected of a lady at fifteen years of

age, and added a smattering of the sciences, which at that period were supposed to be exclusively masculine studies. Like Alexander the Great, she had conquered all the old—scholastic—worlds, and sighed for another, that she might overcome that also. Ah! the doors of the universities were then thrown open to the feminine gender, and the young lady of whom we speak took high honours from the beginning in classes in which, until then, only few men ever had excelled. She came back to the loved home, tall, slender,—very slender,—with dark circles beneath those preternaturally large eyes, and with sunken cheeks. The proud parents were full of her great triumphs, and did not notice the laboured breathing or the hectic flush which rose to their child's cheeks after dinner, or after the slightest exertion. They thought it very hideous taste of hers to wear coloured eye-glasses; but then much study had spoilt her eyesight. One night the happy father and mother had a select dinner party. The gentlemen did not remain long over their wine. The cause of this was that there was a plain matter-of-fact doctor present—a distant relation of the family—who had just retired from the Royal Navy. The subject of conversation in the well-lit dining room was the young lady's accomplishments and learning. She had taken a third-class in mathematics. "Isn't it wonderful?" asked the father, proudly turning to the Royal Naval doctor, who belonged to the candid class of friends. "Nothing very wonderful about it," replied this monster. "Study becomes a passion with some natures; they cannot learn enough,—they give up all else for learning,—from sheer desire of knowing more than they do; but knowledge, my friend, is not wisdom, remember. In this case I cannot yet make up my mind whether it is suicide or murder."

“Suicide or murder,” echoed the horrified father ; but, after an interval, he gave a sickly smile and said, “This is a joke, cousin, is it not, or have you taken too much wine ?” These last words were lowly spoken. Sailors are supposed even in society to drink too much ; but this sailor was no common man and no common doctor. He was a student of physiology. “I have been watching Emmy (the girl’s name was Emmeline) all the evening at dinner ; her constitution has been undermined by too much study. She has had no exercise and little pure air to breathe. When you sent her to the university you should have compelled her to join the rowing, the cricket, the football, and no end of athletic clubs. As it is, I fear it is too late. She has learned all that can be taught in the great schools, and the fee she has paid for the knowledge is her own young life.”

There was no more wine imbibed in the dining-room that night. The drawing-room windows opened upon a beautiful lawn and garden. The lights had not been lit, and Miss Emmeline sat at the piano singing. Her playing was brilliant, and her singing sweet and pathetic but low, and of a murmuring kind. The song was some plaintive Scottish ballad which she had learnt at the University of Edinburgh. The subject was melancholy and about parting for ever, and just as the gentlemen entered the room the singer burst into tears, and a scene of the most painful nature followed. The girl knew that she was doomed, and this was the first demonstration on her part. The fond parents took her to the South of France, and from thence to Madeira, but from that earthly paradise she never returned. Her studies ended in death.

The true study of life, my friends, is to live—to live long and happily—and all teaching to the contrary is

foolishness and not wisdom. People, therefore, should be wise ere they be learned, and not seek to acquire knowledge at the expense of their health. Poor Emmeline's mother told me that "she was too good to live, so God had taken her to Himself." What ignorance! what downright blasphemy! God never intended that one of his children should die young. The immutable laws of nature are beneficent, and augur long life and happiness, and it is only man's neglect and ignorance, and man's superficial wisdom and fruitless knowledge that permit causes like that we have described to bring death into innocent and honest family circles. The mind is God's good gift—the apartments in which knowledge and wisdom may be stored are the peculiar workmanship of God's own hands, done through the working of His own natural laws. If we impede or damage the human frame we are the shorteners of life, and we sin against God's laws and against Himself if we attribute to Him the special cutting off in youth of any of His creatures. The mind is the gift of Heaven as is the body, and if you neglect the health of the one to forward the functions of the other you disobey God's commands, and you yourself bring about the disaster which you attribute to the omnipotent and just Ruler of all. Is it not pitiful, the manner in which some of you educate your daughters? You bind in their bodies and cramp their souls. You give them accomplishments, but deny them the air of Heaven to breathe. The arms and shoulders are God's works, and you improve upon his workmanship by backboards and other devices which lead to the physical injury of your children and the degeneracy of the nation as a whole. You have heard me say before that some "accomplished" girls can translate a mutton-

chop into five different languages, yet cannot tell you in one how to cook it. The human frame is an admirably-formed instrument, made to last for a very long time if foreign and artificial means are not used to deteriorate the quality of the tissue and destroy its adaptability for natural uses. High-heeled boots are sending your daughters down the hill speedily to the grave. If God meant that form of thing to walk upon He would certainly have fixed it on the foot. You can't improve on nature, and when you go against her laws you sin as deeply as if you cursed the Almighty; and your sinning always brings its own punishment, just as tight stay-lacing kills its thousands of maidens every year. The young lady whose melancholy case I have given, was the child of conscientious church-going people, and was pious herself, poor girl, in a very high degree. That, however, did not prevent her from dressing in the fashion, from wearing cramped and high heeled boots, from binding her tender and slight form into a cruel prison of whalebone or steel. My friends, listen to the words I now utter fearlessly. You may *profess* piety, but you cannot be true Christians if you destroy the body God gave you to cherish, preserve, and use, to the best advantage in His service. You may well hang your heads and blush, for the matter is as serious as I tell you it is, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all your Spiritual Teachers let you sin and die, because, forsooth, it might wound your delicate susceptibilities to tell you the truth. The curse of God is on those who ruin the body, as well as on those who ruin the mind, and that curse will fall with tenfold force upon the heads of the false Teachers who make light of the dangers it is their special duty to expose; who smooth over the fashionable evils it is their bounden duty to denounce.

This subject of fashion and fancied beauty, caused by distortion, is so great that I could talk for hours upon it alone. The punishment is coming upon you in ways you never anticipated. The fashion with women has made them more slender, weak, frail, and effeminate. They aspire to be mothers, and the germs of consumption and disease are in their frames, presaging early deaths and miserable lives to millions of children unborn. On the other hand, the multitude of the rising young men of the period have eschewed to a great and appreciable extent sedentary employment, and those who are compelled to live by such work find hours of spare time to pass in athletic exercises of many and beneficial kinds. You see them every day turning out from boyhood with deeper chests and broader shoulders, ruddier faces and brighter eyes. What will be the universal consequence of unions between those stalwart young fellows and the poor, weak, tight-laced, stilt-booted maidens of the period? The subject is a delicate one, but it is my duty to speak upon it. It would be false delicacy if I did not warn you in the most solemn manner. The laws of nature are not to be tampered with. When two bodies cannot assimilate, one must absorb the other. The marriage of a strong, robust young man with a feeble, enervated, though good and pretty girl, must end in the early death of the latter. In the present fashion and state of affairs there is no avoiding this terrible doom. It is in the hands of the mothers and fathers to keep their children of both sexes healthy; give them plenty of work and exercise of a bodily nature, but do not over-task them,—give them enough to learn at home and at school, but do not over-task. Let all Teachers of children find out their inclinations, and if they are

good, foster them ; if they are bad, help to eradicate them. Do not leave this to other people. Acquire the knowledge yourselves first, and then impart it to your children. Do not let bookworms of teachers encourage your offspring to too much mental exertion or any mental exertion without proportionate bodily exercise.

I am reminded at this moment of the case of a young man that was as terrible a lesson as the story of the young lady of whom I spoke. He was an industrious scholar, and had gained his degree of Bachelor of Arts at the early age of nineteen. At twenty-one years of age he was advanced to the dignity of M.A., and at twenty-two—what do you think ? At twenty-two he was in an asylum. The physical condition was neglected, and so the mental faculties, overwrought, broke down. Think of this, parents. Think of these words, you young men and women. Abjure the excessively fine manner of present day life. Every one wants now to be a lady or a gentleman. Man and woman were good enough names for our forefathers and foremothers, and they mostly looked like men and women, thank the Lord. I have an eye for what is graceful and beautiful, as well as most people ; but there can be nothing beautiful or graceful in making the human frame an elongated sausage tied up in many-coloured ribbons. A fashionable lady dropped her parasol the other day. A rough fellow—a man I will call him—was in the vicinity and saw her difficulty in reaching the pretty piece of useless adornment. Her foot slipped, and down she went beside the parasol. There was a piece of orange peel there. The man—he was not a gentleman, remember — picked her up in his rough and ready style. The lady upbraided him vehemently for his “clumsiness,” and he did not like it. Like most manly

Englishmen he was rather combative, but like few Englishmen, I hope, he was far from gallant. He did not like the lady's abuse for the service he had done her, so he cruelly placed her in the horizontal position he raised her from, and told her to wait for somebody else to place her right end upwards again. The person of any sex who dresses according to fashion in such a way as to fetter his or her movements is an idiot, who deserves the rough treatment the man gave the person I speak of; and remember when I say this, I add that I have no sympathy with the creatures in men's form who insert themselves within tight throat-cutting collars and terrible cuffs which almost reach the knuckles. Where you find these things you find little or no mind, but you find a sure indication that these are the helpless individuals who bring consumption and other diseases as well as insanity and death upon the human race.

Returning to the fountain head—the mother—it is imperative that you should know that these evils cause the poor public teachers no end of trouble, and needless trouble, too. Love makes a mother blind to the faults of her offspring, and she becomes the enemy of the person who shows her darlings up. No matter how wrong or bad her boy may be, she will champion him, and the end of this will be that the lad will go wrong altogether, believing himself right because his mother says so, and, of course, mother to him is the greatest authority of all. What is the use of a teacher telling one thing and the mother another? Every lesson taught to children should be a lesson of truth. Let us take a case in point, and this, we confess, might be more properly treated under our first head. A child sees an ornament and wishes it. Mother will hide it, and declare that it has

gone up the chimney. That child bearing a toy in his hand meets another child. The other child covets the toy, and our little friend at once says, hiding it behind his back, "Oh, its dorn up chibney." Mamma does not like this falsehood before a neighbour, so she punishes the lad for being faithful to an example set by herself.

Another species of falsehood which turns upon itself and brings the worst of all exposure is one that will stick to a child through life, schools, places of business, and future home included. A mother does not wish to see an expected visitor, and desires her daughter of ten to inform the person on arriving that she is not at home. The child does as she has been told. "Not at home?" repeats the visitor, "Ah! dear me; when will she return, do you know?" The child has fulfilled her charge, and here her intelligence drops. She has, under the influence of her mother, told a lie—a mean, paltry lie—but it is foreign to her nature; she is not an adept yet in the art of deception, so she shows the mother and her devilish teaching up. "When will she return?" repeats the poor ten-year-old, "I dont know; I'll go upstairs and ask her." The falsehood is exposed. The visitor goes away shocked, and the young girl is punished severely because she did not tell a lie successfully. Can you wonder if, in the course of time, children, under the influence of such mothers, should become accomplished liars? Is it strange that children should become disgraces to schools, and places of business, after this? One who lies with ease will soon steal without much difficulty; it is but another phase of deception, and so crime only too often has its beginning.

These traits of character, acquired at home, might be eradicated or counteracted at school, were the system of

teaching different to what it now is, giving the same uniform lessons to good children and those who have been spoiled by their mothers. The Spiritual Teachers of the people should examine the fathers and mothers, and see that they do not thus ruin poor children. Is it possible that parents can do their duty while their teachers are asleep? How seldom do you find a word of warning or instruction from the pulpits of those who are, in a measure, responsible for the mental and spiritual condition of the poor! A sermon gabbled over in twenty minutes in a dismal monotone is hardly the thing to rouse parents to a sense of their responsibility.

I shall dwell only very briefly upon the third division of this discourse: Our Teachers in Trade and Commerce. Fraud and all kinds of deception are unfortunately too common in trade. Scarcely any calling is free from it, and men who are perfectly honest in intentions often find it difficult to cope with their unprincipled rivals. There is too much of the spirit afloat in commerce which characterised the ancient general merchant in a small town, who was also churchwarden of the parish. You remember the story of his calling to his assistant in this way. "John, have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir," replied the man. "And put the iron dust among the tea?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "And wetted the tobacco?" "Ay, sir," answered faithful John. "And watered the spirits?" "All right, sir," was John's reply to all. "*Then you can come up to prayers,*" was his pious master's invitation after this piece of villainy.

Politer are the merchants of to-day. They instruct their assistants to say that all prints, merinos, stuffs, silks, and cloths are fast colours, when they know full well that

most of them will fade in the sun or by exposure. Such deception will undermine the principles of young and old alike, and lead in time to a condition of things that will be most disastrous. You who serve such masters beware. Tell none of their lies. Do what is just and right, and God will find a way for you to live. It is not very pleasant to hear a man of fifty years of age say to a young girl of fifteen, "If anyone asks if there is any stiffening in that calico, say it is perfectly clear." I heard words like these not many days ago, and the piece was thrown down upon the counter with a bang. The broken starch, bone-dust, lime, or whatever was used to give a false thickness to the fabric, rose like a cloud in the face of the pious scoundrel who wished a young soul to be blackened by his fraud. Rather than trust your children to such people, my friends, teach them to be bricklayers, farm-labourers, or domestic servants. There is no disgrace in honest labour, but there is only too often dishonour and moral destruction in the paths of commerce in the present day. The country is in a bad condition when such men deceive their creditors and pay fifteen pence in the pound with brazen faces. Misfortunes will follow some men, but seldom so far as to bring about this condition of affairs without wilful mismanagement or absolute dishonesty.

Whilst talking of commercial honesty, let me notice one hardship tradespeople have to suffer. They want an honest lad as an assistant or apprentice. The lad who comes to them is one who is the son of careless parents. The organ of Order is utterly unknown to them. The master, we will say, is a draper or silk merchant, and loves system and neatness in everything. You can see it in the well-

dressed windows and the nicely arranged shelves. He teaches the boy, who has no eye for neatness or for order, or for colour. He shows him how to arrange certain things. The lad does his best, but his best is simply clumsy, and the master loses his temper. He puts the boy's inability down to laziness and carelessness, while really it is absolute want of the faculty of Order, which the mother never possessed herself, and, therefore could never instil into her child. After many trials the youth is thrown on the world, sent home as useless or incorrigible, and then his mother raises a lamentation, kisses her son, and says they shall not bully or ill-use her boy. He shall never go back to the disagreeable draper again. He goes somewhere else with the same success, or want of success, and presently gets knocked about the world from one point to another until he sinks into the lowest depths of poverty and uselessness and dies a miserable beggar—because his mother was not orderly in her household, and did not teach him “that there was a place for everything, and that everything should have a place.”

Everything you see, my friends, that can be said on this vital subject leads back to the fountain head—the Domestic Circle, and the presiding genius there, the mother. “The child is father of the man.” As the child is trained so in most cases will the man grow. Of course, if the fathers and mothers learn first, the children will have the benefit of their teaching and experience, but as society is at present constituted, it is the duty of the school teachers, the university professors, and the ministers of all classes to learn how to guide those successfully who are under their care. Woe to them who neglect this duty, for the future welfare of millions of souls depends upon their vigilance and honesty in their callings.

By way of conclusion, permit me to draw your attention to several matters that tend to the injury of the young folks under your care ; and now I address mothers and fathers, school teachers and clergymen, employers in factories and shops alike. Never suspect children or young people without reason. Place confidence in them, and they will mostly repay that confidence with faithful service and fidelity generally. Hide and lock up from them small property, and their cupidity will be aroused, and the end of it all may be that you will put into their heads thoughts of theft that otherwise might never have arisen. Cultivate the truth under all circumstances. Many children, in fact most children, are afraid to tell the truth when they have done wrong for fear of being punished. Let me explain a case in point. A boy is left in a room in which some apples are on a plate. He takes one, and this in his family circle is looked upon as theft. His mother accuses him of it, and commands him to tell the truth. She knows that he took the apple, and he thinks she knows. The sharp little fellow is in this position. If he tells the truth and says, " I took the apple, mamma," he knows he will be beaten for stealing. If he lies and says, " I didn't take it," he knows he will be beaten for stealing and lying ; and if he says nothing at all he thinks he postpones the punishment, and thus stands a chance of escaping ; so this latter course is the one he takes. He should have been encouraged to tell the truth, and then have been reasoned with and kindly admonished, instead of beaten. There is an anecdote of George Washington which I may, perhaps, as well relate here. The father of his country was suspected of having stolen apples from the orchard. His father commanded him to speak the truth, and he said, " I

stole the apples." His father was so pleased with his honest confession that he forgave him. Mark Twain relates this story, and proceeds to say that he acted in the same way, but that when he confessed the fact that he had stolen the apples to his father, that gentleman gave him a "thundering good thrashing" that he never forgot.

The rudiments of a child's education are imparted on a principle at present which is fundamentally wrong. Learning is meaningless, and therefore slow and very imperfect. What is there to remain in the mind or memory of a child in A B ab? It means absolutely nothing, and so contrives to have no hold there. The teaching which will tell should be of this nature. You ask a child to spell Table. T A B L E, Table. Does that hold? Yes; if you will shew him a table. You will have four good reasons why he will not forget that. He has eyes, and sees the table and calls it by its name. It helps to develop the very faculties that go to make up memory. He has form to see that the table is round or square, and has, say, four legs. *Size* tells him that it is perhaps as large as himself, and *Comparison* aids him here. *Locality* will tell him that it stands in the centre of the floor. After that *Colour* might say it is brown, and so on. All this goes to make an indelible impression upon the mind, and hence its natural expansion.

You should never break a promise to a child. You tell him you will give him a penny for going on an errand, and when he returns, you say "Wait till to-morrow." If he gets not the reward it is only natural that he will refuse the next time he is asked, or mistrust you. Then you punish him for disobedience, and he loses complete confidence in you, as the first fault is your own. You are the idol he worships. If you break your word, he knows you are a miserable cheat, and he will have no more belief in you at all.

Children are very sharp, and will speak of anything that strikes them, unless trained away from such ways. I used to visit at a house where a certain Mr. Wright was also a visitor. He had a large and very purple nose. On one occasion the little lad of the family was permitted to be present at dessert. He had spoken of Mr. Wright's nose, so it was thought at first better to banish him, for fear that he might allude to it at an inopportune moment. The mother at last consented to his being admitted to the dining room during dessert, in this way. If he said nothing of Mr. Wright's nose he was to receive two or three plums. Tommy sat silent and quiet enough until he saw the larger folks eating heartily of the plums. None were offered to the boy, the promise was broken, and the dish was getting rapidly empty. This was too much for boyish nature, so the lad cried, "If you don't give me the plums you promised, I've got something to say about Mr. Wright's big nose." You may imagine the effect of his remark at such a time.

It is cruel to frighten children by threatening to call a policeman, or a black man, or a bogie, or some other terrible thing. I knew a fatal case at Market Harborough. For some petty offence, a boy, whose father kept an inn, was threatened with the police. After morning school, he came home and saw standing in the passage a police-officer, who was accidentally there. He thought he was there for him, and ran back to school without entering the house. The boy was terribly upset, and sat brooding over this awful visitation. He refused to go home in the evening until the mistress accompanied him. The evil was done. His imagination was great. He would neither eat nor drink, and he could not sleep. A doctor was called in, and said

that he had been frightened. The idea was pooh-poohed, but the lad eventually died. They discovered from his ravings in delirium that the fright was too much for his mental capacity, and so this bright boy died from the ignorant threats of a servant. A rush of blood to the head caused congestion of the brain, and you see what an end it led to. I could easily multiply cases like this, but time will not permit me. People cannot be too careful in their treatment of children. A strong man rears a boy who has a will similar to his own. He threatens the boy, and the boy naturally rebels. The man wildly threatens to break the spirit of the child—the very feature in his own character of which he is so proud. He beats and illuses his son, until he succeeds in “cowing” him. I knew such a case not very long ago. The boy ceased to smile, he became morose and revengeful. Before reaching manhood he utterly rebelled, and shocked his Sunday school teachers by becoming an Atheist. When remonstrated with, his answer was, “If my father is a Christian, I am proud to believe in something else. He has acted unjustly and as a brute to me, and whatever he may be I am against him.” The man of whom he spoke was a nonconformist minister who would sin outrageously. Were dinner not ready to time, he would in his anger assault his family, smash the dishes, and over turn the table. Next day he would enter the pulpit, and with tears in his eyes pray for forgiveness. Then, self-satisfied, he would act in the same dastardly manner again, and so on, day after day, sinning and wiping the account clear, item after item, deliberately to resume the life of hypocrisy on the next paltry excuse. Such beings are as despicable as they are dangerous, and it is the duty of all good people to come between them and the young persons committed to their charge.

Parents think that careful children will grow up good. They say my son will make an excellent business man, his disposition is so thrifty and thoughtful. Let me tell you of such a boy. He had bags full of tops and pencils, marbles, and the hundred and one things that boyhood sets value on. I examined his head, and warned the parent that he might become a miser if not trained up to be liberal in giving. She wondered, and praised her boy. To show his disposition I said, "Will you give me a pencil, my boy?" "No," he answered, a gleam of avarice already in his eye, "it's mine." I said, "You have plenty, and some boys have none. Give me one to give to a boy I know who hasn't got any?" The answer came to this and every following request, "No ; it's mine."

Parents must not think this a good feature. Beware of it. It is one of the greatest curses from which man can suffer. The faculty grows with the child, and at manhood it has developed into absolute miserly acquisitiveness, which will stop at nothing, sometimes not even at murder that robbery may be accomplished. Sharp boys are to be carefully watched, too. I knew a boy whose parents were proud of him. He was at ten years of age a little bargainer. He used to train pigeons in such a way that they always came home. Then he would take them a long distance and sell them. It is needless to say they were generally at home before him. That is the kind of boy who grows up into the fraudulent bankrupt or the pious founder of charities whose accounts are never audited. Beware of such precocity in your children, my friends.

Now, I have finally exhausted the limits of the time at my disposal. Think of the lessons I have endeavoured to teach you ; think of the high and holy duties which pertain

to every one who aspires to the position of a Teacher of the people. When the time comes for the accounts of all men to be balanced, fathers and mothers, schoolmasters and mistresses, professors and clergymen, employers and superiors in society should be careful that they are not found among the defaulters. For the sake of our common manhood do your duty to the rising generation. For the honour of the country we are all proud of, do not let your sons and daughters be less worthy, less religious, less strong, or less dutiful than the generations that are passing away. And for the sake of Him who shed His blood for sinners, try to do honour to His teachings in every way, and the profit shall be yours in every effort ; for the blessing of God will descend upon you, as I pray it may now upon every word I have here spoken in the advancement of the cause of which I am not ashamed to confess myself an humble but earnest advocate.



Health and Education :

A LECTURE

BY

GUSTAVUS COHEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE TREE OF LIFE," "SWEETHEARTS, AND HOW TO
READ THEIR CHARACTERS," "OUR TEACHERS ON TRIAL," "KEEP TO
THE RIGHT," "FASHIONS," "MODERN JUDAISM," "SHAMS AND
REALITIES," "TALENTS WASTED," ETC.

Illustrated with full page original Drawings, by Fritz Braun.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GT. RUSSELL ST., BLOOMSBURY, W C.

MANCHESTER :

JOHN HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.

1883.

HEALTH AND EDUCATION.

BY GUSTAVUS COHEN.

WE should all bear in mind that although the soul is not subservient to the body, there is yet a strong affinity existing between the body and the soul, and it is the duty of all in order that they may lead good and Christian lives, to minister to themselves physically in order that their body which is the temple of God, may remain pure and free from disease, as much as their mind which is the throne of reason should remain pure and unsullied by vice and evil. We must ask ourselves in the first instance, why it is that there is so much disease in this country, that our hospitals are crowded with patients of both sexes and all ages, that we see so many pale and cadaverous faces indicative of ill-health, traversing our public thoroughfares, that so many children die in tender years, that so much physical misery and debility is extant throughout the length and breadth of the land ; that rosy faces and strong frames are not the rule but rather the exception. There must be a mistake somewhere. God never intended the beautiful girl just blooming into ripe maidenhood to fade and die. He never intended that one happy and innocent baby-face, a may-blossom not unfolded, should hide its

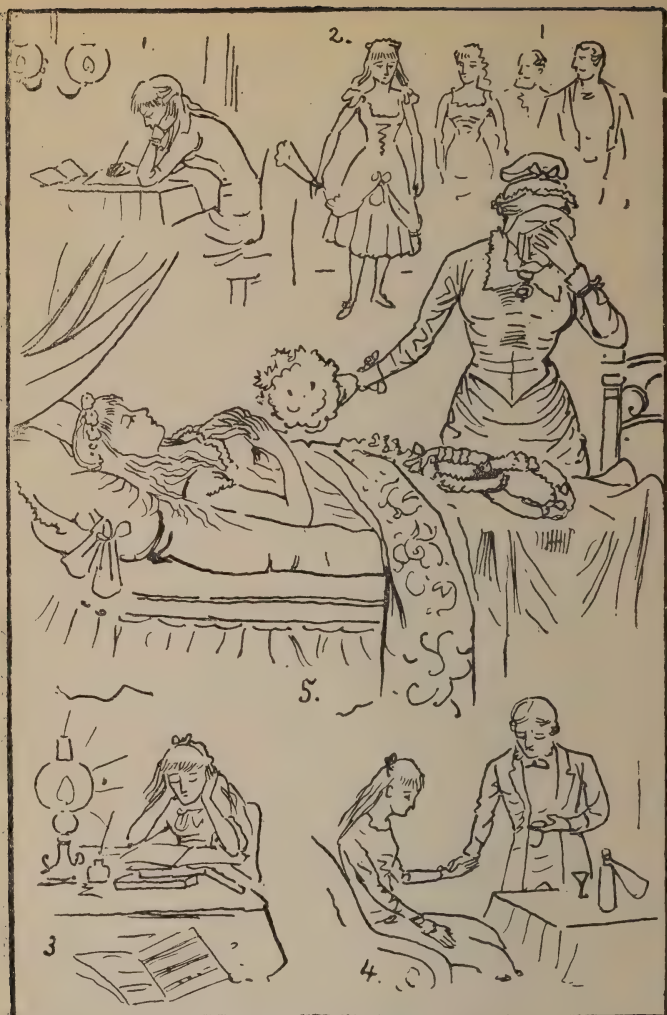
newly-born sweetness in the grave. That the youth with the fancied conquests of a long life before him, should have his pictured greatness buried with him beneath the green turf of the churchyard ! Take an example from daily life. A young girl dies. She was a healthy babe, and in early youth gave every promise of a long life. But gradually as she grew older the mental conquered the physical nature, her face grew pale and the last faint rose upon her cheeks died away like the declining ray of sunset into the still gloom of death. The fond mother who had watched and tended her during her illness is broken-hearted, but still she seeks consolation. "It was the Lord's will that she should die." "The Lord has removed her," and other sayings of a like simple kind. The Lord has *not* removed her ! It is an idle blasphemy to think it. Did not our Saviour during his sojourn on the earth demonstrate by his every action that he wished the people to *live* and be happy ? Did he not heal the sick, yea and even *raise the dead* on various occasions ? Does this mean that the Lord takes away the young ere they have even started in life. Before their minds are developed, before they have any individuality or reason of their own ! No—it is owing to the sin and satiety of mankind—it is owing to disobedience of the great laws of nature laid down by God for the government of this world—that disease and premature death, are rampant amongst our people, and destroying the youth of our generation. O mother and father ! had that young girl, now lying so cold and still been tended *not less lovingly* but *more wisely* from baby-hood upwards, she would be alive and rosy at the present moment.

Her weak body which from childhood should have had freshness, light and air, has withered under the scorching glare of what we call modern education.

The dwelling place of the human mind, the instrument of its actions in its world-sphere is the body. Between the mind and body there is an intimate, mysterious and wonderful relation. They act and re-act upon each other. The condition of each one affects the condition of the other : a diseased body tends to produce a diseased condition of mind, a disturbed mind wears upon the body ; a nervous hot-blooded body is a constant irritation and flame to the mind ; a passionate, restless mind, gives no peace to the body.

Thus they act and re-act upon each other in all their multiform movements, conditions and activities. No action or condition of the one is negative to the other. The state of the body, then, is important to the mind, to its free and easy action, to its natural growth and ready culture. This is a fact criminally overlooked by the great mass of mankind, and especially by women. It is overlooked by many teachers, and in our general system of mental education.

To train the body is our first care. To develop its strength, to secure and preserve proper tone, to make it harmonious, active and beautiful, to plant in its vitality the roses of health, and sow in its blood the seeds of enduring life and activity, is our first and imperious duty. To neglect the body is to neglect the mind. To abuse the body is to abuse the mind. To enervate, irritate or corrupt the body is to produce a like effect on the mind. To beat, bruise and shatter the house in which we live is to do



DEATH AND SADNESS.

1. Overstudy. 2. Late hours, parties, &c. 3. Studying numerous subjects and mastering none. 4. The decline—medicine of no avail. 5. Death.



HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

1. Fresh air and enjoyable excursions.
2. The breath of the sea.
3. Sound study in an upright position.

violence to the dweller therein. Every pain in the body, every weakness, every injury done to it, does a harm to the mind. In ordinary life we do not receive this as true, yet, in all severe cases we know it is so. But there can be no doubt that it is true the world over and life through. The mind is our principal care. And we are to nurture our bodies as the present instrument of mental action. If the instrument is shattered and diseased the action of the mind will be correspondingly imperfect and weak. The body is the instrument on which the mind makes the music of life ; and if we would have that music harmonious and sweet we must have a good instrument and keep it in good tune.

It is so ; it must be so ; virtue can never be all she may be and ought to be in a sickly and fevered body. Reason can never wield her grandest sceptre of power on a shattered and trembling throne. Love can never be that pure, constant and heavenly flame which is a proper symbol of divine affection in a bosom racked with pain or oppressed with weakness. The divine energies of humanity can never urge the soul to a realization of its highest ideals of excellency in a frame overcome with disease, relaxed with dissipation or oppressed with unnatural burdens. Yes, the body must be sound, healthy, perfect, to realize the highest mental states of which we are capable. Feeble and sickly is the best culture we can give a mind locked in a feeble and tormented body. No proposition is clearer than that we should nurture, cherish, and invigorate our bodies with the most watchful care and rigid and healthful discipline. It is wicked to neglect or abuse them.

We violate the most sacred principles of duty when we harm the dwelling places of our souls. To carelessly expose ourselves to any physical danger, to engage in any species of dissipation or intemperance, to ruthlessly waste in any way the physical energies which God has given us, to recklessly weaken, sicken, mar or injure our bodies is as much a sin as to violate the commands of the decalogue, or deny in practice the principles of the moral law. God will not hold such an offender guiltless. The visitation of His retribution is and will be upon such transgressors. It is our duty to be healthy, to obey the physical laws of our being, to possess sound and active bodies. Every pain, fever, sickness, is a retributive evidence of a violation of these laws; and for every such violation we not only suffer physical evil but we suffer mentally, morally, socially and spiritually. We belittle ourselves in the sight of God and men, bemean ourselves in the presence of moral law, and stay more or less our progress in the great educational work of life. If we would be eminently pious benevolent and good we must be healthy. If we would be endowed with wisdom, virtue and love, we must be healthy. If we would win men's deepest confidence and God's highest approval, we must be healthy. If we would develop most vigorously all our powers of mind and heart and give the richest possible culture to our souls we must be sound in body. If we would impart the greatest possible intellectual and moral vigour to the generation to come we must obey the laws of health. If we would progress most rapidly in the divine life, and win the brightest laurels for our spiritual brows, we must cultivate well our physical powers. We have no right to make our bodies



THE DECREPIT CITY MAIDEN.

1. The "fantastic" evenings. 2. Evenings of "recreation" (?). 3. Her chief accomplishment.—The old masters must suffer. 4. Taking tea. 5. The afternoon crawl down the fashionably, dirty, and dusty promenade.



THE HEARTY VILLAGE MAIDEN.

1. In the golden cornfields. 2. An early morning duty. 3. At close of day.

pestiferous hospitals to bear about the seeds of disease, weakness and misery. Our physical education is the very first thing to be attended to. In childhood, in youth it is a matter of great moment. Every child should be truly instructed in its physical duties, and every youth should make himself wise in all matters pertaining to life and health. I deem this subject of vast importance to young women. Their usefulness and happiness are entirely dependent upon it. Their progress in the arts of life, their influence on the generations to come, their degree of culture and power depend much upon their obedience to the laws of health. If they would be the women they ought to be, noble, highminded and matronly women, impressed with a lofty sense of their duty, and high and generous conceptions of womanhood, it is imperatively important that they cultivate judiciously the greatest possible strength and activity of body. What a sickly womanhood grows up in a nervous, feeble, neuralgic, splenetic female body. How is it with our young women? Are they vigorous and healthy? Can they eat well, sleep well, work well, walk well, bear well the changes of climate, endure heat and cold, toil and fatigue, trial and study? Are their forms full of life and health, their muscles full of strength and activity, their chests well expanded, their lungs full and free, their hearts large and strong, sending out the currents of life laden with their stores of well-formed nutriment? Ah, would it were so. But we know it is not. Our young women are sickly house-plants, that a chill wind will shake or an untimely frost nip and wither. They are pet birds with no strength of wing to bear life's long brave flight. Colds and coughs, aches and pains, weaknesses and diseases

innumerable prey upon them. They faint at the sight of a spider and scream at the far off hiss of a serpent. They are full of weaknesses and pains that wear out life and enervate all their mental and spiritual powers. The women of our day grow old in their youth. They often have all the marks of fifty years of age at twenty-five, decayed teeth, sallow skins, sunken cheeks, wrinkled faces, nervous debility, and a whole crowd of other ailments. Our grandmothers at sixty years were stouter and more capable of endurance than our young women are at twenty-five. Why is it so? Simply because our girls and their mothers have neglected to cultivate their physical powers. They have been shut up in close rooms, bound up in bandages, fed on sweetmeats and spices, doctored with poisons, dressed in whale-bones and death cords, petted like house-plants, steeped in tea and coffee till they are nothing but bundles of shattered nerves and diseased muscles. There may be noble exceptions, but this is the general rule; our men and women are all too weak and sickly, but we know that our men are by far the most healthy, and well it may be so. Our boys are turned out to stretch their limbs and try their muscles, while the girls are compelled to look at them through the windows. It is a burning shame to imprison all the little girls, to shut them up from the fresh air and the life-giving sun, from the green fields, and the flowing water brooks, from the woods and hills where health is breathing in every gale, and strength is made at every bounding step. All the girls should wear good strong boots, loose flowing short dresses, open sun bonnets, and then run and shout and laugh in natural outdoor glee. They should sleep in cool well ventilated rooms, eat simple

coarse plain food, exercise much in health-giving work and play, drink pure cold water and bathe daily, be taught to practice temperate, prudent and regular habits, learn the laws of health and how to obey them, the physiology of their own bodies, and what is demanded for health and strength. Such a course of early physical training will impart beauty, variety, cheerfulness, amiability, strength of mind, warmth of heart, and moral stability, more surely and rapidly than can otherwise be done. Girls thus trained will possess a higher and nobler womanhood, exert a wider and deeper influence in their families and spheres, impart firmer bodies and richer minds to their children, than those who are rocked through girlhood in luxury and dress, and shut up in confined air and more confined dresses. We are pampering our women to death, we are killing them with tenderness, not with enlightened moral and affectionate tenderness, but with the tenderness of folly, fashion, luxury, idleness, with the tenderness of vicious habits of life. My advice to all young women is, that they learn the laws of health and strength as soon as possible, and obey them to the very best of their ability, that they study the physiology of their own systems and know how fearfully and wonderfully they are made, and what conditions of life are necessary to the fullest and most perfect physical developments, that they live with the resolute determination that they will be well, and that not a pain or weakness shall be felt, without tracing it immediately to its real cause and applying the proper remedy at once; that health shall be deemed a condition of happiness and its maintenance a religious duty; that sickness shall be considered a sin, and pain, a just chastisement of God, for it. When our young women are

thus physically trained they will be prepared to bless the world as it never has been blessed ; they will usher in a period of moral and intellectual grandeur such as the world has never seen ; they will exert a strong womanly influence in every sphere of thought and action, which will be at once refining, ennobling and redeeming ; they will so establish correct habits of living, so sanctify the altar of home, so adorn the walks of social life, that the very heart of the great body of society will throb anew with fresh impulse of life, and send out its currents of health and strength to the remotest parts.

With such a physical preparation we are ready for intellectual action, for education of the mind.

Woman has not had a fair chance for the culture of her mind. She has been continually anathematized and tormented with the idea that she is the "weaker vessel." Her father, her brother, and her husband have always told her that her mind was weak and small, and that it could not comprehend great things nor do great works. Sometimes her mother and sister are joined in this wholesale slander of the female mind. When a little girl she has been paralysed with the thought of her inferiority. All through her youth it has been a dead weight on her mental activity. Through her life it has ever muffled the harp of her heart, and weighed down the wings of her aspirations. It has been an incubus of discouragement in all intellectual pursuits. How could woman be anything with the whole world against her. With even those she loved best, and in whose judgment she most confided, all the time reminding her of her mental weakness and inferiority ? And as it has been so it is. Woman is still believed intellectually

inferior to man, by ninety-nine one hundredths of mankind. Poor weak, silly, drunken, half-idiotic men, whose wives have to support them, will tell you in conscious pride of sex of woman's weakness of mind. I have heard little Lilliputian men, whose minds were as small as a baby's rattle-box, always harping on this worn-out string of woman's weakness of mind. It is an idea not peculiar to enlightened people. The savages believe it, and many of them believe that she is only a pretty beast without a soul that is given to man to bear his burdens. Among savages, barbarous and half-civilized people, woman's inferiority is never questioned. The idea is entertained in its bold usurpation and black injustice without a questioning thought. Among us it is covered over a little with cotton beauty and rolled up in sugar-plum sweetness so that woman will bear it a little better. Our women are tickled with the idea that they are the *beauty*. Our public speakers, lecturers, papers, speak of the audiences of *intelligence* and *beauty*, meaning by intelligence the men and by *beauty* the women ; a deep insult to the woman-mind.

I freely admit that the mass of men in our country do possess more intelligence than the women ; but the reason is not because of woman's inferiority, but because of her oppression and want of opportunity. She has not had half a chance. Yet notwithstanding all this want of opportunity, she has shown a quickness of perception, an intuitive acumen, a sharpness of fore-cast and solidity of judgment that among nearly all married men has made her opinion a matter of great importance. Few are the married men that are willing to risk a disrespect of their

wives' judgment in any important matter. An eminent lawyer once told me that but twice in his married life had he acted counter to his wife's advice, and in both instances his judgment failed and hers was right. Many men have found their wives' intuitive judgment so correct that they dare not resist it, as though it were the utterance of an oracle. So universal is that opinion amongst married men, that all our best moralists and most sage philosophers advise all married men to consult their wives on all important matters, and to be very cautious about resisting the settled convictions of woman, not as a matter of courtesy or policy, but because of the accurate perceptions and sound judgments of woman's mind.

This is not all fustian for the flattery of women ; it is the deliberate conviction of our best and wisest minds. And yet a great majority of these same minds cannot get rid of the idea that woman's intellect is inferior.

Though the mass of women of all countries have been intellectually undeveloped, we have instances enough to show that the woman's mind is as powerful, close-sighted, and active as man's. Women have ruled the mightiest nations, mastered the most abstruse sciences, led vigorous armies to victory, written powerful books, made vigorous and brilliant achievements in eloquence, commanded vessels, conducted complicated commercial relations, edited influential journals, and done everything necessary to show that the female mind is not wanting in power. Yet if the female mind were weaker, it is not an argument against its education. Mind should be educated whether little or much, weak or strong. And women's natural position is such that all the mind she has should be developed and richly cultivated.

We talk much about female education ; we have female schools and colleges ; and one might think to read of them, that we educated the female mind, but it is a sad mistake. The greater part of our female seminaries and colleges are mere shams. They do not develop the mind ; they do not train the muscles to hard work ; they do not discipline the observing powers to close application and vigorous research ; they do not harden the hands to the toil of thinking, nor strengthen the arms to battle with the difficulties of life, nor the problems of domestic economy. They are mere gilding shops, white-washing establishments, paint factories, where girls are polished to order with the etiquette of boarding-school finish.

We send our girls to these schools to be educated ; but educated for what ? Why, nothing in particular, but to be educated because it is fashionable ; to go home and sit in the parlour, *educated ladies* ; to talk about novels and poetry with the gentlemen that come in ; to go into ecstasies over some boy's *last* ; to catch a professional husband ; it is to go *over*, not *through* some of the sciences, but do it because it is fashionable ; recite and write and go through all the forms of school training, just because it sounds well, and will give a lady a social position, not literary standing, or stability of character, intellectual influence, or dignity of thought and life ; and go through it all and graduate with diploma in hand, at fourteen or sixteen years of age. Here again, women are cheated with a bauble. Little girls are told that they are educated at this tender age and to prove it are referred to their diplomas, announcing to the world that they have been through a regular course of study at such an institution. Only think of it—a finished education at

sixteen! Why the majority of our men cannot get ready for college until they are twenty-five. There they spend four years in hard study and the most vigorous mental discipline, delving in the deep mines of science and untombing the rich archives of history and human thought; then study three years the masters of their professions. And even then they are but boys in thought and action, and must meet the hard discipline of active life before we award to them intellectual manhood. We compare these educated girls with these educated young men and wonder at the weakness of the female mind! The girls went to school because it was fashionable, the boys at the call of an honorable ambition. The girls studied to appear well in society; the boys to breast life's highway with honor and win laurels from the hand of the world in the duties of useful professions. The girls were stimulated by nothing that was great and noble in action; the boys were fired by all that can stir up human ambition. True, the innate glory of cultivated minds was before them both, but that alone in our present sensuous life has seldom been found a sufficient stimulus to vigorous intellectual discipline.

What education our girls do get should be thorough, practical and from proper motives. They must fill woman's place and they ought to prepare for it as thoroughly as possible. They have an intellectual life to live and intellectual duties to perform. How poorly they will live that life and perform those duties without preparation. Many young women cannot attend school and enjoy the common routine of mental discipline; but they may read and study at home; they may cultivate their minds by the fireside; in the lecture room, in the

church, and in the intellectual circle. The world is full of good books and from them they may glean invaluable treasures. Every young woman spends enough time in idle gossip and foolish flirtation to educate herself well. Schools are not necessary, they are only helps to education. Many great minds have been educated without them. To educate is to learn to think, the way to learn to think is to practice thinking.

“Practice makes perfect.” The archer practices with his bow, the artist with his brush or chisel, the writer with his pen, the mechanic with his tool, the lawyer with his brief. So the student should practice with his mind—practice thinking, reasoning, investigating, analysing, comparing, and illustrating. This is the practice our young female minds want; they do not think enough, they do not dig for thought, search for ideas, investigate for truth, they are too light, frivolous and giddy. They will run by a great thought to trifle with a silly whim; they will leave a rich intellectual pursuit for a giddy party; they will turn away from a mental feast to enjoy an idle gossip. I mean too many of them will.

Having thus far remarked upon the close affinity existing between body and mind, I cannot do better now, than give a few words of sound and practical advice to parents. From children spring men and women, and the parents have indeed a great responsibility and a heavy duty to perform, for the career of their child, mentally and physically, will in a great measure depend upon their wise administration. You all know the wonder and astonishment there is in a house among its small people when a baby is born, how they stare at the new arrival, with its red

face. Where does it come from ? Some tell them it comes from the garden, from a certain kind of cabbage, and the doctor is often said to bring a new baby in his pocket, and many a time are his pockets slyly examined by the curious and inquisitive youngsters, in the hopes of finding another baby. But I'll tell you where all the babies come from ; *they all come from God* ; His hand fashioned and made them ; He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life—of His life. He said, Let this little child be, and it was. A child is a true creation, of its soul certainly, and in a true sense its body too. And as our children came from Him, so they are going back to Him, and He lends them to us as keepsakes ; we are to keep and care for them for His sake. What a strange and sacred thought it is ! Children are God's gifts to us, and it depends on our guiding of them, not only whether they are happy here, but whether they are happy hereafter in that great unchangeable eternity, into which you and I and all of us are fast going. I once asked a little girl, " Who made you ? " and she said, holding up her apron as a measure, " God made me that length and I growed the rest myself." Now this is as you know, not quite true, for she could not grow one half-inch by herself. God makes us grow, as well as making us at first. But what I want you to fix in your minds is, that children come from God, and are returning to Him, and that you, and all who are parents have to answer to Him for the way we behave to our dear children—the kind of care we take of them.

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children at present—but I may tell you that

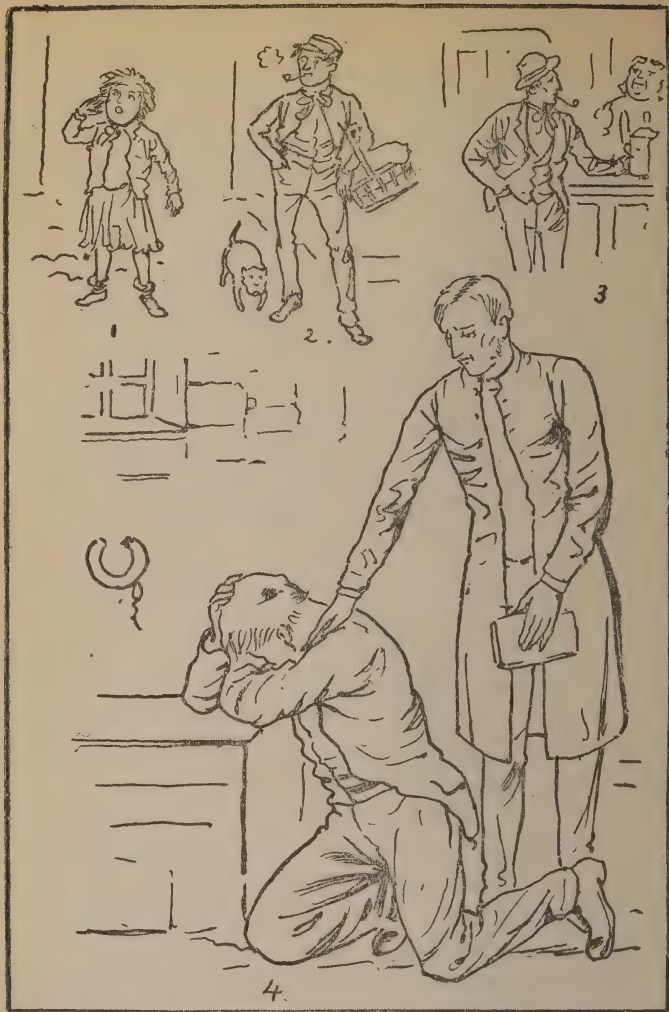
the soul, especially in children, depends much for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery upon the kind of body it lives in : for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in ; and you know that if a house be uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts ; if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough ; and if they have no coals and no water, and no meat and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy their souls will get miserable and cankered and useless, their tempers peevish ; and if you don't feed and clothe them rightly, then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies—will be starved out of them ; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural in an unhappy child. You and I—grown up people who have cares and have had sorrows and difficulties and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes ; it would be still sadder if we were not often so ; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. Play is their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge and how much valuable bodily exercise a child teaches itself in its play.

Now I know how hard it is for many of you to get meat for your children and clothes for them, and bed and bedding

for them at night, and I know how you have to struggle for yourselves and them, and how difficult it often is for you to take all the care you would like to do of them, and you will believe me when I say, that it is a far greater thing, because a far harder thing for a poor struggling and it may be weakly woman, in an humble station to bring up her children comfortably, than for those who are richer ; but still you may do a great deal of good at little cost, either of money or time or trouble. And it is well-earned pains ; it will bring you in 200 per cent. in real comfort, and profit and credit ; and so you will, I am sure listen good naturedly to me, when I go over some plain and simple things about the health of your children.

To begin with their *heads*. You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body and commands all under him ; and it depends on his being good or bad, whether his subjects—the legs, the arms and body and stomach, and that important organ the bowels are in good order or not. Now first of all keep the head cool. Nature has given it a night-cap of her own in the hair, and it is the best. And keep the head in healthy condition by a good scouring administered at least once every week. Then the lungs—the bellows that keep the fire of life burning—they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown-up folk, merely keeping itself up. It is doing this, and growing too ; and so it eats more, sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk. And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air and lots of it. So whenever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well-aired places to sleep in. Then their night-gowns



SOME PHASES OF A WASTED LIFE.

1. Childhood spent in a gutter. 2. An unwholesome boyhood. 3. The golden time of manhood wasted in the public-house. 4. Penitence on the brink of eternity.



TALENTS WASTED.

1. In high living.
2. In the ale-house.
3. A fallen "hero."
4. In the gin palace.
5. In "gentlemanly" dissipation.
6. A Saturday night sketch, law and order ovating a public-house genius.

are best when long and made from flannel ; and children should always be more warmly clad than grown-up people—cold kills them more easily. Then there is the *stomach*, and as this is the kitchen of the great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children and generally as much from too much being put in as from its food being of an injurious kind. A baby for nine months after it is born should have almost nothing but its mother's milk. This is God's food, and it is the best and the cheapest too. If the baby be healthy it should be weaned at nine or ten months ; and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or new milk and water and sugar once a day for some time, so as to gradually wean it. This makes it easier for mother as well as baby. No child should get meat or hard things till it gets its teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whisky or any other intoxicating drink. Whisky to the soft tender stomach of an infant would be like pouring vitriol upon ours, it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of whisky ; and let mothers above all others beware of drinking when nursing. The whisky passes from their stomachs into their milk and poisons their own child ! This is a positive fact. And think of a drunken woman carrying and managing a child ! I once saw, while passing up a public thoroughfare, a woman staggering along very drunk. She was carrying a child ; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slipping gradually back. I ran and cried out ; but before I could get up, the poor little thing, smiling over its miserable

mother's shoulder, fell down like a stone upon its head on the pavement ; it gave a gasp, turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion and its soul was away to God, and its soft woeful little body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight ! So much misery and wickedness and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot going about for ever seeking after her child, and cursing the woman who killed it. This is a true tale, too true.

There is another practice which I must notice and that is giving laudanum to children to make them sleep, and keep them quiet, and for coughs, and windy pains. Now this is a most dangerous thing ; I have known four drops to kill a child four months old, and ten drops one a year old. The best rule, and one you should stick to, as under God's eye, as well as His laws, is never to give laudanum to children. And while on this subject, I would also say a word upon the use of opium and laudanum among yourselves. I know this is far commoner among all classes than is thought. But I assure you, from much experience, that the drunkenness and stupefaction from the use of laudanum and opium is even worse than that from whisky. The one poisons and makes mad the body ; the other, the laudanum poisons the mind and makes it like an idiot's. So in both matters beware ; death is in the cup, murder is in the cup, and poverty and the workhouse, and the gallows, and an awful future of pain

and misery—all are in the cup. These are the wages the devil pays his servants with, for doing his work.

But to go back to the children. The fountain of life, the stomach, must be kept in good order. No sour apples or raw turnips, or carrots; no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination; no tea to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whisky to kill their digestion; the less sugar and sweet things the better; the more milk and butter the better; and plenty of plain wholesome food, porridge and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and milk, and farinaceous food of every kind.

As to the moral training of children, I need scarcely speak to you. What people want about these things is not knowledge, but the will to do what is right—what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it.

Whatever you wish your child to be—be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy, and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased, lazy, and wicked parents.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like ourselves. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little

coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your own families.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold—more than food and clothing. And there is one thing you can always teach your child: you may not yourself know how to read or write and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their location, and may therefore not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them of Him who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to pray. Some weeks ago, a doctor, a friend of mine went to see the mother of a little child. She was very dangerously ill. He went up to the nursery, and in the child's bed saw something raised up. This was the little fellow under the bedclothes kneeling. The Dr. asked, "What are you doing?" "I am praying God to make mamma better," said he. God likes these little prayers and these little people—for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers. "Abba Father" is all He needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers, as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance. And in conclusion. Go home, and when you see the curly little polls on their pillows, sound asleep, pour out a blessing on them, and ask our



HOW TO READ THE DISPOSITIONS OF CHILDREN.

1. Boy's head—small perception and determination. 2. Boy's head—large perception and determination. 3. Boy of the extreme Mental temperament. 4. Boy of the Vital temperament. 5. Girl of a natural and childish disposition. 6. Precocious girl.

Saviour to make them His ; and never forget what we began with, that they came from God and are going back to Him, and let the light of eternity fall upon them as they lie asleep, and may you resolve to dedicate them and yourselves to Him who died for them and for us all, and who was once Himself a little child and sucked the breasts of a woman, and who said that awful saying, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it is better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."

Then having thus shown the vast importance of keeping children in health and strength for the sake not only of their bodies, but their souls and minds also, we would append a few words concerning the temperaments and mental developments of children as illustrated by the accompanying plate of six heads. Above everything a child should have a practical education ; it should be taught to *see*. The more it *sees*, and understands the forms, and sizes, and distinctiveness of surrounding objects, the more the *perceptive faculties* located above the eyes, as indicated in the cases of the two boys' heads in figures 1 and 2 will be developed and brought out. It gives keen judgment, and while preventing us to a certain extent from being duped and deceived, must be characterized as absolutely essential to success in life. No man ever succeeded who had not the perceptive faculties largely developed. Now in the boy's head shown in fig. 1, there is a thorough lack of these faculties. The boy cannot *see*, he cannot *judge* of things as they really are. He may have read a good deal, his imagination and spirituality are large, but he cannot *value things at their worth*. He has had no sound education.

Don't speak to children about cows, but take them into the green fields, and let them *see* the animal in question, and then instruct them by your knowledge of their habits and ways. In fig. 2 we have the head of a boy, who has his perceptive faculties well brought out. Of course these organs are never so large in boyhood as they are in manhood, but still the foundation of a sound, practical, and penetrating character cannot be laid at too early an age.

Now in training a boy, it is very necessary that his temperament, inherited from parentage, should be fully understood. The natures of all boys are not alike; consequently all boys cannot be dealt with alike. A remedy that might cure the strong blacksmith, would kill the feeble little tailor. We give in our plate illustrations, examples of two different temperaments in boys. Fig. 3 shows the head of a boy of the *extreme mental* temperament. Now this boy has a very large and active brain. The heads of such boys are mostly too large for their bodies; consequently it is impossible to over-rate the value of encouraging the *physical*, in a boy of that nature. He may become very clever, he may become senior wrangler at twenty-five, and die before thirty. It is necessary for his success and usefulness in after life that he should build up as strong and sound a physical constitution, as free indulgence in exercise, sound food, sound sleep and fresh air will permit of. Do not encourage his reading and the exercise of his large imaginative brain, *nothing will keep that back*, in time to come. Teach him to *see* and not to theorise so much, and when from the results of a careful physical training, he has become older and stronger, judicious study and *well directed labor*, will fit him eminently for a mental pursuit, at which

he may in years to come, attain the highest distinction. Fig. 4 is the head of a boy, who is predominantly of the *vital* temperament. He is a boy possessed of strong animal spirits and a strong physical constitution, he is naturally of a *practical* turn of mind. Now it is extremely improbable that a boy of this nature would ever, if left to his own inclinations, shut himself up in a room and pore and ponder over the mysteries of science. No, he wants the fresh air, he can never keep still a moment, and the outer world of life and action is the battle-field on which he may achieve fame. It would be a great mistake to make a boy of this temperament a clerk in a bank or warehouse, he would fall asleep over his work; never be thoroughly well and either be a miserable and unhappy drudge all his life, or continually bringing disgrace upon himself and those belonging to him. The occupation of a builder, a traveller, a contractor, or any other active pursuit would undoubtedly suit him, and bring out his talents to advantage.

In quitting this subject I would just say a few words upon *precocious children*. We hear some admiring mother on presenting her little daughter to a friend, say in ecstatic rapture, "She's such an *old fashioned little thing*." I would earnestly say, do not encourage precocity in children, don't have old fashioned little boys or little girls. It shows that a naturally quick brain, inherited from parentage, has been encouraged and perverted, instead of having been repressed and left to a wholesome and natural growth. Real wisdom is only to be bought by years of study and experience, and is never found in babies. A mental disease encouraged by the ignorant is all that constitutes these very

old fashioned and precocious little children. Do not spoil the baby character, it is beautiful and natural in its untutored innocence.

To be lasting and sound, the body, as the character of the child should be a thing of slow growth. Now in figs. 5 and 6, we have the heads of two little girls both about the same age, but mark the difference. One looks much older than the other because her features have formed before their time. In fig. 5 we see the little baby-nose, we see the little girl that like a crisp and beautiful rosebud has yet to unfold before its real charms are before us in all their chaste beauty. In fig. 6 we see already the pretty and expressive face of a much older girl. The beautiful nose has already attained its shape, and the lips are finely and firmly cut. It is the face of a precocious child, of premature growth and therefore weak and not lasting. Do not force children, like hot-house plants, by a false and pernicious system of education, let a child enjoy and appreciate its simple pleasures of baby-play, because the time will come and soon enough, when it will need all its vital force and natural vigour to meet and overcome the stern obstacles and trying vicissitudes which in this material world are the need of all.



“KEEP TO THE RIGHT,”

OR,

THE PATH THAT LEADS TO HAPPINESS.

A

DESCRIPTIVE PHRENOLOGICAL

LECTURE

BY

HERR GUSTAVUS COHEN.

*Author of “Sweethearts and Wives,” “Modern Judaism,”
“Shams and Realities,” “Health and Education,” “Our
Teachers on Trial,” &c., &c.*

PRICE THREEPENCE.

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY.

“KEEP TO THE RIGHT,”

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THE PATH THAT LEADS TO HAPPINESS.

THE imagination of man is so great and so various in its ramifications and phases that multitudes of similes of the most eloquent kind have been used to illustrate the story of life. The Word of God speaks of the broad path that leads to destruction, and the narrow and difficult road that leads to salvation. Men of many callings—and especially divines and poets—have spoken of life being like a river, leading to the mighty mysterious sea; but that simile is faulty, because we all hope for bliss at the end of the journey upon which we are bound, and the ocean offers no idea of permanent happiness—no rest—no ecstasy after the well-spent career of a good man. On the contrary, it speaks of terrible storms, cruel tempests, treacherous calms and general instability that often make it a terror to the vast majority of the people.

Similes of this kind generally give rise to confusion in the minds of the masses. Perhaps the greatest allegory that the world has ever seen is totally misunderstood by the people. Thousands of worthy persons have pored over John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," mightily interested with the adventures of good Master Christian, yet such readers never thoroughly understood that the whole experience was a parable—a mere spiritual life that any thinking man might be conscious of—and not a series of splendid conquests over real enemies met in every-day life,

in a far-off time. The general failure of such allegories among the people has led me always to be perfectly plain in my illustrations of life, in portraying phases of good or evil character. This care has led me to call life a journey—a journey from the cradle to the grave ; and my advice to everyone is, on that journey Keep to the Right.

How are we to Keep to the Right ? I hear multitudes of people cry. Right is right, and there is no mistaking it. Were not your minds blunted by neglect and wrong training, little influence would be required to lead you into the right path. The experience of every one of God's creatures ought to be an onward and upward journey through the innumerable difficulties of life to a state of happiness and perfect bliss. Think of life's journey as I place it before you now. Nothing ought to appal the human being who wishes to do right—who prays for God's help to do what is pleasing in his sight. You begin life with the cradle ; you end with the coffin, or the grave. And as you pass that journey between the cradle and the grave, so will your happiness or misery be. Death can have no sting if the life journey has been a wise and exemplary one. Keep to the Right and the journey will be pleasant, profitable and crowned with joy. No man, woman or child can thoroughly accomplish such a journey unless they study themselves in the light that science has provided for them. The ignorant may scoff, and the interested may revile at Phrenology and its sister sciences, but the day will come—if its morning has not already dawned—when it will be accepted as a trustworthy guide for every sphere in life, and the condition of the world will have improved when that dawn will have developed into glorious day. I hope my teachings will not be considered dry ; but I endeavour to be as frank and as plain as possible. I am

of the people, and to the people I speak. It is for the profit of the people, many of whom struggle in the dark, that I now propose to describe this path of life—how to walk it most successfully, so as to rest at the end of it complacently and with a clear conscience.

From the cradle to the grave, Keep to the Right. From childhood to manhood, Keep to the Right. From the family headship to the public citizenship, Keep to the Right. And as an example to all men, Keep to the Right. Women also must look to this, for a careless maiden never made a good matron; and bad mothers never brought up good children. Therefore, they above all, should Keep to the Right, and lose no opportunity of learning how to be in the position thus indicated.

In some great towns you will find the words, “Keep to the Right” inscribed on the lamps, and on the corners of the streets. The object of the authorities in such communities is to facilitate locomotion and prevent confusion in passing on, and the consequent loss of temper, which I regret to say is often provocative of needless and disgusting oaths. My advice to Keep to the Right in life is to prevent difficulty in living happily and satisfactorily, to render obstruction impossible for those who wish to get on, and to keep angry passions down on the journey, until my teaching brings those I guide to a delectable condition utterly devoid of misery, and filled with the light that cometh from God and his Son who died on Calvary.

We start, as I have said, from the cradle, and we close at the grave. I am here to show you what comes from keeping to the right; and what must ensue to those who wander off to the left. So-called pleasure may lie in the latter direction, but the best of all pleasures, intellectual and spiritual pleasures, are experienced by those who—

Keep to the Right. If the parents and guardians or young people wish them well in life they will endeavour to eradicate from their natures whatever may be likely to lead to the left—which in this lecture I will consider as synonymous with wrong—whilst they foster and develop all that tends to lead to the right in every sense of that word.

The foundation of all Nature's functions is Love. Love is supreme. Love is God. God is Love. If in early days children are trained to look on women with respect, in the fulness of time they will become very gentle and sympathetic to all people, and particularly devoted to the lovelier and weaker sex. The man who treats a woman with real respect and reverence is seldom a bad man, and very often under good womanly guidance will prove a benefactor to society. This is only accomplished by the training that is right. If, at an early age, children are negligently or carelessly left to follow their own inclinations, their passions will increase, and they will experience considerable difficulty in checking them, and thus they may give rise to excesses ruinous both to body and soul. It is needless to demonstrate this more minutely. The streets of our great cities bear witness to the terrible consequences of the inordinate encouragement of certain faculties. Ladies also trust too much to their nurses. Their children often acquire prurient tastes in the nursery that end in early and dishonoured graves. Let parents watch vigilantly themselves. Let them keep right themselves, watching their offspring, and the latter will be more likely to pursue the right path in the journey of life.

When you see two little children who are neighbours making love to each other, as they do every day, do not discourage them as a matter of course. Let them be

constant to the objects of their choice. Not for ultimate ends or for convenient marriages, but because by so doing you will render them less fickle, and tend to develop the organ of Constancy. If they are constant in childhood, when the more mature passion comes in manhood or womanhood, they will be able to exercise greater self-denial and mutual respect for each other, and the love that brought them together will end in a long and happy union, always providing that physical conditions prove favourable to marriage. No man or woman should bestow love where it is unlikely to be returned, and so training should be judicious, so that no inordinate passion may lead to a marriage that in the end will bring misery and wretchedness. Be just to those whom you are prompted to love, and that will lead to constancy. Fickleness and an inclination to be led astray by new faces will lead down to the path of destruction and misery on the Left. Constancy, or fidelity in Love, will keep you on the Right.

The next turning on the Right is called Parental Love—a faculty which, correctly cultivated, will bring you unspeakable joy. You love your children and pets intensely, and this must bring you happiness or misery. It may bring you misery if you forget yourselves and idolize those pets, or if you spoil them. Then, pampered and indulged, they will rule you instead of obeying your authority, and because you have not controlled them judiciously they may go to the Left, and their downfall will be a terrible blow to you—a blow bitter as death. Do not forget Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me,” but be careful not to count too much upon them, or, if they go wrong, you may also fall with them. Phrenology will teach you how to Keep to the Right in this respect too.

Advancing higher up in the development of the human brain we come to Friendship. Volumes might be written on this subject. There have been philosophers who give Friendship a higher place than they accord to Love. One thing is perfectly certain, and that is, that the man or woman who is capable of being a good, staunch, and true friend is not likely to be a dangerous member of society. On the other hand, there have been persons—particularly among the gentler sex—whose friendship was unimpeachable, and who yet were very degraded creatures. This seeming paradox is easily explained. Friendship has been so strong that in support of that feeling one person has been known to make war upon the whole world, keeping rigidly true to a friend whose career was of the most guilty and blood-thirsty nature. You know the kind of friendship I mean—the friendship a cat has to the person whose hand feeds it. The owner's hand will be purred over and licked, but strangers, worthy individuals, on approaching Master Tom, soon find out the worst part of the nature of the apparently friendly animal. Friendship, unperverted, ennobles mankind, and even the outlaw or criminal who practices it cannot be altogether beyond redemption. To cultivate this beautiful faculty, then, is to render easier the cultivation of Truth. See the beacon light that blazes above you and read the lurid letters that light shows. Have you not seen them before, and have they not been worse than meaningless? In friendship, as well as in everything else, those words are significant for good. Keep to the Right.

Be warm-hearted, affectionate, devoted ; make any sacrifice for your true friends, but first prove them, and be sure that they are worthy of your confidence. A false friend

before now has brought many a good man to grief, hurried many a man from the paths of happiness on the Right, to the byeways of despair, misery, and guilt on the left of the roadway of life. It is generous to be blind to many of our friends' faults, but it is often criminal and destructive, as can be proved in almost every page of history the world has ever made. Feltham has well said: "The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not; faithful in plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery." The flower of English chivalry sacrificed their all, and their lives when all else was gone for the sake of their friend and king, Charles the First. It would have been better had they proved their friendship by counselling him back from the path of destruction, but he, alas! infatuated, led in his turn by false friends, went on to destruction, and in falling, many good friends fell with him.

Be kind to your friends; use the intellect God gave you to distinguish true friends from those who assume the mask of friendship for personal gain or for personal aggrandisement and ambition. Avoid them as you would a pestilence. I cannot ask you to compel every man who appears to be your friend to submit to the crucial test of a phrenological examination; but I can show you that by the study of that science, and the natural culture consequent upon it, you may be in a position to unmask the false friend, the pretender, the vulture who would prey upon your vitals. Do not lightly and carelessly make friends, and do not refuse your sympathy and friendship to men who are yearning for your good feeling, and to whom friendship means courage to face the difficulties of life. Many a good soul has gone down the dark abyss to the left because it was solitary and

unguided, but which might by the kindly assistance of a true friend have kept to the right. Keep to the Right, my friends. Just think of that word '*Right*,' and you never can make a friend of one that is wrong in principle and in practice. Never make a friend of a man, or woman either, who is mean. Other people will "tar you with the same brush," and you will unconsciously be led into the evils of paltry and mean people who may claim you as a friend if you, without reason, become attached to them. Generous in your own nature, you may make light of their peccadilloes, and by and bye their influence will be leading you away from the right to the wrong paths, and you may thus glide slowly and imperceptibly into habits of meanness yourself. No real friend would ever ask you to do any thing derogatory to the true dignity of manhood, so therefore dismiss false friendship from your minds and believe only in those who will admonish you for your errors, love you for the good that is struggling for life in you, cling to you in the hour of adversity and not desert you when the world begins to frown.

During the stupendous struggle between the Northern and Southern States of America, nothing became more apparent than the great proof of patriotism to be seen on every hand. People did not fight so much for certain things, but for a principle. The North fought for the Union—the United States one and indivisible—the luxurious and wealthy South for the sovereign independence of each State, and the maintenance of slavery. It is not my intention or province to tell you how this came about—volumes would be required to do so—but I may just hint that the Southern aristocrats were for centuries imbued with the old French and English ideas of monarchical grandeur, and prerogative to rule unquestioned over their

inferiors, the negroes. Well I am not going to enlarge on this. The people, north and south, were citizens of a comparatively new country, and so were proportionately proud. They had done "big things," and in God's good time they will do more grand things to shew what humanity untrammelled by tradition can do. Above all they were patriotic. In the Northern cities, merchants left their counting houses to shoulder the musket voluntarily as private soldiers. In the South the luxuriously-bred ladies, after giving up their jewellery and diamonds for the cause, tore up their linen clothes for bandages for the wounded, and then went and nursed them. The gold and silver family plate in the best parts of Virginia and Maryland, went to the smelting pot to enable mistaken men to carry on an iniquitous war. All this arose from a grand feeling, the Love of Home. Nothing could illustrate my views on this better than the American war, and, having said so much, perhaps you will allow me to explain how, in connection with such an admirable emotion, it is not altogether easy to Keep to the Right. It was overdone; but then, as we must all admit, human nature is not perfect. Were, however, the teachings of Phrenology observed there would be few, if any, wars. The Americans of North and South would have seen that the true love of country would have been best advanced by agreeing to peace. But, committed to war, it must be admitted that they fought nobly, and it would have been well for the human race if every war had had such a good cause to advance—namely, unity and power as one great homogeneous nation.

Love of Home, which implies love of country, ought to be encouraged; but still not permitted to become an all-absorbing passion. The great path that leads to the glory of the God of the universe must be trodden with

thoughts of eternal justice ever present. People may love home too much. They may set their minds on enlarging that home and beautifying it until they begin to look with envious eyes upon the possessions of their neighbours. By all means provide for the future, but do not acquire wealth and great possessions at the expense of your neighbours, or a curse will cling to you and yours; and this holds good with nations as well as families. Take the history of Russia, for instance. The Dukes of Muscovy turned their eyes upon Finland, and Finland was torn from the rightful owners. To the East, they looked upon Tartary, and so they began a course of robbery, rapine and murder, in that direction, that has never ceased. Intoxicated with their success, they fixed their eyes upon the great kingdom of Poland, and *it* fell a prey to the surrounding wolves. What is the condition of Russia now, and what has been the fate of the despoilers of the people? Nihilism is secretly so powerful in Russia that the Emperor has been guarded like a prisoner since the tragedy that immolated his father upon an altar not more of martyrdom than of retribution. I do not excuse the murderous action, but evil begets evil, and this shows how great is the necessity to Keep to the Right. It is as sinful to hanker after your neighbour's house as it is to covet his wife, and so, my friends, beware how you wish to add wrongfully to your possessions, for the avenger is behind—a terrible Nemesis that infallibly overtakes those who go wrong. Keep to the Right, and you may be sure, in the end matters will right themselves. In such circumstances it is best to be on the safe side of the road with the eyes of faith steadfastly fixed upon the light at the end of the path of life—the light which you must attain if you follow the teachings of the Son of God—and

that light will be found to be the reflection of the throne of the great God Himself, whom we all ought to worship in spirit and in truth. Before leaving this faculty of Love of Home let me point out the evil of lack of patriotism. Many people snarl and cry, "I mind my own business; let everyone else mind theirs." Selfishness! My friends, that will lead you down to the lowest depths of the network of evil paths to the Left. Love your home, but remember that whatever God hath given to you is in trust for your family, for your fellow-men, and for the great community of which you form an infinitesimal atom.

The faculty that next commands my notice is Concentration. "What thou hast to do, do well" is a precept every one ought to obey. Men who give their minds to their occupation steadily and persistently are those who excel in business. What you have to avoid, however, is giving yourselves altogether up to one pursuit and being peevish at interruption. Some people left to have their own way will bore their friends with their particular fancies and hobbies; but, on the other hand, where this faculty is small people become shiftless, restless, unsettled. You know the kind of people I mean. They will go to the extreme right or the extreme left and in a few moments are back again. They choose a trade or profession, but tire of it in a few days. To keep to the right you must be steady, persevering, thoughtful. You can with equanimity receive the interruptions of your friends and the busy-bodies; but, thoroughly convinced in your well-balanced mind, you pursue the tenor of your way to ultimate success and happiness. Thousands of well-intentioned people come to grief and destruction in this world every day from lack of Concentration—they fall aside to the left of the great path

of life, leaving the honours of the fight to those who Keep to the Right.

We now come to the consideration of what is called Vitativeness—Love of Life. You find this in every man, woman and child well developed, and the great multitudes have such a horror of death that often life loses all enjoyment, and occupations are neglected. The greatest consolation to man is work—good, earnest work. Occupation prevents him from dwelling upon the end in morose and gloomy meditation. Here comes the value of true faith, hope, and genuine religion. With that in your souls you can look forward on the broad white roadway of life to the ineffable happiness that awaits you at the end. If disease assails you, you battle against it, and often conquer; but if this faculty is neglected you become careless of life and only value existence that you may gratify other faculties. You should be taught the value of life—the beauty of all our material surroundings—the goodness of God, and the greatness of the reward to those who live a good and useful life. Think of these things and follow the advice of those who have studied this subject for you, and you will enjoy the glorious progress on the sunny side of the road of life, which only ends at the foot of the throne of the Almighty. We advance a little farther on the highway and we find what has long been called Combativeness, but which we more compactly term Force. This is a grand faculty if rightly used. Armed with this you are ready for any fate. You fear nothing and nobody; you become one of the great heroes of the country you belong to if circumstances call upon you to act for the public good. If well trained you can coolly hold your own in argument or in combat. The danger on the one hand is, that you will be rushing into reckless positions if you have not cautiousness

fully developed, and if not under moral training and influence you might become quarrelsome, desperate and dangerous. In youth you see bold men drink large measures and you follow their example until you mix with bad characters and in the end become a bully. On the other hand, if you are not blessed with this faculty, you permit people to tyrannise over you ; you cannot say 'no' and you have not the 'pluck'—to use an expressive English word—to protect yourselves or those who look to you for protection. The science of Phrenology will guard from danger on one side or the other. If the faculty is small you should learn how to cultivate it. No being is more despicable in the eyes of a woman than the man who earns the epithet of coward. Follow the guidance this science can give you and you will march on the battle field of life an honoured man, a confessed hero, and one whom the world will point at and say : *He always Kept to the Right.*

“ Executiveness ” means that you are full of energy, resolute in all your endeavours. Its perversion, however, often leads to what is called ‘temper,’ and you will be unscrupulous in the means you use to sweep away obnoxious opposition to anything you hope to accomplish. In connection with this faculty, men—and women most of all—ought to be careful to conquer themselves, because anger encouraged leads to ungovernable rage, and all the world knows what terrible sins have been committed in rage. If you wish to Keep to the Right in life, you can be forcible, determined, and justly indignant when aroused, but you must not be vindictive, cruel, or unforgiving. You may be sarcastic to those who revile you, but you should not injure them. When resorting to force, it should be only because justice tells you that a lesson is needed. Be temperate and firm, and

your journey through life will be comparatively easy and superlatively successful.

Volumes could be written on the use and abuse of Appetite. Avoid excesses at the table, whether of eating or drinking, and you will be on the right path to health and through health to happiness.

Acquisitiveness is one of the most dangerous of faculties when abused. It cannot be satisfied. Some people can see nothing they do not covet. Not many years ago when this faculty was seen to be very common among the aristocracy, a new word was invented for theft; this was called Kleptomania. If a costermonger stole a watch, that was called theft and the ruffian was punished accordingly; but if a man of good birth "appropriated" a diamond ring, it was simply a fashionable failing, was called Kleptomania, and the interesting individual was given over to the care of his friends. His training in youth ought to have been the first care of his friends. An inordinate desire to possess other people's wealth is caused by the lack of training, and is exactly the same in the breasts of the peasant and the peer. Acquisitiveness allied to Secretiveness and Force, may and does lead men to theft; when caught in the act and resisted they fight, and so the robber becomes a murderer and the gallows is his doom. If you wish to Keep to the Right, be industrious, take good care of what you get, value property for its uses. Don't be mean and avaricious; be ready to help the needy and your friends. Do not recklessly impoverish yourself, but do what you can for the glory of God, and the benefit of your fellows, and your portion will be with Him at the end of the journey of life.

Secretiveness is one of the faculties that, badly used, lead to destruction. You restrain your feelings and evade

scrutiny. You become guarded, shrewd, and mysterious. With small Conscientiousness men become tricky, deceptive, double-dealing, and untrustworthy, and with large Acquisitiveness will cheat, lie, and falsify. If you wish to Keep to the Right, be open and frank, but still be able to keep a secret. It is right on occasion that you should be able to keep secret your emotions, and your plans well hidden, but do not be cunning and sly, and the sunny side, the right side will be yours.

Cautiousness is a great virtue—but you may be too cautious and worry yourselves. Men live in perpetual fear of impending evil, and become timid, cowardly, and easily thrown into a panic. They put off from day to day what they ought to do, fearing that they may be doing wrongly, and the end is loss and misery. To succeed in life men should be prudent, thoughtful, and never put off till to-morrow the duty belonging to to-day. Be not suspicious, but judiciously cautious and not timid. Never lose your head under excitement, and you will be generally safe, and work well up to your plans.

Do not be too easily carried away by the praise or blame of your neighbours. You will be miserable if every adverse opinion weighs with you, and people will call you vain and foolish if you live upon public applause. Value the good opinion of wise men, but do not bow and cringe to the loud-mouthed, empty-brained simpletons, who are ever ready to assert themselves in most crowds. If you deserve correction, be brave enough to listen to it meekly. Try to be a good decorous member of society, courteous, but neither obsequious nor sycophantic. Be ambitious in good works, and toil incessantly for good. Look, above all, for God's approbation, and you will be found among those who Keep to the Right on the journey of life.

In Dignity bear yourself boldly, but not intrusively. Do not be imperious and stiff-necked. Since you are ambitious—and ambition is often a virtue—you should avoid being conceited, pompous, or overbearing. Men should stoop to conquer, but not too low. It is in accordance with the dignity of man to toil assiduously for position and respect, but not for the imperious show of power which too often accompanies gratified ambition. All men should be inclined to follow good advice and those who can give it. Respect yourselves and serve God and your path will be on the Right.

It is needless for me to go into particulars here of the numerous elements that go to make up Firmness and Conscientiousness. Be decided and persevering after good, and you will never degenerate into obstinate pig-headedness. After mature consideration alter opinions wrongly formed. Caution may make you irresolute, but cultivate Conscientiousness, and you cannot be turned from what you think Truth and Right require of you. A man who is firm can be more easily persuaded than driven. Conscientiousness requires a treatise for itself. It is the essence of the soul and the divine law that guides us all and blames us for every shortcoming. It tells you to be just, honest and upright. Conscience will tell you when you yield to stronger natures for the sake of convenience and expediency. This is the faculty that keeps you to the Right, and when it is dormant within you, or weak or over-powered, you are on the wrong side of the way, and may not see the face of Him who brings joy and true happiness to the souls of men. In four words, the meaning of Conscientiousness is—Keep to the Right.

Hope is the faculty that makes a life of difficulties tolerable. If men are sanguine the light of hope will carry

them bravely on through many dark passages. The economy of life is too much confined to speculation, and consequently great expectations seldom are realised. A celebrated French philosopher says, "It is the unexpected that happens." Therefore, in our pursuit of happiness we ought not to be inordinate in our aspirations, and disappointments will be the fewer. Keep Hope in healthy bounds, and work well for the end which leads to happiness, and in the consummation so devoutly to be wished the amount of bliss may far transcend anything that could be dreamt of. That, my friends, will be the nature of the spiritual reward that will be ours if we only hope on and Keep to the Right.

The Higher Sentiments are open to much abuse. Out of Spirituality grows a false spiritualism—grovelling superstition—fortune telling—absurd prophecies and religious fanaticism. Listen to the voice of reason, which is eloquent in all God's works, and with faith in His unalterable goodness you will find yourselves on the broad, illuminated path of life bearing the legend that never fails—Keep to the Right.

Veneration takes you in spirit to the footstool of God Himself. All that is good is God's, and as His receives and deserves your worship. Respect the good, the aged, and the *really* great personages of the world. You cannot give too much homage to the Maker of the Universe, but in your devotion you may neglect other duties—chief among which we may, in view of the many secluded religious societies, mention the neglect of health and healthful exercises. Be joyful, energetic, industrious, and conscientious, and you will find that you are successful in keeping to the Right.

In the view of universal Kindness, the advice "Be just before you are generous" is a maxim that ought to be studied. In the path of life you will find multitudes to excite your pity, and it is a good work to assist those who need it, but it is not always prudent to impoverish yourselves to satisfy the wants of others. Necessity, it has been said, makes some men steal, and poverty may often prevent the best of people from keeping to the Right.

Construction is a very useful faculty. Encouraged with judgment and ingenuity it may make a great inventor of you, but followed too assiduously and too exclusively you may become a monomaniac, and keep following a phantom which will blind you to the true path of happiness.

Ideality, though often extremely valuable, is also a dangerous possession, and those who have the faculty require very careful training. The love of beauty in nature and in art leads to cultivation of taste and refinement. This, immoderately cultivated, may lead to unreal and useless attainments, to the neglect of the serious duties of life ; so that phrenology furnishes an excellent guide that can keep people to the Right.

Sublimity is the appreciation and admiration of all that is grand in nature. People blessed with this faculty often live and walk through life on stilts, as it were. The faculty, however, is elevating, as no one can view the beauty and grandeur of God's works without being moved to belief in Him and His infinite power, majesty, and goodness.

Imitation, it is said, is the sincerest form of flattery. If you imitate what is good in life you must be on the road that leads to the Right.

Mirthfulness is a very commendable faculty and makes the journey of life bright and happy, lightening the burdens we all have to carry, and relieving the minds of those who are apt to become gloomy from brooding over misfortunes. "Laugh and grow fat," is a time-honoured saying; but too frequently the people who grow fat upon laughter find pleasure in ridiculing their neighbours, and so the *abuse* of a good faculty ought to be discouraged, because it may lead to consequences that will render it a difficult matter to Keep to the Right in the onward march after the happiness that is not ephemeral like laughter, but lasting as the rock of ages.

The eyes are called "the windows of the soul," and those who use these organs as they ought to be used will find the journey of life much simplified, and the difficulty of keeping to the right much lessened. It is one thing to see, and another to observe. It is through the eyes principally that man must learn, and the intellectual faculties cannot be well trained unless due regard is given to the channel of light provided by the eye, and the other channels which go to make up the complement of the senses.

Observation is the intellectual faculty without which you cannot go through life successfully. You may be very successful if very minute in your observations, but you may abuse this faculty and get into trouble if you become obtrusive and anxious to pry into other people's affairs. Keep to the Right, and that will make you sympathetic for the good of yourself and the community, and your teaching may lead others, from your research, to follow the sunny side of the road. I have said already that through this faculty all the other organs of intellect thrive.

To succeed in life you must be able to remember and "sum up" so to speak, what you see. Form will teach you to remember shapes and forms of objects, and this makes one of the chief ingredients to memory, which is one of the great boons nature has blessed us with. If you desire to do good you will avoid the rock upon which you have before suffered shipwreck. If you wish to Keep to the Right, this faculty will enable you to remember the evil faces who in times gone by have lured you on to loss and sorrow. It will enable you to appreciate things of beautiful form such as statues, pictures, and other matters of a similar nature.

Size is an organ of great service to most people. From sight you may foster this faculty until your guesses to magnitude will approach perfection. In connection with building houses, ships, and, in fact, with most of the mechanical callings, this faculty leads men to continue on the successful path which goes to make up the grand scheme of life. People who do not study Phrenology are guilty of many crimes unknowingly. It is not only that they put round boys in square holes, but they go on in a happy-go-lucky way that is utterly ruinous to their children ; and unnecessarily so, because the right calling would cause as little expense and trouble as the wrong one.

People blessed with the faculty or organ of Weight, are sure-footed and seldom stumble or fall. Only such men should become sailors, painters, slaters, or builders. This faculty is necessary to those who wish to excel as hunters and great riders. In skating, swimming, and shooting, and, in fact, in all games of skill, weight is invaluable. You who practice this become graceful in gait and in attitude, and with little trouble you may become expert on the tight rope, or in balancing poles

and other like pastimes. The abuse of this ability we would consider to be giving all the attention of life to acrobatic and gymnastic sports. However, you must cultivate every organ fairly or you will find a difficulty in keeping to the right even in the small things of life.

Perception of Colour is a gift that is a great one. Without it and Form the world of art would not be known. This is one of the special faculties that require great care in training, as its absence may mean much loss of enjoyment and danger to hundreds on sea and land, where the safety of many lives hourly depends upon the quick recognition of the colour of lights. Of late, collisions at sea have become common. How if the look-out man in one terrible case was colour blind? It has been proved in one great railway accident that both engine-driver and signalman could not distinguish blue from red. If colour is not cultivated what will become of the ladies? Charming costumes depend so much on the tasteful contrasting of colours.

Next we come to Order, which, when small, is the cause of more misery in life than most of the other faculties. People who are the opposite of neat cannot get on in the world, and are badgered from pillar to post, from inability to arrange things, until they die unheeded in the workhouse or the streets. Mothers, cultivate order in your households, or it will be impossible for your children to Keep to the Right.

Calculation is the science of numbers, and ought to be fostered, for it is needful to success in life.

Locality will lead you to see the world and remember what you have seen. You will never lose your way in forest or city if this faculty is well developed.

Eventuality is of a kindred nature, and will aid your memory of one thing by the conjuration of another. It will force you into the search for information, and if you neglect it your memory will be confused and of no value to yourself or to others.

Time helps you to note the lapse of the "enemy" very accurately, and is very necessary if you want to Keep to the Right. The value of Time has never yet been thoroughly solved.

Tune opens the door to no end of entrancing enjoyments, and with a good development of Imitation, Constructiveness, Ideality, and Time may make you a fine performer, or with Ideality, Causality, and Comparison a great composer.

Language explains itself in the sense of copiousness of expression, and fluency and correctness, whether in reading or writing. You will have good verbal memory, and learn languages readily.

Causality makes a man original—a good planner with a quick perception of the relations of cause and effect. Reason is predominant in everything when well trained, but the danger lies in too much philosophy and unpractical theory.

Comparison gives men great powers of analysis—ability to reason by analogy—and enables them to trace out the relations between the known and the unknown. This, with Individuality, Eventuality, and Causality well developed will manifest great capacity for making discoveries and a passion for analytical investigations most useful to professors of Phrenology.

Intuition makes a man a natural Physiognomist and discernor of character, forming correct estimates of the disposition and moral condition of those he meets, par-

ticularly if the people be of the opposite sex ; and Geniality makes him bland, winning, and persuasive, with powers to please generally.

Thus rudely and imperfectly I have placed before you sketches of the organs God has gifted you with. If you neglect them you do not do your duty in life, and happiness cannot be yours. If you wish to Keep to the Right, consult those who have made this great life-road a study, and they will help you on until, under the blessing of the Son of God who came into the world as an example to men, you will finish up the great journey in the light of the Father's countenance, and in the fulness of the bliss of those who enjoy the reward given to them that honour the Lord and fulfil his commandments. In all his precepts and commands one spirit prevails, and that spirit can best be interpreted by the words,

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

FASHIONS :

A Lecture

BY

Gustavus Cohen,

AUTHOR OF

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY.

MANCHESTER : JOHN HEYWOOD, DEANS GATE.

FASHIONS.

My object in writing this pamphlet is not to enter minutely into the millinery criticism of the past and present, or to become eloquent upon the subject of tailoring in comparing the cut of the Regent Street dandy's coat with that of the Whitechapel cad. This is essentially an age of fashion. An age when the shallow and empty idol of fashion is worshipped by countless thousands in high and low degree. When sincerity, modesty, truth, and even Nature herself are forsaken in pursuit of a bauble which can only bring dissatisfaction and the grief of body and soul upon **those** who may have been said to have sacrificed their lives to its merciless tyranny. Fashion might not inaptly be apostrophized in these terms : " O Fashion ! how thou art dwarfing the intellect and eating out the heart of our people ! Genius is dying on thy luxurious altar ; and what a sacrifice ! Talent is withering into weakness in thy voluptuous gaze. Virtue gives up the ghost at thy smile. Our youth are chasing after thee as a wanton in disguise. Our young women are the victims of thine all-greedy lust. And still thou art not satisfied, but like the devouring grave criest for more ! Where shall we get the strong women of the next generation—the women who will live for principle—whose commanding virtues shall be a tower of strength—whose wisdom shall be a poem of prophecy, and whose love a hymn of praise ?

Who will be the mothers of genius and wisdom, of the manhood and womanhood that shall redeem mankind? Oh, not from thee, all degenerating Fashion! shall we get them. Thy reign is the blast of womanly virtue and manly strength. Thou art the precursor of destruction. Thou dost intoxicate, bewilder, and make mad the nations whom thou would'st destroy. 'Thou dost lead to dazzle, and delude to ruin. Avaunt, thou grand sycophant of the nineteenth century, thou vile usurper of the people's throne!"

Then having discovered what a terrible influence Fashion, in any of its various phases, exercises upon the humanity of all nations, let us try and ascertain the root of this greatest of evils. Unfortunately, to do that we have to go down to babyhood and innocent childhood. How, in the vanity of her own heart, the fashionable mother will deck out her little daughter in tawdry finery. How she will place her before the looking-glass, with "turn round this way, my dear," and then "that way," until the germ of pride takes root in the baby-heart, and grows in strength as the girl grows in bodily development; an evil serpent which she has nurtured in her own breast, and which shall, after great suffering, at length destroy her. And what is it these women sacrifice at the shrine of Fashion? They sacrifice taste and comfort, time and money, health and happiness, character and life on this graceless and godless altar. What shopping! What trimming! What sewing and stuffing and padding! What bowing and scraping! What simpering and oiling and scenting! What cooking and spicing and preserving! What eating and sipping and drinking! What wasting and lying and cheating! What gossiping, slandering and abusing! What forging, straining and over-reaching! What miserable time-serving and eye-serving, at the expense



THE "SPOILT CHILD."

1.—Vanity fostered by a foolish mother. 2.—At Home. 3.—In the Streets.
 4.—"Methought I dwelt in silver halls."

of all that is pure and noble in the human heart and life, are resorted to, to keep pace with the changing moods of Fashion. What is there in our highly-civilized life that escapes the palsyng touch of Fashion? Dress, what is it? Fashion from head to foot. No matter if it outrages all physiology, puts bands around the lungs, gauze on the feet, and hangs multitudinous skirts upon the most vital and yielding portions of the female system. What of all that? Fashion is superior to health and life. What if it shrivel a woman into a mummy, and fade her into a ghost, and plant on her vitals the never-dying worm of consumption! What is beauty and physical womanhood to Fashion? Who would not rather fade at twenty-five, and die at thirty, than be out of the Fashion? But so serious a subject cannot be passed without further comment; for is it not upon the present girls, the future mothers of the coming generation, that the greatness and moral worth of England, and indeed of every other nation, will depend? And shall we allow young girls thus to sacrifice themselves, their offspring and their country, to an ignorant and sinful form of Fashion? In glancing at a modern lady's apparel, we may be struck by numerous things which are not only outwardly hideous, but palpably against the laws of health and nature. Who could for a moment suppose that the high-heeled shoes and boots, with the heel radiating its narrow surface towards the centre of the sole, could enhance beauty of form or facilitate physical action? The result is, that the whole equilibrium of the body is thrown out of focus, producing lateral curvature of the spine, and invariably rendering the right shoulder higher than the left. May not this hideous practice explain to us how it is that we see so many girls more or less round-shouldered and unsightly? But though this hideous custom

produces injury and deformity, we must not forget to touch upon the still more pernicious system of tight-lacing, so persistently indulged in by girls and women of all ages. As it affects and materially injures the most important functions of the vital system, it shortens life, and has, in severe cases, been known to end in the sudden death of its victims. By comparing the magnificent outline of the Venus of Milo with the revolting ugliness of a particularly spider-waisted body, and the contrast must indeed be astonishing to all, no matter what their pretensions may be.* By all anatomists this statue is considered the very type of female grace and beauty, and for this simple reason, that it represents truthfully the natural female form in its highest perfection. Tight-lacing completely alters the shape of the ribs, and by driving them inwards affects most seriously the very organs upon which we rely every moment of our lives. The distortion produced by tight stays dislodges, and has even been known to divide, the stomach; it compresses the lungs, and consequently restricts the breathing power, undermining the whole constitution. It also displaces the liver, which perhaps suffers most. Its surface is sometimes deeply indented by the ribs—sometimes, indeed, it is driven downwards so as to leave in great part the shelter of the ribs. It has even been found so low down in the abdominal cavity as to be resting upon the haunch-bone. How, then, can digestion be properly executed, when both stomach and liver are treated in this cruel manner?

While I am on the subject of female dress, I may as well say that the tendency of the present fashions appears to be to restrain the free movement of almost every part of the body. The tight cloaks and bodices pin the arms down to the

* See Plate on Title Page.

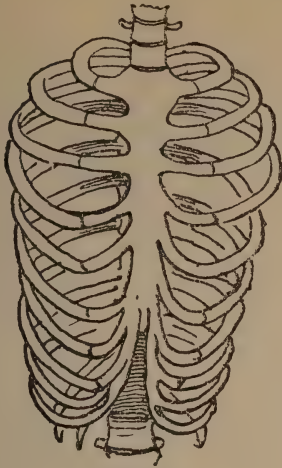


Fig 1.

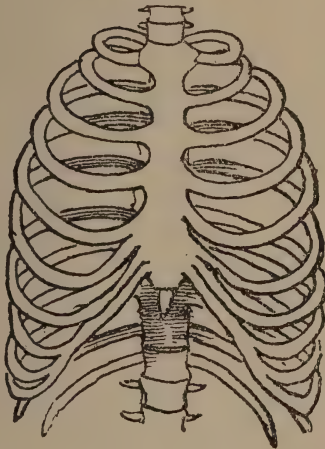


Fig 2.

TIGHT-LACING.

FIG. 1.—The ribs of a girl, 21 years of age, deformed by tight-lacing ending in her death at that age (From Rœdiger's Museum).

FIG. 2.—The ribs of a girl in their normal state.

already compressed chests, whilst the skirt of the dress is so tightly tied behind the knees, that only a very limited degree of movement is allowed at the hip-joints. With chest, arms and legs bound up in this manner, like Egyptian mummies in their swathing bands, or fowls trussed for the table, the only parts of the body which can move freely are the head and the lower jaw. How can women expect to be healthy when they neglect one of Nature's great laws, viz., free exercise?

But I fancy I hear you say, "Is this not too sweeping a condemnation? It is only a certain proportion of the sex which lace tightly and wear such apparel." I am quite willing to grant this; but there are very few women, indeed, who dispense with stays altogether, and however loosely they may be applied, they give an artificial support to the spine, and thus detract from its inherent strength. Stays act exactly in the same way as a prop to a tree. It is a well-known fact that whenever a tree becomes accustomed to the support of a prop, it generally ceases to take strong hold upon the ground with its roots; it, in fact, relies upon the prop for its support. In like manner the stays weaken the spine. If a corset must be worn, then let it be one with no bones, but composed of soft material quilted or corded.

Well then, now that we have reviewed somewhat of the price paid for Fashion, let us see what Fashion itself amounts to. Is one really more respected, more beloved, more received into the arms of the good, more caressed by the worthy, for being fashionable? I think not. The best and most beloved men and women that have ever lived have been far from the votaries of fashion. They have lived with little thought and little conformity to the demands of this prince of weak minds. They have rather asked what was right, what was best, than what was fashionable. Conformity

to fashion tends rather to disgust than respect. Deep down in the hearts of all people there is a sense of the hollowness of Fashion, and a just loathing of its pretension and show. Even its votaries secretly despise it, and obey its dictates only because they think they must. They know its baseness better than we can tell them. True, they do not fully realize its sinfulness, nor wholly appreciate its evils. But its hollowness and falseness they feel at times most keenly. Else why their perpetual unrest, their longing, dissatisfied condition of mind? Oh, if we could pull off the false glitter that lays like a gorgeous mantle over the fashionable world, we should see such an aching void, such a palpitating heart of woe, as would make the very stones cry out for sympathy. Look at a fashionable woman—one woman, a poor weak mortal, apprenticed to earth to learn the work of the skies, pupilled here to be schooled in the great lessons of beauty and goodness written on all the outward universe, and taught by the constant voice of God in the soul in its best experiences; see such a woman fretting herself well nigh to death in chasing the butterfly delusions of Fashion, seeing them fade in her hands as fast as she grasps them; starving her soul and dwarfing her mind in the pursuit of such phantoms, enfeebling her body, irritating her nerves, breaking down her constitution, fading in early womanhood, and dying ere her years are half lived; what object is more sorrowful or has higher claims upon our pity? We think it sad when a woman is crushed by neglect or abuse, by the hand of poverty, by hard toil, or the harder fate of a consuming death at the hands of a false or brutal companion. But really why is it sadder than to die by inches on the guillotine of Fashion? The results are the same in either case. Abused women generally outlive fashionable ones. Crushed and careworn women see the



THE VICTIMS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

1.—Alderman Sherrybiber's sufferings are really awful. 2.—The belle of the evening as seen on the following morning. 3.—Outraged nature not so easily reconciled. 4.—Consumption becomes fashionable. 5.—Veterans and survivors from the campaign of Fashion.

pampered daughters of Fashion wither and die around them, and wonder why death in kindness does not come to take them away instead. The reason is plain. Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchenmaid is hearty and strong, when her mistress has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth, that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, they feed nobody, they instruct nobody, they bless nobody, and save nobody! They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do it all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they even amount to, but weakly scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with Fashion as with the changing clouds. I have

given considerable attention to this fact. It is worthy of the deepest thoughtfulness. Oh ! it is a solemn fact that we transmit to our children, our own weakness or strength, our own meanness or majesty, And what a lean, meagre, moonshine inheritance does a fashionable mother convey to her offspring ! I confess that to me there is something grand in the mother of a noble son or daughter. If there is genuine human pride, it may live in such a mother's heart ; and I doubt not, but that when the veil of flesh is taken from such women their true greatness will be visible. By the side of such, how will stand the fashionable mother ? In that upper world, souls will rate according to the gold that is in them. Oh ! if vigorous health, great virtues, a large heart and capacious powers of mind are to be coveted for anything, it is that they may descend into our children, and reappear in them to adorn and bless themselves, us and the world, and be a glory unto God in earth and heaven ! To me there is something so grand in virtue, so priceless and so deathless, so celestial in the powers of a great and good human soul, that to give existence to one is the cause of a deeper joy and a richer gratitude than is otherwise granted to mortals here below. In this light, how stands the tawdry foolery of Fashion ? And what place does the fashionable woman take ?

Then the *example* of a fashionable woman—how low, how vulgar ! With her, the cut of a collar, the depth of a flounce, the style of a ribbon, is of more importance than the strength of a virtue, the form of a mind, or the style of a life. She consults the fashion-plate oftener than her Bible. She visits the dry-goods shop and the milliner oftener than the Church. She speaks of Fashion oftener than of virtue, and follows it closer than she does her Saviour. She can



THE "FASHIONABLE MOTHER."

1.—A fashionable appearance. 2.—A fashionable morning ride. 3.—The fashionable twins must suffer. 4.—The fashionable sons. 5.—The fashionable daughter. 6.—A fashionable auction.



THE "GOOD MOTHER."

1.—She becomes her child's own governess. 2.—She takes the little ones out for a run herself. 3.—The father takes his children to places of antiquity and intetest. 4.—The daughter learns the art of cookery. 5 and 6.—The sons become useful professional men

see squalid misery and low-bred vice without a blush, or a twinge of the heart ; but a plume out of fashion, or a table set in the old style, would shock her into a hysteric fit. Her example ! What is it but a breath of poison to the young ? I had as soon have vice stalking bawdily in the presence of my children, as the graceless form of Fashion. Vice would look haggard and mean at first sight, but Fashion would be gilded into an attractive delusion. And yet I see it in the public thoroughfares of every large city. Of course, in such a city as London, to which the best of everything, physical and otherwise, gravitates, I could not but pass now and then beautiful persons, who made me proud of those "*Grandes Anglaise aux joues rouges*," whom the Parisiennes ridicule and envy. But I could not but help suspecting that their looks showed them to be either country bred or born of country parents ; and this suspicion was strengthened by the fact, that when compared with their mothers, the mothers' physique was, in the majority of cases, superior to the daughters'. Painful as it was to one accustomed to the ruddy, well-grown peasant girl, stalwart even when, as often squat and plain, to remark the exceedingly small size of the average young woman—by which I do not mean mere want of height—that is a little matter—but want of breadth likewise ; a general want of those large frames which indicate usually a power of keeping strong and healthy, not merely the muscles, but the brain itself. Poor little things—I passed hundreds—I pass hundreds every day—trying to hide their littleness by the high heels on which they totter, having forgotten or never learnt the simple art of walking ; seemingly kept on their feet, and kept together by tight stays, which prevented all graceful and healthy motion of the hips or sides ; their raiment meanwhile being

purposely misshapen in this direction and in that, to hide, it must be presumed, deficiencies of form. And yet some of these women were not only full-grown, but alas, wives and mothers. Poor little things! And this they have gained by so-called civilisation: the power of aping the fashions by which the worn-out Parisienne hides her own personal defects; and of making themselves, by innate want of that taste which the Parisienne possesses, only the cause of something like a sneer from every cultivated man; and something like a sneer, too, from yonder gipsy woman who passes by with bold bright face and swinging hip, and footsteps stately and elastic—far better dressed according to all true canons of taste, than most town girls, and thanking her fate that she and her “Rom” are no house-dwellers and gaslight sightseers, but fatten in the free air upon the open moor.

But the face beneath that “fashionable hat!” Well, it is sometimes pretty, but how seldom handsome, which is a higher quality far. It is not, strange to say, a well-fed face. Plenty of money, and perhaps too much, is spent on those fine clothes. It had been better, to judge from the complexion, if some of that money had been spent in solid, wholesome food. She looks as if she had lived—as she too often does, I hear—on strong tea and bread and butter. For as the want of bone indicates a deficiency of phosphatic food, so does the want of flesh about the cheeks indicate a deficiency of hydro-carbon. Our boasted civilisation has not even taught her what to eat, as it certainly has not increased her appetite; and she knows not—what every country fellow knows—that without plenty of farinaceous food she is not likely to keep even warm. But there is no one yet to tell her that, and a dozen other equally simple facts, for her own sake, and for the sake of that coming *Demos* which she is to bring into

the world—a *Demos*, which if she can only keep it healthy in body and brain, has before it so splendid a future, but which, if the body and brain degrade beneath the influence of modern barbarism, is but too likely to follow the *Demos* of ancient Byzantium or of modern Paris.

And if the fashionable young lady has become such in town, what is she when she goes to the seaside ? She dirties herself with the dirty salt water, and probably chills and tires herself by walking thither and back and staying in too long, and then flaunts on the pier, bedizened in garments which for monstrosity of form and disharmony of colours are indeed a sorry spectacle to a sensitive eye. Or, even sadder still, she sits on chairs and benches all the weary afternoon, her head drooped on her chest, over some novel from the library ; and then returns to tea and shrimps, and lodgings of which the fragrance is not unsuggestive, sometimes not unproductive of typhoid fever. Ah, poor nausicaa of England ! That is a sad sight to some who think about the present, and have read about the past. It is not a sad sight to see your old father—tradesman, or clerk, or what not—who has done good work in his day and hopes to do some more, sitting by your old mother, who has done good work in her day—among the rest that heaviest work of all, the bringing of you into the world and keeping you in it till now—honest, kindly, cheerful folk enough, and not inefficient in their own calling ; though an average Northumbrian, or Highlander, or Irish Easterling, besides carrying a brain of five times the intellectual force, could drive five such men over the cliff with his bare hands. It is not a sad sight, I say, to see them sitting upon those seaside benches, looking out listlessly at the water, and the ships, and the sunlight, and enjoying like so many flies upon a wall, the novel act of

doing nothing. It is not the old for whom wise men are sad ; but for you. Where is your vitality ? Where is your "*Lebensglückseligkeit*," your enjoyment of superfluous life and power ? Why can you not even dance and sing, till now and then, at night, perhaps, when you ought to be safe in bed, but when the weak brain after receiving the day's nourishment has roused itself a second time into a false excitement of gaslight pleasure ? What then is left of it is all going into that foolish book, which the womanly element in you, still healthy and alive, delights in, because it places you in fancy in situations in which you will never stand, and inspires you with emotions, some of which, it maybe, you had better never feel.

And we would turn by way of contrast from the sickly city maiden, the slave and victim of Fashion, to the yet unspoilt Highland lassie, the descendant of dark tender-hearted Celtic girl and the fair deep-hearted Scandinavian Viking. Thank God for thy heather and fresh air, and the kine thou tendest, and the wool thou spinnest ; and come not to seek thy fortune, child, in wicked London town ; nor import, as they tell me thou art doing fast, the ugly Fashions of that London town, clumsy copies of Parisian cockneydom, into thy Highland home ; nor give up the healthful and graceful, free and modest dress of thy mother and thy mother's mother, to disfigure the little kirk on Sabbath days with crinolette and corset, high-heeled boots, and other women's hair.

And even *Love*, the most sacred of all our earthly ties, must be fashionable. It would be unpardonable to love a plain man whom Fashion could not seduce, whose sense of right dictated his life ; a man who does not walk perpendicular in a standing collar, and sport a watch-fob and

twirl a cane. And then to marry him would be death. He would be just as likely to sit down in the kitchen as in the parlour; and might get hold of the wood-saw as often as the guitar; and very likely he would have the baby right up in his arms, and feed it and rock it to sleep! A man who will make himself useful about his own home is so exceedingly unfashionable, that it will never do for a lady to marry him. She would lose caste at once. And the fashionable love simply ends in a fashionable marriage—a marriage the ceremonies attending which are a lie, because they induce people to believe that the newly-married couple are a great deal better circumstanced than they really are.

And then the young couple commence housekeeping on a small income, and wish to be considered equal with their fashionable neighbours. Their furniture cannot be called their own, for it has not yet been paid for.

They would like to start a carriage, because someone else has one. The ambitious and thoughtless young wife will say “I think Charlie, that we might have a carriage and horse, why not a pair?”

“Oh, my dear,” replies Charlie, naturally startled at the suggestion, “I could not meet my creditors. We really do not pay our expenses as it is.”

But she continues to tease and torment him, until grown reckless by increased burdens, he goes to an auction and buys a broken-down half-winded horse, a phaeton with dangerous wheels, and an old livery coat. Then an old lame man is hired to act as coachman, butler, etc., all in one. Not gratified with the miserable and deceptive show, they add to their pretensions by giving dinner parties. And why? because their neighbours, who are not young beginners like themselves, but people already retired after a life of industry,

do so ! What matter if they have to half starve themselves for a month in atonement for the "jolly evening," when their thoughtless parasite-friends had preyed and glutted upon an ill-afforded outlay.

What picture is their more degrading than the one I have drawn ? Does the beautiful and pure picture of the villager in his humble but happy home, with his bonny and contented wife by his side, not put to shame the hollow glitter of this ill-assorted pair ? What does it all end in ? In degradation of the deepest kind ! In bankruptcy ! In the execution of a bill of sale ! In suicide, and beggary for the wife and children ! And this is the black fruit stolen by the young and thoughtless to accomplish their own destruction, from the deadly Upas-tree of Fashion.

But worse than all, *religion* and the holy temple of God have been dedicated and brought under the rule of Fashion. Yes, religion too must be fashionable to be of any worth. What is a church out of fashion ? Who goes there ? God never will hear a prayer in such a church, nor pardon a penitent, nor give grace to a striving soul. That antiquated pulpit ! Those plain old pews ! That queer-looking gallery ! Oh yes, the pews are very comfortable ; the singing sounds most admirably ; the preaching is God's unvarnished truth, quickened by divine love and mercy. Oh ! how it would melt one's soul, if it was only in a fashionable church. And then the minister. He is such a plain man, and says such plain things ; he is all the time talking about such everyday matters, and makes one feel so ashamed, because he seems to know just what we have been doing and thinking about. Instead of preaching about Babylon and Belshazzar, and pouring out his eloquence upon the Antediluvians, and the glorious company in heaven, he aims every word right at us,



"LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT."

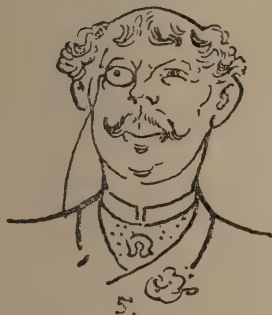
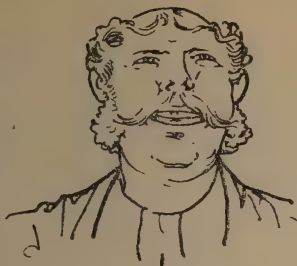
1. Fashionable minister's morning call. 2.—The true minister's morning call.

and gets so earnest about our daily sins, that he really makes us tremble. It is unpleasant to listen to such a minister, unless one can really forget the world and go with him in his spiritual idea of life. Then he does not try to please the ladies enough. He talks to them just as plainly as to the men. He is always wanting to have them to do something that is not pleasant, go to see some poor person, teach some ragged little urchins, give up some fashionable way of life, read some book on duty, or some homily on fashionable sins. True, he is a very kind man, the kindest man in all the parish, all will admit. He never speaks an unpleasant word to anybody ; it is said he spends half his salary for the poor, and visits them a good deal, and spends much of his time in trying to reform the wicked and dissolute. The common kind of people think he is a great man, and they flock to hear him, and love him strangely. But fashionable people do not go there ; and he gets a poor living, one may know that by his poor dress and small house. So it is, religion must be done up in fashionable order, or it is soon out of date in the market.

The minister must be a ladies' man. It is understood that he must be a fashionable man, a conformist, a pliant, time-serving, honey-mouthed, smile-faced, glove-handed, eel-natured kind of a creature, as ready to smile on a sin as a virtue ; whose rebukes are so sugared that they are as agreeable to take as homœopathic pills. There are multitudes of churches that have more fashion in them than religion, and enough of worshippers and ministers who think more of the mode than the matter of worship.

Oh, young people ! be exhorted to flee from the sorceress whose enchantments are binding you in the silken chains of an ignoble effeminacy. Your weakness weakens our nation,

and sends a destructive palsy down into succeeding generations. Your loss of strength is humanity's loss. How can there be individual identity where Fashion rules? How individual taste, individual opinion, individual virtue and character? How can there be genius and talent where Fashion moulds the will and cuts the life to a pattern? How can there be wisdom where Fashion dictates the mode of thought and the form of utterance? How can there be greatness where Fashion shapes the growth and prescribes its bounds? There is nothing in our country so paralysing to the growth of mind and the progress of righteous principles as the easy and general conquest of Fashion over people. If it were only in matters of dress and equipage of outward adornment that it bore sway, it would not be so ruinous. But it goes into every department of thought and life, into opinions, principles and religion. It shapes the creed, prescribes the form of worship, and puts its excommunicating ban upon all sincerity. It enters the sweet retreat of home and poisons its love and life. It sets up its proud form in the sanctuary, and dishonours worship with its cold formality. Everywhere it is a godless tyrant. To develop our strength of body and mind we want freedom. Genius expands its wings in freedom's air. Health blooms on the fruitful plains of freedom. Wisdom grows in the hermit cells of individual thought, where no binding chains of custom cramp the mental powers. Love is always truest and sweetest and noblest where it is freest. Nature is freedom's temple. No forming shears of Fashion cuts her patterns. She grows every leaf, and opens every flower, and solemnizes every bird-marriage, and utters every hymn of praise in the truthful and innate spontaneity of her universal soul. So humanity should be free; not free to sin with impunity, but free to



CONTRASTS.

- 1.—Fashionable Hypocrisy.
- 3.—Fashionable Pride.
- 5.—Fashionable Vanity.

- 2.—Faith.
- 4.—Hope.
- 6.—Charity

dress according to its own individual taste and comfort ; free to live in homes arranged without respect to fashion, but agreeable to the wants and interests of their members ; free to eat and wear and act as seemeth good in each one's mental sight ; free to think and speak on all the great subjects of human interest ; to believe and worship by the light of reason and the inspiration of conscience, without fear of the guillotine of public opinion established by Fashion. The greatest want of this country is this freedom. We now do everything so much by rule, that the rule cramps the soul out of everything done. The rule is always of Fashion's make. We love and marry, educate and worship by rule.

I would not recommend an abjuration of all rules. Rules are good so far as they are just, and founded on universal principles. But arbitrary time-serving rules are evil. In matters of dress, I would have every woman consult her own taste, form, complexion, comfort, character and person. In doing this, she may develop her mind, cultivate her taste, and gratify a reasonable desire to please others. Instead of everyone dressing alike as Fashion dictates, let each one consult her convenience and circumstances, and dress as best becomes her idea of a suitable wardrobe for herself. If one chooses to wear a dress very long let her do it. If one prefers a close bonnet, another open ; one thin shoes, one thick boots ; one a flowing robe and another a tight dress ; one a high-necked and another a low-necked dress ; one a belted, another a bodiced waist ; let it be as each one shall prefer. In a word, let each woman dress herself and her household as her judgment, skill and taste shall dictate, without ever-lastingly consulting the last fashion-plate. It would be better that everyone was dressed differently from all others, than as now, all rigged up to

order by the last nuncio from Paris. In nature, variety spreads a curious interest over all her vestiture. In the human world, Fashion clothes all in a tiresome sameness. To say the least, a very great improvement might be made by a little more freedom and courage, and exercise of individual judgment and taste. As it is, individualism is laid on the shelf, and all are swallowed up in a fashionable generalisation. So in matters of household arrangement, in the general character and style of equipage, in food, in culinary affairs, social etiquette, and all that pertains to the outward life, to health, to labour, to individual interests, I would have more freedom, ease and flexibility,—would see more of individual judgment and peculiarity, more marks of personal character, and affirmative force of will and opinion. As it is, there is a tedious monotony in all these things. Our houses are all made and furnished too nearly alike, and so of all our affairs. A fashionable sameness, sombre and dull, spreads over our whole outward life.

Then, in opinions of men and things, of politics and social relations, in education, literature, art, in morality and religion there should be more freedom ; more conformity to individual judgment ; more thinking for self, and less by proxy ; more personal and less party influence. There is a terrible tyranny over us in these things. We are cast in the stiff mould of Fashion. We have our fashionable forms of thought, and seem afraid to break them. We have our formulas and creeds, and they bind us. If there were more freedom, there would be less error and atheism. Our minds are all different. Not two think exactly alike, or look exactly alike, or feel exactly alike. Then why should we not be free, and use our own reason for our own

purposes, and give others the same privilege? Why be such slavish conformists, and brand as traitors or heretics all who differ from our party or church?

I would awaken young women to these things. They have their individual interests, both temporal and eternal. They have their characters and life connections to form. They have great and stirring interests to hold in their hands. They have examples to set and lives to live. And they have a mighty influence to exert in their day, both upon the present and coming generations, both upon this and the future world. The subject of this essay is one of inexpressible interest to them. Woman is too much in chains. She wants more freedom. And she will never have it until she takes it herself. She should covet and seek a higher life. She should claim her full equality with her brother man, and strive to show herself worthy. In woman and her life are wrapped up some of the greatest interests and issues of humanity. Oh! that each individual woman could feel it, and live as realising the solemn fact.

And, in conclusion, let us remark that not only have the spiritual qualities of man been made to bow at the shrine of Fashion, but even our food, the daily necessity of life, has become fashionable. If it is not greased and peppered, shortened and raised, concentrated and almost distilled, and then taken at certain hours and in wholesale quantities, of what avail is it? Better have the dyspepsia than eat coarse bread! What woman would not rather have a nervous debility than dispense with hot coffee and strong tea? Then, to refuse roast beef and baked ham would be ungenteel! A bilious attack would be much more fashionable. It would be unmanly not to have an animal die every time she was hungry, so that her life might pick the bones of death. It

is very poetical to realise that life flowers on the sepulchre of death.

Even the links of friendship must be forged on Fashion's anvil ! How shocking to be friendly with an unfashionable lady ! It will never do. How soon one would lose caste ! No matter if her mind is a treasury of gems, and her heart a flower-garden of love, and her life a hymn of grace and praise, it will not do to walk in the streets with her, or intimate to anyone that you know her. No ; one's intimate friend must be *à la mode*. Better bow to the shadow of a belle's wing than rest in the bosom of a strong-minded woman's love.

And here I end. Let us all, young and old alike, try to tear the hollow mask from the Gorgon-face of Fashion. Let us not lead ourselves and our offspring to destruction by joining in the garish and unreal glitter of this mad dance ! Let us be natural, truthful, and sincere. Let us act in accordance with the beautiful lessons in which Nature exemplifies the great works of God ; and though troubles at times may come, they will pass by, leaving us happy and thankful upon this earth, and prepare us all the better for the kingdom to come.



SHAMS AND REALITIES.

A LECTURE

BY
HERR GUSTAVUS COHEN,

Author of "Health and Education," "Our Teachers on
Trial," "Keep to the Right," "Sweethearts and Wives,"
"Modern Judaism," &c., &c.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

LONDON :
GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY.

SHAMS AND REALITIES.

YOU will say that I have chosen a very wide subject to discourse upon to-night, and I am fain to confess that it is one which furnishes me with some scope for criticism. If you will only look into things a little closely, I venture to say that you will see a great many shams and comparatively few realities round about you, in every walk of life, and in every sphere of industry. I should certainly like to see more realities in daily life—realities in teachers; realities in preachers; realities in statesmen; realities in philanthropists; realities in young ladies; realities in young gentlemen; and realities in business. If there is one thing people do not wish to seem to be, it is just what they are; so they starch themselves up, give themselves airs, cultivate every species of affectation, and try to palm themselves off upon each other as altogether superior people. That, at any rate, is what they do in what is called “society,” and the example is only too often followed, more or less conspicuously, by those in the middle and lower classes, particularly amongst the rising generation. Now it is very plain that we can’t *all* be superior people; so some of us are very likely to be mistaken in the estimate we form of our own worth and importance.

To begin, then, with teachers. I have so fully dealt with this class of persons in my lecture entitled “Our Teachers on Trial,” as to leave myself very little fresh to say with reference to them. But it may be profitable to point out that we are all teachers in our way—in a fragmentary way—and that we can all learn something, however little, from each other at times, if we exercise our perceptive and reflective faculties properly; and we are all more or less capable of conveying good ideas, sound information, and useful lessons in return. There is, however, no more potent

method of teaching and influencing others than by the force of example; hence we see the necessity, if we would wish to do good in the world, of letting practice accord with precept, of being honest and consistent in all we say and do, economical in our living and dress, modest in our pretensions, temperate in our habits, *chaste in thoughts* as well as in actions, careful and guarded in expressions, upright and straightforward in business, in the domestic and in the social circle, tolerant of each other's shortcomings and of differences of opinion, and liberal-minded. A narrow minded man should live by himself in a hermit's cave, for he is not fit to live or mix in society. And yet we have numbers of such men who presume to instruct us both in politics and theology—as if a warped and cramped intellect were capable of accurately measuring and unfolding a complicated set of circumstances extending beyond the limits of its cognition, of elucidating abstruse problems, and of tracing cause and effect! It is necessary, as I hold, that all of us who seek to teach or influence others should lead pure, if not exactly spotless, lives ourselves. Bad habits are easily contracted, but they are extremely difficult to cast off, and I cannot too strongly inculcate the importance, whether as parents or school teachers, of setting good examples to children; for you all know that early impressions are not easily effaced—indeed they may be the making or the marring of a child; they may be a source of life-long happiness, or of life-long misery. It is astonishing what a large number of the young men who come to consult me want to become preachers and lecturers. They hunt up all the books they can find on elocution, and in these, perhaps, they will be told to stand before a looking glass to practice speaking, so as to cultivate a forcible style, and articulate every word distinctly. Well I can assure you that is not the best way to set about it. I tried the experiment myself, but although I succeeded, after a few minutes, in cultivating a sufficiently forcible style to nearly smash the looking glass, I never remember seeing such a fool in my life as I saw upon that memorable occasion. Young man, if you think you have any ideas worth communicating to others, don't hesitate for one moment to propound them on every fitting opportunity, taking care, however, not to obtrude them upon

others out of season. Join debating and “mutual improvement” societies, and, in accordance with the law that our faculties improve with use and exercise, you will find that practice will develope your powers of speech; and if you want to become eloquent, don’t temporise or say half what you think, because you are in doubt whether others will agree with you or not, but speak right out from your heart, undeterred by the anticipation of adverse criticism, and the more often you do this—providing you *read* a good deal—the more eloquent you will become. But, remember, it is far better to be a plain, blunt, outspoken speaker, and talk common sense, than an accomplished orator and mislead your fellows, as many orators do.

It is amusing to notice the laboured efforts of many public speakers who seek to win approval and applause on the platform. Take, for instance, the familiar case of a person who, by some means or another, has got it into his head that he is cut out for a legislator. He puts up as a candidate for Parliament, and doesn’t know exactly whether he is a Liberal or a Conservative, but his principal qualification is that he is the son of his father, and that his great great grandfather sat in Parliament for three weeks before he was turned out for bribery. So, Sir Augustus Somebody puts up for Ditchwater, where his father owns, perhaps, a lot of dilapidated dram-shops. Having issued his address (which somebody else has written for him), he deems it necessary to address the electors orally; so he calls his tenants, or his father’s tenants, together, and harangues them something after this style:—“Free-and-er-independent-er-lectors of the Borough of Ditchwater,—I appear here this evening, gentlemen—this evening, gentlemen—at your invitation—this evening, gentlemen—as I said before, I appear here—yes—here, gentlemen, this evening as a candidate for your suffrages this evening, gentlemen, and I hope you will uphold the honour of your ancient borough by returning me to Parliament, gentlemen. You all know well what my political convictions are, gentlemen, and I feel convinced—I feel convinced that they are political—I mean, gentlemen, by that that they are adapted to the present momentous—adapted, gentlemen, to the present momentous—er—ercasion

As you all know, my political principles, gentlemen, have been handed down to me from my great great grandfather, who, as you all know, was Colonel of the Queen's Own Scarlet Runners, gentlemen; therefore, gentlemen, they previously belonged to him, gentlemen, but they are mine now, gentlemen—yes, they are mine now, and you may depend upon my sticking to them until—until—er—until I part with them. I have nothing to add, gentlemen—nothing to add, gentlemen, except as you all know—as you all know, I am not accustomed to public speaking—public speaking, gentlemen—and, therefore, it would ill-become me, gentlemen—it would not become me, gentlemen—to detain you at any length; but if you do me the—er honour of sending me to Parliament, gentlemen, you may depend upon my—er—doing my very best to er—er—uphold this country in its hour of trial, gentlemen. I wish you good evening, gentlemen—good evening to you all.”

Then there is another class of persons who are not always what they seem, or what they ought to be, and that is preachers. Now, I do not want to find any needless fault with preachers, for they fill an office which is the highest and most noble of any that can be entrusted into the hands of man; but it will be within your own knowledge that queer men find their way amongst them from time to time, as indeed is the case with every other calling. There are many very hard-working men in the Church of England—I don't refer to the bishops—and so there are amongst Nonconformists, and even in the ranks of the “Salvation Army,” though I must say that I don't altogether approve of hysterical religion; and the “Salvation Army” would seem to be rather unfortunate in losing some of its gallant and distinguished officers for petty larcenies, assaults, and other peccadilloes. But if there are black sheep among the latter, there are shams also in the Church, and you will sometimes find men there who buy and preach ready-made sermons, and that in a most dismal and melancholy manner. Let men feel what they preach, and then they will preach with earnestness and effect like William Henry Hay Aitken. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that no man ought to occupy so sacred a position as the pulpit unless he throws his whole heart and soul into

his work ; *feels* what he says to be true, and leaves fox-hunting and pigeon-shooting alone. We require men in the pulpit who know something of daily life and human nature, so that they can the more effectually reach the hearts and consciences of the people. When you hear a man who speaks in an undertone you may depend upon it he is a sham. You will notice that all great preachers and lecturers who have made their mark in the world and established a lasting reputation, always speak from the heart, just as they feel ; and you will have to do the same if you want to succeed as a public speaker. Our best preachers forget their own individualities when they are preaching, and speak from soul to soul. Go in for local preaching if you have time to spare and want to practice preaching. Don't speak for the sake of speaking ; only speak when you have something to say, and after you have said it sit down. How frequently you hear a man say, "One word more and I have done," which looks as if he were conscious of being a bore—"one word more and I have done," and all the time he has been speaking he has said next to nothing. Avoid prolixity and repetitions, and do not imagine you will become an effective public speaker all at once, because you certainly will not.

Then we have shams in statesmen. I have already referred to one class of nondescripts who aspire to be statesmen and think that because, to use a homely metaphor, they are born with silver spoons in their mouths, they are necessarily qualified to govern other people. That is a mistake which is made far too often in the present day. If I may coin a word, I would say that these Supercilia who, by reason of their wealth, consider themselves superior to the rest of mankind, more often succeed in exposing their own intellectual poverty than in substantiating their claims and demonstrating their fitness for the position they attain. And what a farce it is that there should be hereditary law-makers ! It would be just as reasonable to have hereditary administrators of the law—hereditary magistrates, and hereditary policemen—as hereditary legislators. How is it that such shams are tolerated in the 19th century ? The position of a law-maker is one that demands in its occupant the very highest faculties

that a man can possess; and, therefore, it is all the more necessary that the choice should be made by and from the greatest possible number of people. Don't be deterred, young man, from pushing your way to the front of the political arena by the consideration that you are poor, for the best men that have ever lived have been poor in early life; and, besides, no victory is worth much that is easily won. High-sounding titles and other gewgaws are very well to please children and thoughtless people, but they carry very little weight with men of sense, honor, and ability. I must confess, however, that the study and pursuit of politics is very discouraging, and, in a pecuniary point of view, unprofitable to the student, as compared with other branches of learning and other spheres of usefulness. This is most unfortunate for the country, as it must naturally operate to divert genius into other channels, where recompense for persistent labor is more certain. Every obstacle to political activity and political progress ought to be removed if the people want to have representatives worthy of the name. And here, let me observe, that, in my opinion, no man is fit to be a member of Parliament who has not got the organs of Causality, Comparison, Intuition, and Benevolence large, with good Observation, Language, Combativeness, and Eventuality. It is remarkable how this matter is universally overlooked; but it ought to be apparent to the meanest capacity that if a candidate for your votes have Acquisitiveness large and Benevolence small, he will be sure to use his opportunities for his own rather than for your advantage; and what a farce it is to send a man to Parliament merely to look after himself! Bear this in mind at future elections, and no matter how glibly a man may *talk*, test him by his actions and make him undergo a public phrenological examination, so that you may have something more than his own word to go upon.

Well, then, as I have said, we want more real philanthropists; there is plenty of room for them in this cold and selfish world. It is not those who make the greatest stir in giving away who are the best philanthropists; nor is the quality of their generosity always to be appraised by the amount of their donations. There is more true liberality

manifested daily amongst the lower classes than is shown in a month, probably, amongst the upper classes. We hear more about the benefactions of the latter, no doubt, because they take good care to have them bruited about, and they are often given very ostentatiously, but they are none the better on this account. Of course there are some very creditable exceptions, but they only serve to prove the rule. How many people are there who devote their lives to grasping all the money they can, grinding their workpeople down to the lowest possible farthing, exacting as much as they can from others with whom they are brought into business contact, paying as little as possible, and coveting as much as possible; in fact taking advantage of every one they can get a chance to "turn over," just as a spider does a fly—how many of such people, when an appeal is made to them on behalf of some charitable institution, perhaps at a festive season of the year, will give a subscription, either because there is "no getting out of it," or as "a sprat to catch a salmon"; but they will take good care to let it be known. And then when they have got near the end of their life-journey and they come "to square up accounts," they will sometimes discover that they have got no further use for their money, and will not know what to do with it. They cannot well take it with them, and the only friends or relations they cared to leave it to have perhaps dropped off before them, or scattered themselves over the earth. So having spent their lives in devising means to scrape the money together, these pretended philanthropists have now to devise means for getting rid of it, so they hunt up the different charities and worry themselves as to which is the best, and finding none perhaps exactly to their liking, they resolve to build some almshouses for played-out cricketers or an Asylum for Other Idiots. The fact duly gets chronicled in the newspapers as a "Munificent Benefaction" and ever afterwards, the individual who spent a miserable life of inordinate greed and covetousness, and of doing to others as he would *not* have them do unto him, is spoken of as a "philanthropist." How much more of a philanthropist would he have been if he had made it a life-study to have been liberal to others and have done what he could to promote their happiness, instead of fleecing them

all he could. There are far too many of such spurious philanthropists in the world, and the more they are exposed the better it will be both for themselves and society.

Then we have shams even amongst the ladies. Shams are often encouraged by people who lack Continuity and are impatient. Let a woman have large Love of Approbation and an inclination to be vain, and the result will be that she will like to shine in the world, and be in the fashion. If she cannot afford to buy the genuine article she will get one to resemble it, and that, of course, will be a sham. If she have a daughter she will be encouraged to be fashionable and to take after her mother; and so the desire will be implanted in the girl's mind to appear better than she is. Hence is laid the foundation both of vanity and deceit. Now I don't so much blame ladies for wearing grand dresses, jewellery, and diamonds, and following the fashions, if they can afford to do so—except that it sets a bad example to others—but what I have to find fault with is, that so many young people show a desire to be something which they are not. You will see a girl, for instance, of 14 or 15 years of age, who has an idea that she must be “lady-like.” A fashion comes up for wearing brass buttons all down the front of the dress; well, the working girl must have brass buttons too, or die. Whether she can afford to buy good buttons or not, never mind, so long as she can get something like them. Then a fashion comes up by which she must have certain flounces all round her dress and feathers round her hat, and then she must have her hair dyed. Nature has given her the wrong sort of hair, she thinks, so she must alter its colour. The only wonder is they stop short at the hair and do not tan their skins ebony or mulatto. Well, a new kind of cloak comes out and she must have that too, or something like it; so she buys a cheap imitation. By-and-bye she will find it is not so good as it looks, the stitching is bad, the material is bad, and it soon comes to pieces. She has, perhaps, not been accustomed to stitching and sewing, and you will see her pinning the flounces out, and, in fact, almost pinning herself together. How much better would it be if working girls instead of buying so many fashionable articles and so much

rubbish, were to buy good strong dresses of plain substantial cloth and see that they are made well! If they would do that and discard fine feathers and flounces they would be better appreciated, more highly honoured, and would give promise of making better and more sensible wives. You may depend upon it that those who go in for so much finery, with feathers and flounces, and have their hair pasted all over their foreheads, are very fickle and weak-minded creatures. Let the fashion arise to go into Mother Hubbard's cloak, and they will go in for it until they can scarcely move about. That reminds me that last year, when the skating season was on, I saw some ladies skating very gracefully over the ice. Two of them were dressed alike and appeared to be sisters, and presently one of them tumbled. There she lay and could not get up for the life of her, her dress was so tight, whilst her sister was unable to stoop to pick her up, for the same reason. Now how absurd it is for young ladies to bind themselves so tightly round that they can scarcely walk or stoop! They think it genteel to make themselves appear as small as possible; they like a small hand, little or no waist, and a tiny foot, and in order to make the latter look smaller than it is, they will have the heel put almost under the middle of the shoe. It is by these fashionable and artificial modes of compression that they impede the circulation of the blood, and so bring on headache, neuralgia, and sickness of every description. What folly it is that young women should thus distort their bodies! If the mischief would rest solely upon themselves it would not be so bad, but the worst of it is that such bad habits bring all kinds of maladies upon the future generation. And you young swells, you dandies, you fops, are very much to blame for admiring it—if you do admire it, which I can scarcely believe. But, if you do, just cultivate a little more taste, and learn to admire a really good waist, good shoulders, a substantial foot—I mean, of course, a proportionate foot,—a good chest, and a well developed muscular frame, and then we are likely to have a more healthy generation and less misery in the future. Listen to what Canon Kingsley said in his excellent work “Health and Education :”—

“That for generations past women should have been in the habit—not to please men, who do not care about the matter as a point of beauty, but simply to vie with each other in obedience to a something called Fashion—that they should, I say, have been in the habit of deliberately crushing that part of the body which should be specially left free, contracting and displacing their lungs, their heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and entailing thereby disease not only on themselves, but on their children after them; that for fifty years past physicians should have been telling them of the folly of what they have been doing; and that they should, as yet, in the great majority of cases, not only turn a deaf ear to all warnings, but actually deny the offence, of which one glance of the physician, or of the sculptor, who knows what shape the human body ought to be, brings them in guilty. This, I say, is an instance of—what shall I call it? which deserves the lash not merely of the satirist, but of any theologian who really believes that God made the physical universe. If one chooses a horse or a dog, whether for strength or for speed, or for any useful purpose, the first thing to be looked at is the girth round the ribs, the room for heart and lungs. Exactly in proportion to that will be the animal’s general healthfulness, power of endurance, and value in many ways.

“If you will look at eminent orators who have attained a healthy old age, you will see that in every case they are men of large size both in the lower and in the upper part of the chest; men who had, therefore, a peculiar power of using the diaphragm to fill and clear the lungs, and, therefore, oxygenate the blood of the whole body. Now, it is just these lower ribs, across which the diaphragm is stretched like the head of a drum, which stays contract to a minimum. If you advised the owners of horses and hounds to put them into stays in order to increase their beauty, you would receive a very decided refusal. And if you advised an orator to put himself into stays, he would reply that to comply with the request would involve the giving up of public work, under the probable penalty of being dead within the twelvemonth. And how much work of every kind, intellectual as well as physical, is spoiled or

hindered ; how many deaths occur from consumption and other complaints, which are the result of stays—is known, partly to the medical men, who lift up their voices in vain, and fully known to Him who will not interfere with the least of His own physical laws to save human beings from the consequences of their own wilful folly.”

Why should we have so much sickness and suffering amongst us as we have at present ? I believe we have as much now as ever we had, and are not likely to mitigate it until we become less fastidious and abandon our artificial ways of living.

Now, what about the young gentlemen ? I have been very hard upon the young ladies, you will say. You will often notice a boy of 14 years of age who has small Continuity, small patience, large Love of Approbation, and a small reasoning brain, who will think himself manly in trying to imitate men’s actions and men’s habits, especially if they are stupid. Whenever he walks out he has a cigar stuck in his mouth and a stick under his arm, because he thinks it looks manly. But he is only a youth after all, and cannot be a man all at once. A boy can only look like a boy and not like a man ; if he does, it is certainly a misfortune. Then, see how some clerks and shop assistants try to ape gentility. They wish to be considered something superior to the working-man, whom they will look upon with contempt, and scarcely deign to speak to when they meet him in the street or in a public building ; as if they were not made of the same flesh and blood ! Why, there is nothing more noble than to be an honest working-man. It has been truly said that “an honest man’s the noblest work of God ;” and how much more forcibly does it apply to the honest working-man who lives a temperate life, pays his way, and brings up a large family respectably out of his scanty earnings. Labour, you know, is the source of all wealth, and to it we owe the stately edifices which adorn our land, and the colossal network of railroads by which we can transport ourselves from one end of the country to the other in the space of a few brief hours. Just think what this country would be if there were no working-men. If we had to depend upon the dandies and fops for our food and our dwellings,

it strikes me we should soon begin to look rather cadaverous, and instead of the young ladies wanting to compress their waists they would be after devising means for blowing themselves out. We have real gentlemen and artificial gentlemen, and the latter will try to imitate the former. Because the gentleman wears a good suit of clothes and fine linen, the young man who gets a guinea or five and twenty shillings a week as a plumber or ironmonger's assistant thinks he must do the same whenever he goes out, in case he should be mistaken for what he is. So, being unable to buy the real articles, he will go in for "shoddy" goods, got up to look like the others, and he will strive to make up the deficiency by cuffs and collars and collars and cuffs until he is all cuffs and collars and no shirt. It is pitiful to see how some young men will allow their vanity and their love of approbation to carry them away into excesses of various kinds. Foppery in dress and gait is bad enough, but it is almost sure to lead to other injurious and extravagant habits, such as smoking, drinking, and bad companions, and then the descent to gambling, cheating, swindling, theft, and ultimate ruin becomes both rapid and easy. Young woman! don't imagine in the case of every youth you see well-dressed that his clothes belong to him, because maybe they have not been paid for. Sooner have a shabby suit of clothes, my friend, and be able to say, "It belongs to me," than dress showily and be afraid to go up the street in case you meet the tailor, whom you have not paid for them. If you assistants cannot afford to dress like gentlemen, dress like assistants—poverty is no disgrace. Never mind what people think of you so long as you pay your way and keep out of debt. Nearly all great men have been of humble origin, and have worked their way up step by step.

The mistake commonly made with young people is that they want to get up to the top all at once, and the consequence is that they come down with a run. You will find plenty of them, feeling dissatisfied with themselves and wanting to be something better, rush recklessly into business without stopping to consider the cares and responsibilities it entails. The consequence is that when they lack Continuity and patience they soon "come to smash," and

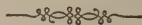
perhaps cheat their creditors by paying one and threepence in the pound. Then they say, "Oh, what an unfortunate young man I am. We had a bad season this year. I did my best, but things went wrong;" and perhaps all the time, in his desire to be "something better," he has been living above his income, or, in other words, abusing the trust reposed in him by his creditors. Young man! if you cannot afford to be a master, remain an assistant, and be a good one. Don't be envious of other people's success, or "good luck" as you call it; but make the best of your lot. You will find true philosophy to consist in taking life as it comes, and not putting yourself out about anything. Now, if I were a shoeblack, I would try and be the best shoeblack in the town. I would not be a sham. I would do my best to polish shoes well, so that no one could say, "I had my shoes blacked of Cohen, and he didn't half do them." That is the great secret of success—to be thorough and earnest in all you undertake; to be a reality and not a sham.

There are far too many shams in business, both in people and commodities. Let young persons be put into positions they are not adapted for, and you will find that, although they will try their best to please, yet they fail through lacking the necessary faculties. Take a cheesemonger or grocer, for instance. He requires especially the organs of Size, Weight, and Calculation, so as to be able to measure things accurately with his eye, to tell their weight quickly and to be able to cast up in his head how much they will cost. Observe how accurately a cheesemonger, with these organs fully developed, will cut a pound or even a quarter of a pound of cheese or butter at the first stroke of the knife and put it on the scale; how an experienced grocer will put almost the exact quantity of tea asked for in the scale and balance it to a nicety in less than a second, where a man without Weight will be fumbling about with the scales perhaps for several minutes, and then will not be able to hit the mark; so he will give you a little over to pretend he is liberal, whereas in reality it is to conceal his own clumsiness, and to save himself further trouble; or if you call for half-a-pound of bacon he will cut off a pound and a half, and then to hide his doubtfulness, before he puts it in the scale,

he will ask you if you think that will be too much. You are half inclined to think it will, but before you get time to take its full dimensions he will drop it on the floor amongst the dirt and sawdust. You feel tolerably sure that it has'n't lost anything in weight by the operation, and therefore you instinctively answer that you think it *will* be too much. No man is fit for a grocer, a cheesemonger, a fruiterer, or any other business where scales are used, unless he possesses the organs to which I have referred. People in business require good Perceptive Faculties as well as plenty of Geniality to enable them to succeed well. Of course, I am well aware that there are many tricks resorted to in trade and business, such as palming off articles inferior to sample on unsuspecting customers, and selling shams for realities ; but in the long run I am certain it will not be found to pay — to say nothing of the injury a man does his own moral nature thereby : and each such injury makes him less and less a man.

And don't attach too much importance to financial success, my friends. It may often be true, as is sometimes said, that a man's pocket is his best friend, but it is not *always* the case. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that a well-lined pocket is a man's worst friend, for it leads to many a man's downfall. No, put not your trust in riches, for what boots it if a man gains the whole world and loses his own soul ? I very much doubt whether rich people are, on the whole, any happier than poor people. They may monopolise more air, more water, more of the bounties of nature ; but the sun smiles on all alike, bids the drooping heart take cheer, revivifies the sick, and infuses new life and hope into suffering humanity ; the flowers, trees, and other productions of the earth emit their fragrant perfumes for the enjoyment of all, and the star-lit firmament, speaking nightly of other and perhaps still more beautiful worlds than this, testifies to the serene reign of law and order, and points triumphantly to the Mighty Beyond, where, enthroned in the majesty of undying love, dwells the ever-watchful Father of all, ready to help those that ask Him, and to bestow further and further blessings upon the human race. Never mind though the world does frown upon you, my

friend. "Of what use," says Platt, "is wealth to him who neither gives nor enjoys it? Riches are for the comfort of life, and not life for the accumulation of riches; and *there is no man more deserving of pity than he who spends his whole life in amassing money without making any use of it.*" Be content with what falls to your lot, at the same time making the most of your opportunities for good. Says an Oriental writer: "I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of Heaven, excepting once, when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring myself shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man who had no feet. I offered up praise and thanksgiving to God for His bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes." Let us all, then, thank God for the inestimable blessing of life which we enjoy, and both teach and help others to enjoy it too.



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TALENTS WASTED.

A LECTURE

BY

GUSTAVUS COHEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE TREE OF LIFE," "OUR TEACHERS ON TRIAL,"
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PRICE TWOPENCE.

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GT. RUSSELL ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

MANCHESTER :

JOHN HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.

1883.

TALENTS WASTED.

This subject is one upon which I am unfortunately compelled to speak, for we all know very well that a great many noble Talents are Wasted. It is unnecessary to consult the history of the past in order to be convinced of this; examples of wasted talents are only too numerous in every sphere of life at the present day. Whoever will take the trouble to observe closely what is transpiring around him cannot but be painfully struck with the fact that very many most valuable talents are utterly lost, both to the individuals by whom they are possessed and to the world at large. Talents are Wasted through carelessness, through ignorance, and through a lack of the necessary will power, to bring them into activity. We will consider in this lecture the various ways in which talents are wasted; how it is that they are wasted; what talents we each of us may happen to possess; and the best way of bringing those talents into useful activity.

In all classes of society we find Talents Wasted,—in the lowest class, as in the highest. In the lowest class we find a careless and indifferent apathy as to the higher objects and aims of life; in the middle class we find vanity and conceit exerting their powerful sway; and in the highest class—the aristocracy—we find an unhealthy sensitiveness, and a stiff and unnatural regard for outward appearances.

All through the fabric of society forces are at work, sapping the very life out of the nation, enfeebling her vitality, and counter-balancing the work of those who desire her welfare. It is necessary therefore that someone spoke out fearlessly of the true principles which govern our existence, of the laws of our being, and of the best means by which human progress and happiness are attainable.

I am grieved to find that a great many of the young people of the present day, of the lowest class especially—but the evil is by no means confined to this class—want to live too rapidly. They are in too great a hurry to be men and women, they have not sufficient patience to submit themselves to the natural laws of growth and development. Hundreds of young people of both sexes can be seen every night walking our streets carelessly and aimlessly, in the most impudent, vulgar, pert and conceited manner. The boys smoking and swearing, giving utterance to the most foul, filthy, and obscene language imaginable, and forming early habits of drinking and dissipation. The girls giggling, screaming, shouting, and staring vacantly and ignorantly at the most paltry things which attract their attention, arm-in-arm with each other or with the precocious youths. When I see those boys and girls wasting their time, their energies and their talents in this careless way, it makes my heart ache; it makes me anxious and solicitous as to the future of England. I feel as though I could suddenly arrest them as they tread their downward path and put to them with all earnestness and solemnity, this one solemn question: “*What will your lives be worth ten or twenty years hence?*” I imagine I hear some of you saying, “Oh, they are nobody,

let them alone, they are not worth troubling about." But I look at them as human beings, I cannot forget that they are brothers and sisters of mine; and it is idle for me to imagine that I am not my brother's keeper. I feel convinced that sin has brought them to that degenerate state,—if not their own sin, that of their parents; for there is no truth more plainly engraved on the human constitution than this: "the sins of the parents are visited upon the children even into the third and fourth generations." I would ask, what else can we reasonably expect as the result of such a seed-time, except a harvest of drunkenness, vice, misery, crime, degradation and irreligion? What can possibly be the result of such existence but Wasted Talents?

Going a little higher in the social scale, into what is known as 'respectable society,' we are still confronted with the grim fact of Talents Wasted. "The young gentleman of the period"—what of him? He imagines himself somebody; he undoubtedly makes use of his talent for smoking cigars, for curling his scarcely visible moustache, and for fascinating those young ladies who are as brainless as himself. Youths of this description, at 17 or 18 years of age, will spurn and despise the counsel of older persons; they will think a great deal more of the cut of their coats, than of the strength and reliability of their characters; are more mindful of the snowy whiteness of their collars and cuffs than of the purity and sincerity of their thoughts and conduct; in the streets they are constantly insulting respectable girls; there is no such thing as talking to them in plain, sensible English. Ask a young swell of this description what business he follows, and

in his own arrogant style he will say, (if he happens to be a clerk in a bank), "I—a-am—a—bankar." No matter what occupation he follows he will always be ashamed to own his true standing; the fact of the matter is they all want to be gentlemen. All they can do, possibly, is a little scribbling—and they are beginning now to find out that there are more scribblers than offices. Don't think because I talk in this way that I disrespect a clerk. Not at all. I believe it is quite as possible for a young man to be a clerk to the glory of God, as it is for another to serve God in being a minister of the Gospel. I am not speaking against clerks but what I object to is the pride, the conceit, the false ambition, the dandyism and the foppery by which, not only clerks, but a great many of us are misled. Youth flies rapidly by, and, if you yield to these empty vanities, you will find yourself in the flower of manhood unprepared for its responsibilities and ignorant of its duties; and when you experience the reverses of fortune, which will inevitably follow a life of frivolity and idleness, you will possibly begin to complain of being 'unlucky.' Frequently do we find young people who become discontented with their own lot, and envious of the lot of those who by steady perseverance have succeeded in life. They then resort to all kinds of questionable means, devising all manner of idle schemes whereby to increase their income. They do not know how to work, so, possibly, start gambling, which, however, is a vice seldom standing alone, but is invariably associated with others more blighting still; and by the time they are thirty-five or forty years of age, their constitutions are utterly wrecked—morally, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

What a piteous spectacle ! Why are their lives blank and devoid of good results ? Why are their talents, their energies, and their lives, wasted ? It is almost invariably because that when they were sixteen or seventeen years of age, instead of seriously considering their position in life, and joining a good society for moral and intellectual improvement, or subjecting themselves to influences of an elevating character, they yielded to their lower appetites and passions—to the promptings of their fleshly minds. Instead of building up character they destroyed it. Instead of augmenting their store of moral courage, dignity, and manhood, they have carelessly fritted away what little they once possessed. I do not say that they steadfastly purposed to do evil ; oh, no, very few do that, they simply sought after pleasure and satisfaction in the glare and excitement of modern life, and succumbed to its temptations. I would therefore earnestly advise all young men to join a good Debating or Literary Society, or a Mutual Improvement Class, or better still, a Young Men's Christian Association, in order to develop and bring into active exercise the talents God has bestowed upon them.

Young women, too, I am sorry to say, are infatuated with the same spirit of vanity, pride, arrogance, and conceit, which carries away so many of our young men, and by yielding to their own feelings, they also, Waste their Talents. They also spend their strength for nought and their labour for that which satisfieth not. What ridiculous absurdities some of them practice in obedience to the goddess Fashion !* There will soon be a superabundance of drawing-room ornaments in the world, but precious few practical

* See Lecture on "Fashions."

domestic women. When we consider that the responsible office of mother will soon devolve upon these young women, we cannot hope much for the future generation. The happiness of generations yet unborn depends more upon the habits and customs formed by the young women of the present day than upon anything else. I wish I could sufficiently impress upon the young people the necessity of obeying all the physical laws laid down by our all-wise and beneficent Creator, obedience to which will insure happiness, but violation of which cannot produce ought but misery. Young women of England, let me give you a word of homely advice. If you want to make sensible wives, good companions, and practical housekeepers, avoid everything that will injure your physical frame. Don't read those abominable novels which are written now-a-days by those sentimental and disappointed old maids of morbid and depraved minds ; they will do nothing but mislead you, and make you morbid and depraved. They will bring nothing but disappointment and misery. Avoid tight lacing, and the wearing of small shoes. Banish conceit and false pride. Don't be so restless and changeable ; have a mind of your own, and try and make the little world you live in as cheerful, happy, and contented as possible. But do not change your good resolutions with the change of the fashions. Because, let me tell you, while you allow yourself to be influenced by, or carried away with fashion, you are encouraging an unnatural desire. If you do not at once endeavour to stamp out this detestable Fashion hunting, you will find in after years that the unnatural life you live will appear to you to be perfectly natural, you may, when too late, try

with all your might to remove the mischief caused by self-indulgence or negligence, but you will find it impossible. *Violation of the physical laws brings disease and misery, and nothing but misery. Obedience to the physical laws brings Health and Happiness.* I wish every young woman would consider this, especially in relation to the diabolical evil of tight-lacing.

Now we come to the "upper tens," as they are called. It is a melancholy fact that in the upper classes of society, no less than in the lower, Talents are Wasted. This is the more melancholy and pitiable when we consider that they possess in many cases unlimited resources, and are blessed with superior opportunities, and can as it were command circumstances, while those in humble stations must adapt themselves to things as they find them, as best they can. In what way are their Talents Wasted? First of all, as I have already said, there is an artificial stiffness, and a too great regard for appearances. Parents are anxious that their sons should become clergymen, lawyers, doctors, or commissioned officers in the army or navy, whether they are adapted for such callings or not; the sons are compelled to obey the ambitious desires of well-meaning but mistaken parents. To suggest the idea that one of their sons was adapted for a mechanic would be ridiculed as absurd; not so much because they care for the welfare of their sons, but it is because—"you know people would talk." Coming home with blackened hands and face would not be in harmony with their social position, as though work were a thing to be ashamed of in this land which owes its greatness to the perseverance and industry of her sons of toil. This false delicacy and over sensitiveness

is the cause of a great many valuable Talents being Wasted. The parents would not mind so much if "Mr. George" could become a great engineer all at once, and be distinguished for some great work ; but they could not possibly entertain the idea that he must work with his hands ! They would like him to enjoy the fruits of the earth without tilling the ground. I well remember a case which graphically illustrates what has been here advanced. Some years ago, I associated with a young fellow of the name of George, a rare good, strong, healthy young man, with plenty of physical strength, muscular power, and a fairly good intellect ; one who delighted in all kinds of out-door sports and manly games, such as bicycling, football, cricket, rowing, jumping, &c. ; he was one of those boisterous thorough going fellows who require plenty of scope for their energies. His parents were in opulent circumstances, and his "Ma" wanted him to "enter the Church"; but George didn't like the idea. We talked together upon the subject many times, and I repeatedly told him that his parents were mistaken in the choice of a pursuit for him, because he was naturally cut out for a mechanic, and would never get on as a clergyman. He communicated all I said to his "Ma"; but she pooh-pooh'd the idea, on the ground that 'his sisters would not like to walk out with him, and besides it was so vulgar to be a mechanic !' He himself felt sure he could succeed as a mechanic, so he kept repeatedly dinning his "Ma's" ears with what I told him, until at last she reluctantly consented. They paid a heavy premium, and articed him to a first-class engineering establishment. Naturally enough at first, his sisters did not like the looks of his besmeared hands and

face or his white calico mechanics' suit ; but in time they became quite used to it. And George,—what of him? Why he succeeded surprisingly ; he was so fond of the work for which he was so peculiarly adapted, that by dint of his own perseverance, application, and industry, at the expiration of his articles, his employers, who had discovered his mechanical genius, entered into a further agreement with him for another term of five years, at a high salary. Before long he became manager of the whole concern. Not long ago, I met him at the sea-side with his mother, (he called her 'Mother' now), looking exceedingly well. He had brought her there for a holiday. He was still flourishing in his career of life, and he still keeps improving, not only to his own satisfaction, but to the satisfaction of all who are interested in the matter. Harmony was produced instead of discord. Happiness instead of misery ; and so it would be in other cases if talents were rightly directed. Society would be the better, progress would be more rapid and more substantial nationally, as well as individually. I have known personally, clergymen who have told me they verily hated their work ; they had been forced into the positions they occupy by parents or guardians who did not in the least consider their adaptability for such pursuits.

Not only in high circles, but throughout the whole round of social life we find young people stumbling or being forced into pursuits for which they are totally unsuited. To all parents I would say : whatever your rank or position in society may be, if your son is adapted for a carpenter let him be a carpenter, if for a mechanic let him be a mechanic, if for a lawyer try and get him into a sphere

of life where a brain of that calibre is required; the wheel of life will then revolve with less friction, things would go more smoothly and harmoniously, and fewer Talents would be Wasted. If we are adapted for a certain trade or profession, we owe it, as a duty to our fellow men no less than to ourselves, to follow that pursuit if by any possible means we can do so.

It is a sign that a large amount of ignorance prevails as to the fitness of things, when we find boys of a heavy temperament, with plenty of motive power and physical force, put into offices and counting houses, fitted only for delicate and slightly built constitutions. These boys of a heavy nature will generally lie in bed as long as possible in the morning, and will not go to their office a minute sooner than is necessary. When there, they will be continually yawning, and wishing the day was over. "Oh this is slavery. I wish these account books were anywhere," and such like ejaculations are freely heard from their lips. Some of them will even seriously entertain the idea of going to sea. When office hours are over they will rush off to the cricket field or to the gymnasium, and there distinguish themselves admirably. It is their highest delight to be in action. They possess plenty of motive power for accomplishing tremendous tasks, and require to be thoroughly roused before their strength can be manifested to any ordinary degree. How is it they are so miserable, and do not enjoy their work? Is it because they do not like work? No. It is because they are in the wrong place. Their talents are being wasted, in so far as they are allowed to lie dormant from want of exercise. Such youths are fitted for occupations where

great energy, both physical and mental, is required. They will be men of action, men of force, thoroughly practical matter-of-fact business men. They want plenty of scope for their energies, and must not be cramped in the manifestation of their powers; there is a great deal of vigour and earnestness about such characters which requires something really difficult and prodigious to grapple with, in order for them to enjoy the blessings of existence.

I have now laid before you some of the causes which waste so many talents, and I now ask: Is there no more reliable method of discovering and rightly applying talent than the random, hap-hazard one now so extensively in vogue; and is there no sure guide whereby we can cultivate our minds and our characters in order to make the best use of the various Talents we possess? I confidently answer there is. It is most unreasonable to suppose that our Heavenly Father would bestow upon us valuable Talents, and give us no means whereby to discover them, or when discovered to direct and use them properly. I believe the study of Phrenology, combined with Human Nature and Physiology, is our best guide in these all-important matters. When once we get to know ourselves, by a study of the principles of these sciences, and find out what we can do, and what we can not do, we shall then be on the way to a successful use of our talents. And further, by means of these sciences, and the aid of a higher power than our own, we are enabled to check our excesses and to whip up our deficiencies, and thus induce that harmony and perfection of character so necessary to a successful use of the Talents we possess. Phrenology has been much misconstrued and misrepresented; people

reluctantly believe in it. The science is only in its infancy, and I don't think altogether we have much to complain of, for during the past few years it has made rapid strides, and has been received by many of the most learned men of the day. The scepticism which prevails in regard to it is mostly owing, I believe, to the mystery in which it is generally shrouded by its would-be 'Professors.' Some Phrenologists would have you believe that it is a kind of Bumpology. It is nothing of the sort. They would make you believe too, it is on account of the mysterious touch of the sensitive fingers of the experienced 'Professor' that these bumps can be discerned. And to make the subject more mysterious still, they will go in for Mesmerism, and will appear exceeding wise! I myself have often been asked why I do not go in for Mesmerism? "Surely" say they, "it would pay; and it causes a great amount of fun and amusement." I simply tell them there are fools enough in the world, and I have no desire to make more; my mission is to diminish, and not increase the number. I am anxious to enlighten the people, and I endeavour in every possible way to make Phrenology as plain and as useful as possible. From personal experience I would advise all young people to study Phrenology, and to cultivate their characters according to the principles it teaches.

Talents, I would further remark, are entrusted to us to prove a blessing, not only to ourselves but to our fellow creatures. And I would impress upon those people in well-favoured circumstances who have the time, the opportunities and the resources for study, the necessity of exerting themselves in the more extensive establishment

of evening classes where the young people who now aimlessly parade our streets, can receive instruction in those things which will be useful to them in after life.

Many noble-minded and large-hearted Philanthropists have spent thousands of pounds in bringing education within the reach of the working young men; but comparatively little has been done for the working young women and girls. Among the operative classes of society there exists an almost incredible mass of ignorance as to even the most trivial household duties. If therefore young ladies of culture and means would take an interest in this matter, and instead of expending their talents so much in organizing or attending concerts and theatrical performances, would extend their efforts, and let some part of their time and talent be spent in instructing these working girls (who have not the opportunities or the inclination to study) in the principles of domestic economy, housekeeping, sanitary matters, and other things relating to their physical constitutions, and also in amusing them with occasional concerts or other entertainments, I am convinced great good would be the result: their own talents would be wisely employed, and they would be the means of bringing into activity the talents of others, and more happiness would abound in the homes of the poorer classes. There is here a large and fertile field open for willing hands. Young *Women's* Christian^s Associations are not sufficiently popularised: they are gradually coming into existence, but we want more of them.

Many young people possess talents, but by yielding to vicious habits, and by injuring the physical frame, they blunt them and render them useless. There is no more

potent source of evil, and there is no one agent in the whole world so destructive of true talent as intoxicating drink; it blunts the moral faculties, excites the animal propensities and dethrones the reason, it crushes spiritual feeling and creates a low, vulgar, coarse, and obtuse taste—in short, it degrades man into an animal; and I would most earnestly and affectionately urge all young people, if they want to get on in life, never to touch the intoxicating cup, avoid everything that is really unnecessary, “Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.”

In conclusion, I wish the young people would fully realise the fact that it is possible to cultivate and restrain certain organs or propensities, and that they need not be so bad as they are, if they would but seriously awaken to the fact of their existence and strenuously endeavour to make use of the Talents they possess. Phrenology is not Fatalism. Phrenology is not Materialism. We are not bound by the iron bands of Fate; we are not creatures of circumstances. We can make ourselves bad if we like, but we shall have only ourselves to blame. Let us then look upon Life in its brighter aspect; be of good cheer; take courage; fight the battle of life heroically; keep your armour bright with constant service; you will then not land yourself in the deep gulf of despair. First of all, before proceeding further exercise strict self-examination; know yourselves; humble yourselves; don't allow false pride, hunger for applause, vanity and conceit to stand between you and yourself. I have known cases where the most drunken, the most abandoned, and the most vile characters, have become, under the influence of Christianity, bright and shining lights to society, and respectable God-fearing

persons. I have one particular instance in my mind at the present moment, viz: that of the famous burglar, Ned Wright, who became after his conversion a preacher of the gospel. The most marvellous thing about it is that his face and head completely changed, he not only became a new man spiritually but physically. Beauty, Godliness and Truth shine through the face of him who once was a terror to all who knew him. Don't despair then ! You are not so deeply sunk in wickedness as was this man, therefore there is for you the greater Hope. Make an effort to live to God's glory alone ; the very effort will make you stronger. In conclusion let us remember that we are free creatures, we can direct our Talents exactly as we please. We need courage to act rightly, God's help to assist us in carrying out our good resolutions, and His Holy Spirit to influence our thoughts and to keep our minds : then by diligence, perseverance, decision, integrity, prayer and the study of God's Will, we will go on our way making the best use of all the Talents He has entrusted to us, and we shall have fewer

TALENTS WASTED.

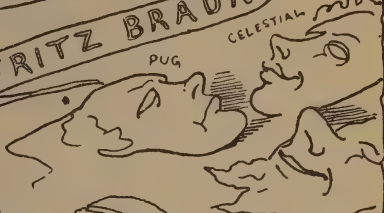
NOSES

BY
GUSTAVUS COHEN
DESIGNS BY

FRITZ BRAUN



ROMAN



JEWISH



GREEK

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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N O S E S .

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS of all the studies which have occupied the human intelligence, the science of physiognomy, though not the least useful is certainly one of the most interesting. From the various phases comprised in the term Physiognomy we have selected one which we will endeavour to make clearly understood, namely, the art of reading character as indicated by the nose. The nose is certainly the most prominent feature of the human face, and that in more than one sense. The shadow of a deep hat may cover the forehead ; heavy brows or a pair of spectacles partly shield the eyes ; and a drooping and heavy moustache completely hide the lips ; still the nose will stand forward boldly, and tell its story, not seldom an unflattering one, to the whole world. Take for example the wine-drinker ; how gladly would he not hide that nose, which bears on its oily surface the glows and tints of a glorious sunset, from the eyes of his fellow men. Beautiful and rich as may be the blending of the colours in the eyes of the colorist and landscape painter, whose poetical imagination may possibly see in a fiery-red carbuncle the declining orb itself, the unfortunate owner thereof would gladly part with the symphonies in blue and red with which he has by years of perseverance and an enormous outlay decorated his countenance.

To come at once to our subject. We have a belief founded on long-continued personal observation that there

is more in a nose than most owners of that appendage are generally aware. We believe that, besides being an ornament to the face, a breathing apparatus, or a convenient handle by which to grasp an impudent fellow, it is an important index to its owner's character; and that the accurate observation and minute comparison of an extensive collection of noses of persons whose mental characteristics are known, justifies a nasal classification and a deduction of some points of mental organisation therefrom. It will not be contended that all the faculties and properties of the mind are revealed by the nose, but certainly it reveals power and taste—power or energy to carry out ideas, and the taste or inclination which dictates or guides them. As these will always very much form a man's character, the proposition which is sought to be established is this, *the nose is an important index to character.*

We contend that the character forms the nose, and not the nose the character, and it is in vain to require a proof of the *material connection* between the nose and the mind, for it is utterly impossible to demonstrate to sense the seat of the divine particle. Material organs cannot apprehend immaterial existence, they even fail to perceive some of the more tenuous materialisms, air, light, heat, electricity, &c., which are known only by their effects. It is in vain to deny physiognomy—of which nasology is only a department—because we cannot understand by what processes mind acts on the features; because we cannot *see* any material organisms which operate to contract the muscles in laughter or pain, or which impel the blood to or from the countenance when consciousness or fear affects the mind. It is in vain to deny the blush or the pallor because we know not

how the pulsations of the heart and the flow of blood are affected by mental impressions. It is one of the strongest proofs of the immateriality of the soul, that while its existence cannot be denied it cannot be anatomically demonstrated, nor rendered visible to sense. The mode in which mind acts on matter is one of the arcana of nature, which perhaps human science will never penetrate. It is a secret reserved for that state in which the mind will act independently of material media. However numerous and plausible the theories propounded to explain the mystery, they all terminate like the Indian's world-supports, and the chain of connection breaks at the last link. It is therefore in vain to deny physiognomy because we can demonstrate no material connection between the mind and the features, nor would any sane objector insist on such demonstration ; yet such demonstration has been insisted on, and the absence of it adduced as a fundamental objection both to physiognomy and phrenology by critics at a loss for valid objections.

Subject to the foregoing remarks the following physical classification of noses is submitted as being in part well known and long established, because well defined and clearly marked :—

1. The Roman or Aquiline Nose.
2. The Greek or Straight Nose.
3. The Cogitative or Wide-nostrilled Nose.
4. The Jewish or Hawk Nose.
5. The Snub Nose.
6. The Celestial or Turned-up Nose.

Between these there are infinite crosses and inter-mixtures, which will at first embarrass the student, but

which, after a little practice, he will be able to distinguish with tolerable precision. A compound of different noses will, of course, indicate a compound character; and it is only in the rather rare instance of a perfect nose of any of the classes that we find a character correspondingly strongly marked. We shall endeavour to support each part of the hypothesis by well-defined and striking instances; selecting the most decided and perfect noses of each kind, and at the same time the most peculiar and decided characters.

(1.) The Roman or aquiline nose is rather convex but undulating as its name aquiline imports. It is usually rugose and coarse, but when otherwise it approaches the Greek nose, and the character is materially altered. It indicates great decision, considerable energy, firmness, and disregard for the *bienséances* of life. (*See Plate 1.*)

(2.) The Greek nose is perfectly straight, and in continuation of the line of the forehead; any deviation or divergence from the right line must be strictly noticed. If the deviation tend to convexity it approaches the Roman nose, and the character is improved by an accession of energy; on the other hand, when the deviation is towards concavity it partakes of the "celestial," and the character is weakened. It should be fine and well chiselled, but not sharp. It indicates refinement of character, love for the fine arts, *belles lettres*, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect rather than direct action. Its owner is not without some energy in pursuit of that which is agreeable to his tastes; but unlike the owner of the Roman nose he cannot exert himself in *opposition* to his tastes. When associated with the Roman nose, and distended slightly at

the end by the Cogitative, it indicates the most useful and intellectual of characters, and is the highest and most beautiful form which the organ can assume. (*See Plate 2.*)

(3.) The Cogitative or wide-nostrilled nose is as the secondary name imports, wide at the end, thick and broad, not clubbed, but gradually widening from below the bridge. It indicates a cogitative mind having strong powers of thought, and given to close and serious meditation. Its indications are of course much dependent on the form of the nose in profile, which decides the turn the cogitative powers will take. Of course it never occurs alone; and is usually associated with varieties 1 and 2, and occasionally with 4, seldom with 5 or 6. The entire absence of it produces the "sharp" nose, which is not classified, as sharpness is only a negative quality, being the defect of breadth, and therefore indicates defect of cogitative power. (*See Plate 3.*) Thus phrenologists rightly urge that negative qualities require no organ. Hate is only the absence of benevolence; dislike to children a defective development of Parental Love. The platonic theory that beauty of form generally indicates beauty of mind is finely condensed by Spenser into a single line—

"All that is good is beautiful and fair."

A Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.

And again—

"All that is fair is by nature good :

That is a sign to know the gentle blood."—*Ibid.*

Wordsworth would also appear to have been a Platonist,

"For passions linked to forms so fair

And stately needs must have their share

Of noble sentiment."—*Ruth.*

A nose should never be judged by its profile only, but

should be examined also in front to see whether it partakes of species 3.

(4.) The Jewish or Hawk nose is very convex, and preserves its convexity like a bow, throughout the whole length, from the eyes to the tip. It is generally thin and sharp. It indicates considerable shrewdness in worldly matters; a deep insight into character, and facility of turning that insight to profitable account. (*See Plate 4.*)

5 and 6.—The Snub nose and the Celestial nose. The form of the former is sufficiently indicated by its name. The latter is distinguished by its presenting a continuous concavity from the eyes to the tip. It is converse in shape to the Jewish nose. The Celestial must not be confounded with a nose which belonging to one of the other classes in the upper part terminates in a slight distension of the tip for this, so far from prejudicing the character, rather adds to its warmth and activity. This latter sign we are inclined to call Sociability, having noted it in those persons whose social instincts predominate over other elements of character.

We associate the Snub and the Celestial in nearly the same category, as they both indicate natural weakness, a somewhat mean disagreeable disposition, with petty insolence, and divers other characteristics of conscious weakness, which strongly assimilate them (indeed, a true celestial nose is only a Snub slightly elongated and turned up), while the general poverty of the distinctive character makes it almost impossible to distinguish them. Nevertheless there is a difference between their indications, arising however, rather from difference of intensity than of character. The celestial is

by virtue of its greater length decidedly preferable to the snub, as it has all the above unfortunate propensities in a much less degree, and is not without some share of small shrewdness and common sense, on which, however, it is apt to presume, and is, therefore, a more impudent nose than the snub. It indicates ambition without sufficient stamina of character to justify such ambition.

The power of a nose depends much upon its length in proportion to the profile. A nose should not be less than one third of the entire length of the profile from the root of the hair to the tip of the chin.

The character of the nose is weakened in intensity by forming too great or too small an angle with the general profile of the face. The angle, if as great as 40° , is not good, anything beyond that is bad, and about 30° is best.

THE ROMAN NOSE.

It will be seen that numerous portraits, both in marble and on coins, demonstrate that this nose was very frequent among the Romans, and peculiarly characteristic of that nation, hence its name. The persevering energy, stern determination, and unflinching firmness of the conquerors of the world; their rough unrefined character, which, notwithstanding the example of Greece, never acquired the polish of that country, all indicate the accuracy of the mental habit attributed to the owner of this nose.

Sufficient stress has never been laid by historians on national characteristics. The peculiar psychonomy of nations is an element which is not sufficiently taken into account when the historical critic endeavours to elucidate the causes and consequences of events.

The refinement which Rome received from Greece was converted in the transfer into a refinement of coarse sensual luxury. Rome, after the conquest of Greece, filled its forums and halls with Greek workmanship, and its schools with Greek learning ; nevertheless the Roman mind advanced not one step beyond its original coarseness.

At the period when Rome possessed itself by conquest of the principal works of Grecian art, her citizens only regarded them as household furniture of but little value. Polybius narrates that after the siege of Corinth he saw some Roman soldiers playing dice upon a picture of Bacchus, by Aristides, a picture esteemed one of the finest in the world. When King Attalus offered 600,000 sesterces (£4,845 15s.) for this picture, Mummius, the Roman Consul, thinking that there must be some magic property in it to make it worth such an enormous sum refused to sell it, and hung it up in the temple of Ceres, at Rome.

It is not surprising therefore that Rome, although possessed of infinitely greater wealth, a larger population, and the splendid examples of Greece, not only produced no artist of merit, but receded far from the high standard which Greece, notwithstanding its internal divisions, its comparative poverty, small extent, and unassisted genius had established. There is no way of accounting for these facts but by the difference in their psychonomy.

Seeing then, the importance of fully understanding the psychonomy of nations before criticising their records, we should reject no probable key to that requisite knowledge ; and if physiognomy would furnish such a key it should be hailed as an important element in historical criticism. For no part of the physiognomy is more needful to be

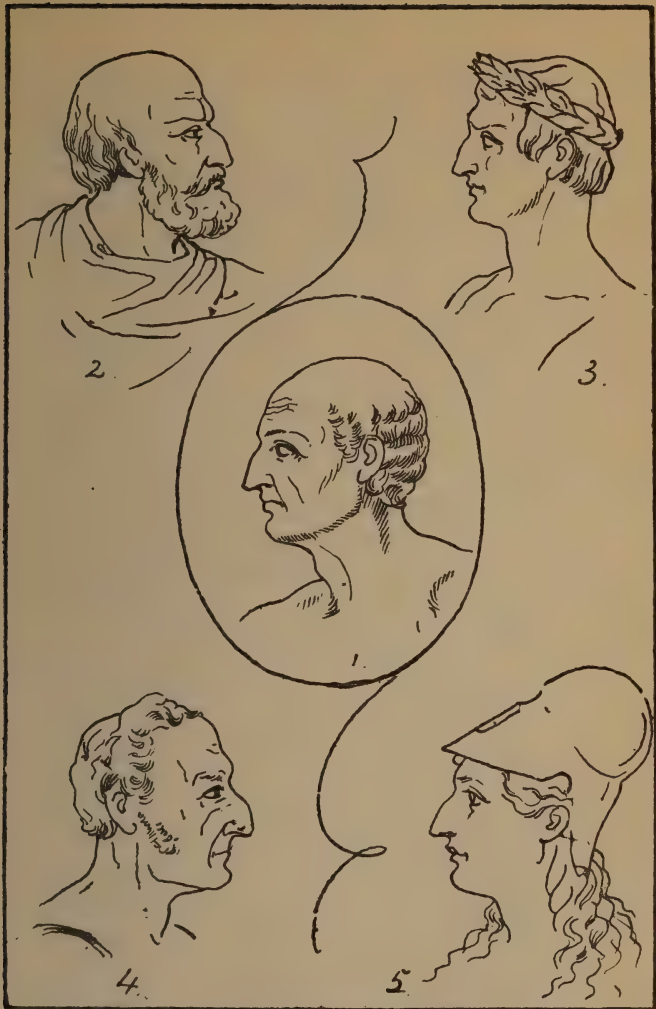


Plate I.—The Roman Nose.

1. Cato the Censor.
3. Julius Caesar.

2. Lucretius.
4. Duke of Wellington.

5. Minerva.

comprehended than the nose if nasology be correct ; because the mental faculties which it portrays are more important than those revealed in the other features, and because being immovable and permanent in its outline, the artist gives us its national or individual form without the distortion which action or passion may throw over the other more pliant features.

The Roman nose is common to all great conquerors and warriors, and other persons who have exhibited vast energy and perseverance in overcoming great obstacles without regard to personal ease or the welfare of their fellowmen. Among those that have passed away the following is a selection of men who have had pure, or very nearly pure Roman noses, and their characters coincide strongly with the attributes of this species of nose :—

Rameses II. (Sesostris), Julius Cæsar, Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Canute, Gonzalo de Cordova, Cortes, Pizarro, William III., Sir W. Wallace, Condé (the Great), Robert Bruce, Queen Elizabeth, Edward I., Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, Washington, Cato the Censor, Earl of Chatham. The well-known, because (as their noses likewise attest) strongly marked characters of these persons render it unnecessary to allude even briefly to their biographies. Their names are sufficient to bring at once before the mind their energetic, persevering and determined characters. They were persons whom no hardships could deter, no fears daunt, no affections turn aside from any purpose which they had undertaken ; that purpose being (in the absence of the cogitative) always of a physical character, and (in the absence of the Greek), always pursued with a stern and reckless disregard of their

own and others' physical welfare. Their successes were attained by energy and perseverance. They were men of the field.

The Ancients acknowledged the foregoing nasal classification, for they represented Jupiter, Hercules, Minerva, Bellatrix, and other energetic Deities with the Roman nose, which Plato designates from its being indicative of power and energy, the "Royal nose," while they gave pure Greek noses to the more refined: Apollo, Bacchus, Juno, Venus, &c. The debased and unintelligent, Fawn and Satyr, they portrayed with snub or celestial noses; thus imparting to their countenances low, cunning, or bestial inanity, appropriate to these mythological inventions.

THE GRECIAN NOSE.

We have already remarked that the Greek nose indicates refinement of character; love for the fine arts, astuteness, and a preference for indirect, rather than direct action. Its owner is not without some energy in pursuits which are agreeable to his tastes; but unlike the owner of the Roman nose he will seldom exert himself in *opposition* to his tastes. When associated with the Roman nose and distended slightly at the end, by the cogitative, it indicates the most useful and intellectual of characters, and is the highest and most beautiful form which the organ can assume.

This nose, like the Roman, takes its name from the people of whom it was most characteristic—physically and mentally. On these two parallel facts (with others of a like kind) much stress may be justly laid, although they are old and trite. But this very triteness is the proof of

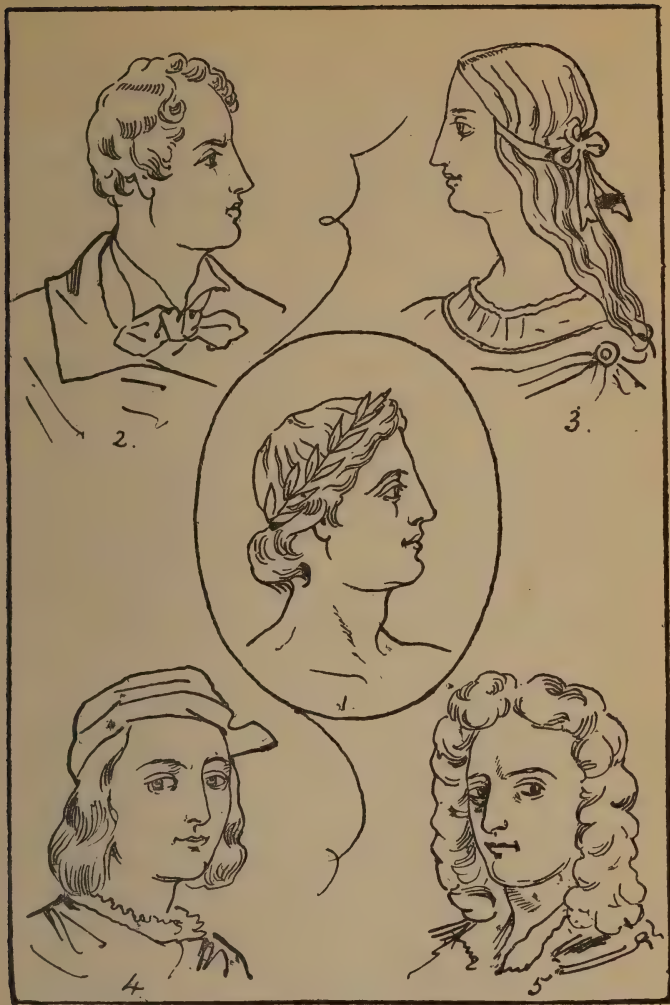


Plate 2.—The Grecian Nose.

1. Virgil.

2. Lord Byron.

3. Dante's Beatrice.

4. Raphael.

5. Joseph Addison.

their truth. It proves that the hypothesis which attributes certain mental characteristics, well-known to belong to the Romans to the Roman nose, and so of the Greeks to the Grecian nose, and of the Jews to the Jewish nose, is founded in nature, and so far from being a fanciful invention is a fact long recognised, and as old as the creation of the human proboscis.

Requesting the reader to bear in mind the form of the Grecian nose and its indications, we would remark how exactly the latter corresponds with the character of the ancient Greeks as a nation. It is unnecessary to expatiate on their high excellence in art, their lofty philosophy, their acute reasoning, or their poetical inspiration, these are known to every school boy. Their craftiness, their political falsehood, and shrewd deceitfulness were celebrated in ancient days as now, and "*Græcia méndax*," "*Danaüm insidiæ*" were epithets as true and as commonly applied in the time of Augustus as at the present time by modern travellers.

Natural refinement, artistic tastes, and great love of the beautiful, whether indicated by it or not, generally accompany this classic nose. Among the distinguished Greek-nosed men of more modern days we may mention Petrarca, Milton, Boccaccio, Raffael, Claude, Rubens, Murillo, Titian, Addison, Byron, and Shelley. Grecian-nosed women have not been entirely wanting in modern days. Among the literary ones, Hannah More, Felicia Hemans and Madame de Stael are well known. Of women celebrated for their beauty, nearly all have had noses either purely Grecian or closely approaching that form. Judging by such portraits as have come

under our own observation such was the nose of Vittoria Colonna, Isabella of Castile, Catherine II. of Russia, Petrarca's Laura, Dante's Beatrice, and many others who might be named. It is the most beautiful nose in woman, and agrees with her superior natural refinement of character and elegant tastes. "The Greek-nosed woman," one of her admirers says, "whether born in a cottage or a palace makes everything about her beautiful. Taste presides alike in the adornment of her person and the furnishing and embellishing of her rooms. A wreath of green leaves or a little vase of flowers may as truly show it as a tiara of pearls or the appointments of a luxurious boudoir."

The noses of poets and artists, it may be observed, often have the Grecian form or show a tendency towards it. Virgil, although a Roman, had a Grecian nose, like many more modern worshippers of the muse. A combination in which the Grecian element predominates is not uncommon among either women or men of culture and refinement, and forms a very beautiful and desirable nose.

THE JEWISH NOSE.

The Emperor Vespasian, Correggio the artist, Adam Smith, Sir Josiah Mason, Sir Moses Montefiore, and other noted men all had the Jewish nose, which will be found to have been quite in keeping with their characters.

This form of nose is almost universal among the Israelites from whom it receives its common name. It is by no means peculiar to the Jewish nation, however, who possess this form of profile in common with all the inhabitants of Syria and the Syrian races everywhere, and

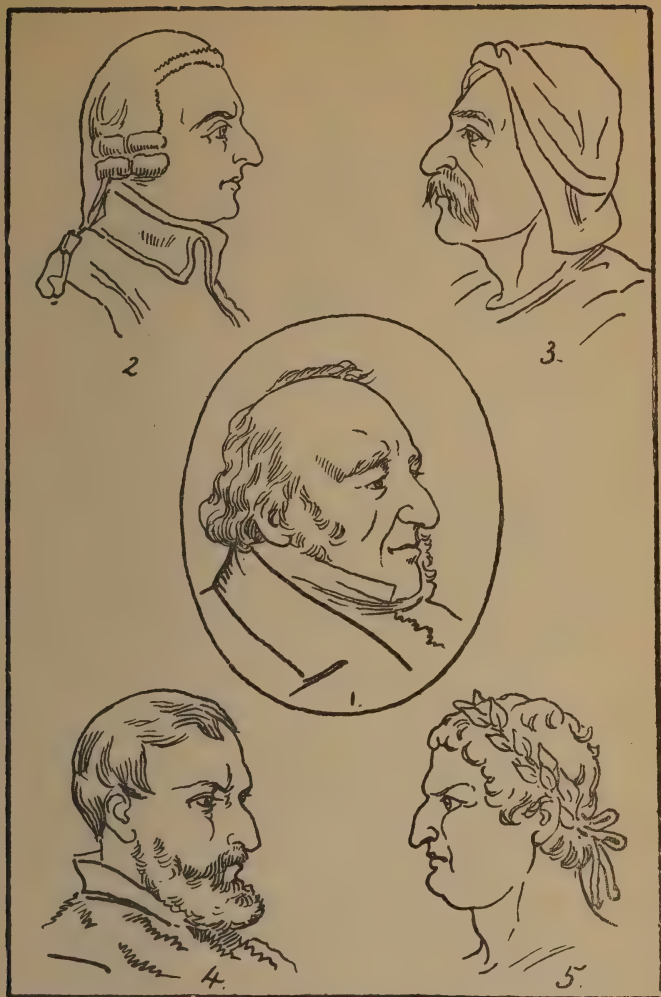


Plate 3.—The Jewish Nose.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Sir Moses Montefiore. | 2. Adam Smith. |
| 3. Syrian Arab. | 4. Correggio (painter.) |
| 5. Emperor Vespasian. | |

Sir G. Wilkinson proves that the nations represented in the Egyptian sculpture with the hawk nose are not always Jews, as was once supposed, but Syrians. The ancient Phœnicians were Syrians, and the portraits we have of these people on the Egyptian Sculpture, as read by Sir G. Wilkinson, all exhibit this form of nose. The Arabs of the present day—descendents of Abraham through the wild son of Hagar—have features in many respects similar to those of the Jews. A large number of portraits of Arabs of all classes and ranks, taken by French artists in Africa, show that the form of nose called Jewish is all but universal among them. The Jewish or Syrian nose is a commercial nose, and indicates worldly shrewdness, insight into character, and the ability to turn that insight to a profitable account. It is a scheming, planning nose in pecuniary affairs; and is noticed in persons who have accumulated large fortunes. None can fail but to appreciate the correctness of the foregoing definition.

THE COGITATIVE NOSE.

This nose is found among men of all pursuits, from the warrior to the peaceful theologian. Noticing it more particularly among the latter, Physiognomists were at one time inclined to call it the religious nose, but further observation convinced them that the term was too limited, and they were compelled to abandon it. They were next, from seeing it frequently among scientific men, disposed to call it the scientific nose, but this was found to be too confined also, as in the modern acceptation of the term it seemed to exclude the theologians, and it was moreover noticed to accompany other and very different

conditions of mind. It soon became manifest, however, that it was noticeable only among very first rate men (men of the very highest excellence in their several departments), and that search must be made for some common property of mind which, however, directed by other causes, would always lead to eminence. It appeared to them that this property was deep, close meditation, intense concentrated thought, eminently "cogitative" in fact, and therefore this term was adopted which permits to have included in it all serious thinkers, whatever the subject of their cogitations.

To entitle a nose to be cogitative, it should be above the medium and between the very full broad nose, and the sharp thin nose. The observation is to be confined to the parts *below* the bridge; what may be the properties of the breadth above the bridge we have not at present observed satisfactorily; but we have noticed persons in whom the part is broad to be constitutionally strong, and capable of immense physical endurance, whereas those in whom it is narrow and contracted are almost invariably weak, deficient in physical stamina and pre-inclined to consumption and diseases of the chest. The nose is the organ for breathing, although not generally recognised as such, and part of the complicated apparatus of that function being located in this part of the nose, by constant use causes it to become broader. As a general rule then, the further a nose departs from sharpness, in every point, the better.

We have said that minds of every bias are found accompanying cogitative noses, and this necessarily: for the tendency of the cogitations will be determined by the profile. Thus the cogitative acts in concert with the other

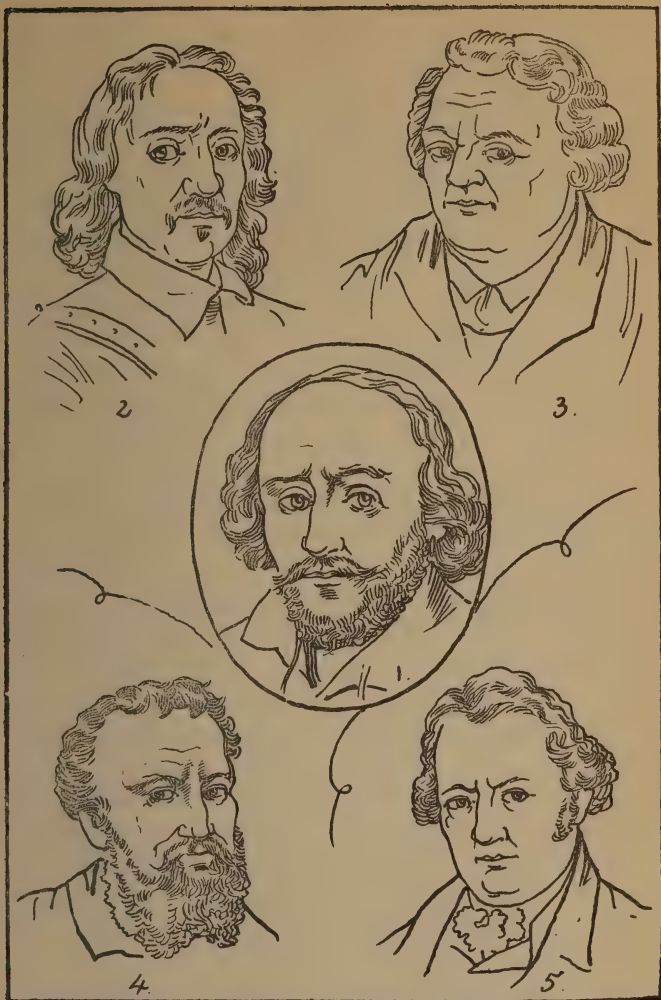


Plate 4.—The Cogitative Nose.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Shakespeare. | 2. Oliver Cromwell. |
| 3. Martin Luther. | 4. Michael Angelo. |
| 5. James Watt. | |

noses, making useful those qualities which would otherwise slumber unknown. The very best nose in profile may be utterly worthless from defect of breadth, for, as before observed, no talent is of any use without cogitative power, and every nose, having breadth as well as length (profile), must be submitted to the test of this class before a judgment is pronounced upon it. In the present brief sketch of the science, however, we shall not attempt to distinguish our instances under the heads of distinct profiles, as Roman-Cogitative, Grecian-Cogitative, &c., but class together all the compounds, partaking sufficiently of the cogitative form to entitle them to rank among Cogitative noses.

Theologians—Wickliffe, Luther, Cranmer, Tyndale, Fuller, Hall, Tillotson, Bunyan, Paley, Chalmers, Priestley, Wesley.

Scientific men—Jenner, Galileo, Watt, Bacon, Smeaton, Newton, Banks, Cartwright, Cuvier, Humboldt.

Poets and Painters.—Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Landseer.

Historians.—Camden, Clarendon, Burnet, Schlosser.

THE SNUB NOSE.

The fact that this is the nose of weakness and undevelopment, as we have shown it to be, precludes the possibility of it being through its own merits an historical nose. Such a flattened and shortened proboscis cannot in the nature of things, have made any legible mark on the records of the world's progress. Its wearers have never conquered realms and enslaved nations, like the owners of the royal Roman nose, or built magnificent temples and

adorned them with works of high art, like the Grecian nosed children of Genius.

A few personages who have accidentally, or by force of circumstances, become historical, however, have noses more or less snubbed. The following are all that occur to us at present :—George I., The Emperor Paul of Russia, and Rosciusko. Of these the last is the only one who has any claim to be called great ; and his nose, if a portrait of him in our possession be correct, was not so remarkably snubbed as some have represented. It was not however, a very strong nose, nor was he a man of very great force of character. With a Roman nose on her leader's face Poland might now have been free. Rosciusko's power was of a different order entirely. It was intense patriotism—love of home, country and friends—which impelled him forward, and his character is in entire accord with his nose, the latter being, not a Snub as generally supposed, but one in which the tip is distended, indicating warmth, activity, and a blind devotion to the cause he had at heart :—instinct and feeling rather than reason, governed his actions.

A Snub nose is to us a subject of most melancholy interest. We behold in it a proof of the degeneracy of the human race. We feel that such was not the shape of Adam's nose—the original type has been departed from—that the depravity of man's heart has extended itself to his features, which have ended in physical deformity and debasement having been sown broadcast upon the sons of men.

THE CELESTIAL NOSE.

Add somewhat to the length of the Snub, and give it a



Plate 5.

1. Emperor Paul. (Snub nose.)
3 & 4. Celestial noses.

2. Snub nose.
5. Childish nose.

6. Precocious nose.

turn upward and you have the celestial nose, *le nez retroussé* of the French. It is the exact converse of a Jewish nose, being concave where the latter is convex. The noses of women often have this incurvation, and such noses in the fair sex are not without their ardent admirers. The celestial may be defined as the enquiring nose. It serves as a perpetual interrogation point. In little children the snub and celestial noses are beautiful, because congruous with our ideas of the weakness and ductility of childhood. For the same reason we do not find them without their charm in woman, whom we are not displeased to have more or less dependent upon us for protection. This nose must not be confounded with noses of the other classes, which simply turn up a little at the end. The true celestial presents a continuous concavity from the root to the tip.

Although the celestial nose denotes in children and women a charming piquancy combined with youth and innocence of nature, it must not be confounded with what we will style the "Inquisitive" nose hereafter. It is a healthy sign when little children possess Snub noses; it is the reverse of that forced greenhouse precocity which characterises those children who possess more clearly defined noses.

THE APPREHENSIVE NOSE.

The best and most beautiful noses, as we have seen are one third of the length of the face. Many noses depart, some in the one way and some in the other, from this proportion. Some are relatively too long and others are relatively too short. The character varies correspondingly.

The perpendicular length of the nose from the root

downward (Fig. 1, a. b., Plate 6) indicates, according to Dr. Redfield, the quality of *apprehension*. The term, however, very imperfectly expresses the nature of the faculty to which it is applied. It imparts, when fully developed, not only a quick apprehension, which (acting with cautiousness) keeps one on the alert and constantly looking out for "breakers ahead," but it gives also, perhaps partly through its action upon other faculties, a deep insight into character and a forecast that anticipates the events of the future and the intentions of men, in a practical and material sort of way. Perverted, it makes a person in the highest degree suspicious and distrustful of the motives and intentions of others. An undue downward extension of the nose, caused by an excessive development of apprehension, forms what has been called

THE MELANCHOLY NOSE (Figs. 1 & 2, Plate 7).

which indicates a tendency to despondency and dark forebodings of the future. A person with this excessively elongated nasal protuberance is liable to be unnecessarily fearful of dangers (often imaginary), and to make himself miserable by "borrowing troubles" and indulging in "the blues." With such persons the future is allowed to overshadow and darken the present, as with a cloud of sorrow. Calvin, John Knox, Bishop Gardiner, Spenser, and Dante had noses of this character. The melancholy nose is often seen among clergymen who dwell more on fear than hope in their discourses.

THE INQUISITIVE NOSE.

The horizontal length of the nose from the lip outward

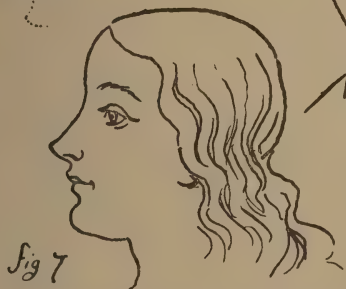
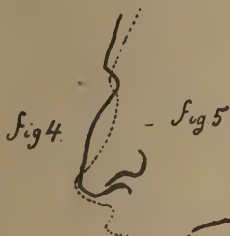
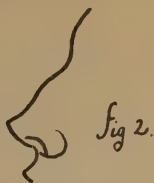
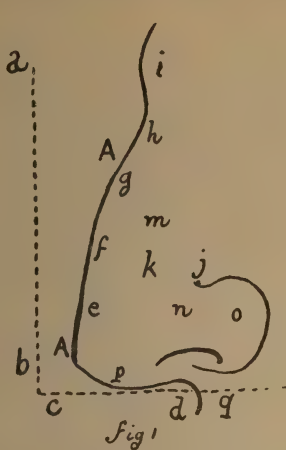


Plate 6.

(Fig. 1 c. d., Plate 6) indicates the faculty of inquisitiveness. When apprehension is small, and this faculty large, the nose is inclined to turn up (Fig. 2, Plate 6), as it often does in children who are very inquisitive but have in general very little apprehension. In adults this form of nose is associated with a transparent and somewhat indiscreet character, liable to commit serious blunders. With a lack of the Cogitative, it acts impulsively, and has an insufficiency of self-control; and with a lack of the Roman, is without stability and perseverance.

Persons with this sign large ask a good many questions, and take great pains to draw people out and to get possession of their secrets. They have "inquiring minds," and are continually in close pursuit of knowledge of all kinds. Detectives who are engaged in ferretting out offenders against the laws and bringing to light deeds of darkness, develop this sign largely. It is also supposed to give a disposition to dig in the earth in search of treasures or of food, and in co-operation with acquisitiveness to give a sordid disposition of mind.

Where both apprehension and inquisitiveness are large—the one striving to extend the nose perpendicularly, and the other pushing it out horizontally—there sometimes occurs a thickening at the end of the nasal organ forming what is called a "bottle-nose" (Fig. 3, Plate 6).

A similar configuration, however, sometimes indicates a too familiar acquaintance with the article which the name suggests; in which case, however, the *complexion* is very different. We find in Shakespeare the following illustration of

A TOPER'S NOSE (Fig. 6, Plate 7).

The inimitable Falstaff says to his follower Bardolph:—

“When thou ran’st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there’s no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good and cheap at the dearest chandler’s shop in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time for these two and thirty years ; Heaven reward me for it !”

COMBATIVE NOSES.

Prominence of the nose undoubtedly indicates strength, energy, power—full manly development. Prominent noses are of several different forms, depending upon the relative development of different portions of the ridge. In all of them we find indications of a disposition to fight, contend, dispute, argue, or in some form or under some circumstances to manifest combativeness. According to Dr. Redfield, combativeness has three forms of manifestation, or more properly speaking there are three combative faculties : 1, Self defence ; 2, Relative defence ; and 3, Attack.

Adopting in the main Dr. Redfield’s views as at least plausible and worthy to be placed here and put to the test of careful observation, we arrange the combative noses in three classes :

1. The Defensive Nose.
2. The Irritable Nose.
3. The Aggressive Nose.

THE DEFENSIVE NOSE.

The sign of self defence is the breadth or anterior

projection of the nose just above the tip (fig. 1, e., Plate 6) caused by the prominence of the nasal bone at that point. This faculty manifests itself in a disposition to stand on the defensive. It does not "carry the war into Africa" but being always ready for a fight, sometimes considers itself attacked when it is not. A person with this sign large, likes to be on the opposite side; is inclined to contradict; loves argument; is easily provoked; and does not like to be elbowed, crowded, leaned upon, or interfered with in any way. You may read *moli me tangere* (touch me not) on his nose. On his own ground he will fight to the death, and in argument is pretty sure to have the last word.

Its natural manifestation finds expression in the adoption of the adage "in peace prepare for war," in standing armies, forts, arsenels, &c., and in a defensive attitude generally.

THE IRRITABLE NOSE.

The faculty of *Relative Defence* or the disposition to defend others, is indicated on the ridge of the nose above Self Defence, or about the middle (fig. 1 f., Plate 6). It manifests itself in the defence of kindred, friends, home and country. With this sign large, a person is disposed to espouse the cause of others, especially the weak and defenceless; to defend his family, friends and native land; to resist every encroachment upon the rights of the people; and to receive the hardest blows rather than to allow them to fall upon anyone whose champion he feels called upon to be.

In the nervous temperament and especially in a disordered state of the system, the action of this faculty is apt to lead to fretfulness and irritability. Its large development in our national character and our constitutional

excitability makes us an irritable and touchy people, very readily thrown into a defensive attitude by any attempt to over-ride the "Monroe Doctrine," or interfere with our neighbours.

To illustrate the sign of this faculty in the lower animals, we may take the horse. A prominence in the middle part of the ridge of the nose as seen in the places marked x in fig. 4, Plate 7, indicates a deal of irritability, a disposition to fret and chafe in the harness. The action of the faculty throws the head slightly upwards. It is very strong in the camel in which the large sign in the nose and the position of the head agree.

THE AGGRESSIVE NOSE.

Next above the sign of relative defence on the ridge of the nose and indicated in the same way is that of *attack*, (fig. 1 g., Plate 6). It may be seen very largely developed in the nose of Otho the Great, as represented in 5 of Plate 7.

Persons in whom the faculty of attack is largely developed and active, are disposed to take the offensive—to become the attacking party, to carry the war into the enemy's country,—are aggressive, provoking and vexatious; and are not always willing to allow others to remain in quiet enjoyment of their opinions or possessions.

CONTRASTED NOSES.

The Jewish, which is also strictly a combative nose, receiving its peculiar form principally from an extraordinary development of the sign of Apprehension with relatively smaller Inquisitiveness, which gives it a downward and inward tendency at the end. Its dominant commercialism is indicated in its breadth.

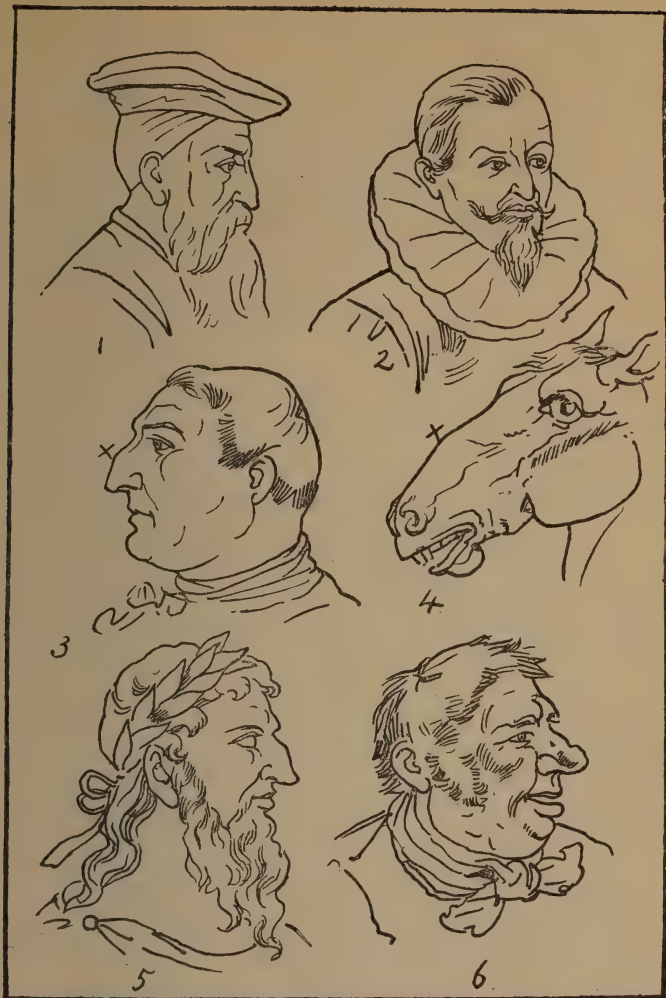


Plate 7.

MELANCHOLY NOSES.
1. Bishop Gardiner.
2. Edmund Spenser.

3 & 4. Irritable Noses.
5. Aggressive Nose.—Otho the Great.
6. Bottle Nose.—A Tooper.

The lack of executive force and sometimes the intrusive inquisitiveness manifested by celestial nosed people, is clearly explained by the form of the nose, which is shown in fig. 4, Plate 6, is clearly the opposite of the Jewish. The signs of the combative faculties, and especially of the Relative Defence, are deficient, while Inquisitiveness is relatively large.

THE TASTEFUL NOSE.

The three combative faculties self-defence, relative defence, and attack, when relatively large, give a prominence to that portion of the ridge of the nose occupied by their signs, but leave a marked depression just below the root, thus forming what we have called the combative nose, the Roman, and its modifications.

Unlike this, the Grecian nose continues the line of the forehead with only a slight indentation at most to mark the transition from the one to the other. Dr. Redfield locates the signs of two faculties, architecture (Fig. 1 h.) and memory of names (Fig. 1 i.)

He says "The taste and talent for architecture displayed by the ancient Grecians is indicated by this feature, which has given the name of the Grecian nose, as the signs of attack and relative defence for which the Romans were remarkable have given the name of Roman nose.

The great fondness of the Greeks for architectural display, and particularly for columns, also favours Dr. Redfield's views. The nose itself, we may add, not inaptly represents a column, on which seems to rest the grand dome of the cranium, the palace of the soul (see Fig. 5 of the same Plate).

With us, however, the question of the exact indications of this sign is yet an open one ; but, having examined all the busts and portraits within our reach, consulted history and biography, analyzed closely the dispositions of all our acquaintances whose noses approach that classic form, we are convinced that, whether because the Grecian nose indicates all its qualities or because other signs which do indicate them, are always associated with that nose, Greek-nosed persons universally have the character we have attributed to them in a previous section, are noted for natural refinement and love for the beautiful, and possess elegant tastes generally. Look again at our list of Greek-nosed celebrities whose characters and tastes are well-known.

THE ACQUISITIVE NOSE.

The sign of *love of gain*, or acquisitiveness, is the thickness of the nose above the rising and opposite to self-defence (Fig. 1 j, Plate 6.) The Jewish nose when seen in front generally shows it large. The Arab and the Negro also have a full development of it. Observe in Fig. 6 of the same Plate a portrait of Girard, who died a millionaire, the correspondence between the facial sign and the phrenological organ. The head is very broad, it will be seen from side to side in the region of acquisitiveness.

The love of gain being one of the strongest passions of our nature, co-operates with the combative or executive faculties, indicated in the ridge of the nose, in giving energy or force to the character. When in excess, and not adequately restrained by the moral faculties, it may lead to a grasping, over-reaching miserly disposition.

FEMININE NOSES.

The commentators have a curious difficulty with a line

of Catullus. They cannot make out with certainty whether he wrote—

“*Salve nec nimio puella naso,*”

Hail damsel with by no means too much nose, or

“*Salve nec minimo puella naso,*”

Hail damsel with by no means nose too little.

It matters not, however, what Catullus wrote. It is certain that women at the present day have “by no means too much nose,” although we find this organ in its feminine form so captivating, that we seldom have the heart to wish it more prominent, lest it might become at the same time more aggressive, less refined, and less interesting. It is said, generally speaking, that the lack of character in women is sufficiently accounted for by the lack of nasal development; but the statement is, of course, not to be taken in an absolute and literal sense in either form. It is true, however, be the cause what it may, that as a general rule the noses of women are less developed than those of men,—that is they depart less from the rudimental form common to both sexes in childhood. Doubtless the higher culture and more extended sphere that woman is now claiming, and to some extent receiving, will modify in no small degree this index of character. In the meantime we thankfully take women and their noses as we find them. A common form of feminine nose suggesting the beautiful and innocent state of the mind may be seen pictorially represented in fig. 7, Plate 6.

POPULAR NOSES OF MODERN CELEBRITY.

We could not do better in closing this small work than

give a tangible proof of its contents by presenting the reader with a few noses well known to the people of the present age. We do not say too much when we assert that the combinations in the different noses, in no small degree serve to indicate the character and the tastes of the persons criticized.

To begin then at once, we contrast the noses of Gladstone and the Earl of Beaconsfield. In Gladstone (see 1 in the annexed plate) the Roman is predominating. He has a Combative nose indicating the highest powers of self defence of principle. Viewing the profile generally, the forehead and nose are seen to take the same direction, a characteristic of the Grecian nose: this, with the undulating appearance of the nose itself, indicates a combination of the elements of both the Roman and the Grecian; viewed in front, it would be found to be broad in every part, thus proving to be a nose of the highest possible type. In Beaconsfield we find a Jewish nose of a refined and subtle kind. The acquisitiveness which brought him wealth and honours is here plainly depicted. It is a clearly defined nose, but with rather less of the Roman element than Gladstone's. Although more brilliant, he was inferior to Gladstone as a debater. (See 2 in the Plate.)

We contrast secondly the noses of the Duke of Connaught and his wife the Duchess. The contrast is striking and is again verified by the well known characteristics of both illustrious personages. The Duke has a marked degree of the Roman though of a more refined and not so powerful a nature as that exemplified in the nose of the Premier. The Duchess' nose is eminently feminine. It is a nose slightly tip-tilted, showing the possessor to be more

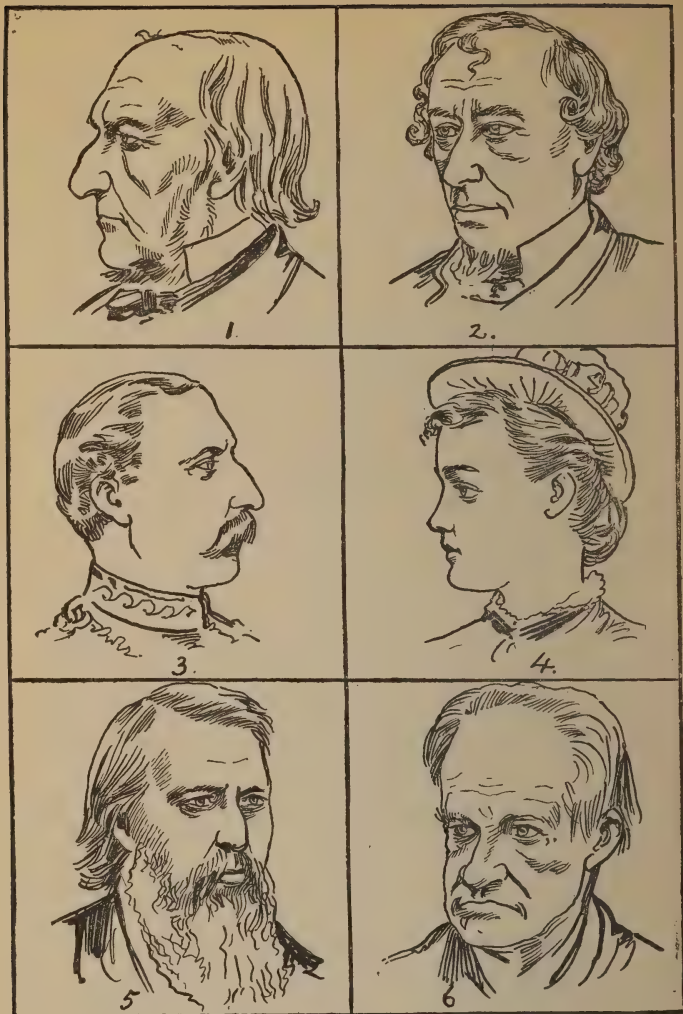


Plate 8.—Modern Noses.

1. Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

3. Duke of Connaught.

5. J. B. Gough, (Temperance Orator)

2. The late Earl Beaconsfield.

4. Duchess of Connaught.

6. Charles Peace, (Murderer.)

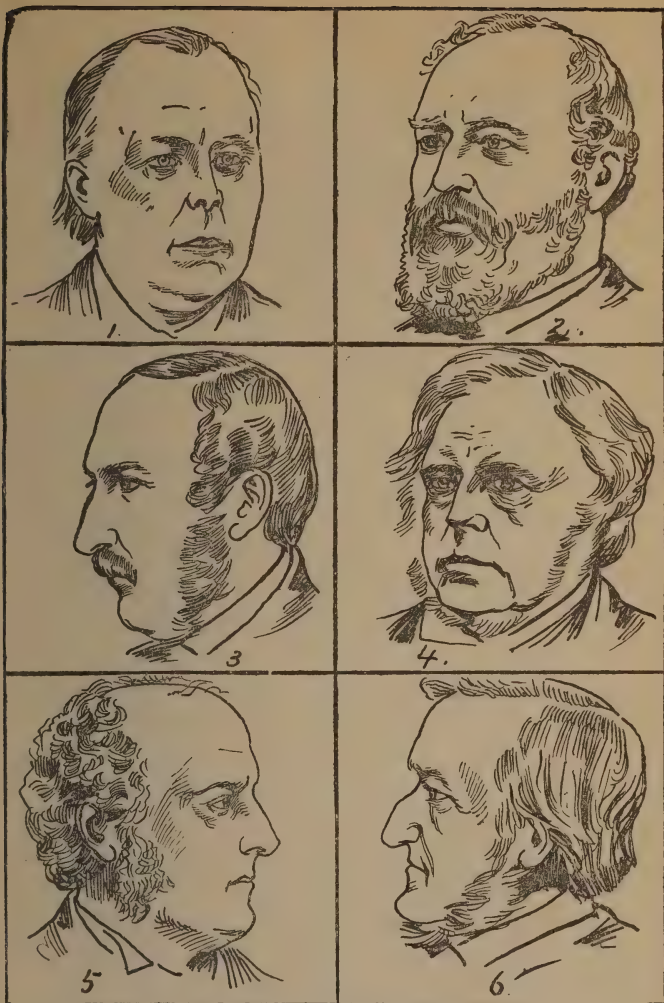


Plate 9.—Modern Noses.

1. Charles Bradlaugh.
3. Prince Consort.
5. J. E. Millais.

2. President Garfield.
4. John Bright.
6. Richard Wagner.

known and loved for a sweet and gentle grace, and a retired and unobtrusive manner, than for great brilliancy and accomplishment.

In Gough (5) the great temperance advocate, we find the predominating quality of the nose to be Roman ; showing him to be of a vigorous and strong nature. A nature which can control and hold in bondage the feelings of his listeners.

In No. 6, we have again a nose strongly contrasting in character with that of the organ last named. It is a Cogitative nose indicating great thought, which in this character has assumed the form of plotting and scheming. It is quite in keeping with the general form of the head ; denoting great power and ugliness. It is a perverted nose. The qualities of Charles Peace are well known and none will dispute that the nose is quite in harmony with the remainder of the physiognomy and through that with the man's well known character.

In the next Plate we have the nose of Charles Bradlaugh (1) contrasted with that of President Garfield (2).

We find in the general outline of the former face a striking resemblance to the bull-dog, nor is the nose excluded from this comparison. It may not appear, from the front view of the face of Bradlaugh, but it is nevertheless a fact, and we speak from our own personal observation of the man himself, that the bridge of his nose is strongly marked and prominent. The nose denotes more tenacity than power or character. It is a strong nose, but small in proportion to the length of the face. This gives a great determination without so full a share of real character or nobility indicated by the purely Roman nose.

In Garfield we have the reverse. His is a beautiful nose,

possessing the strongest element of the Roman nose. It indicates a strong determination to conquer; but the perfection and beauty of the organ indicate that he would conquer in the cause of right, and that which elevates and not degrades the human race, which latter is the tendency of the teachings of such men as Charles Bradlaugh.

No. 3 is the face of the late Prince Albert. His is a powerful as well as a beautiful nose. It is a Grecian-Roman nose. It indicates strength as well as great refinement, and being harmoniously wide is also the nose of a thinker.

In John Bright's nose we must not simply consider the length, but the breadth at the tip as well as the breadth in the region of the bridge of the nose. It does not follow that because a nose is long it is a powerful nose,—no—the whole shape and substance of the nose must be relatively valued. Bright's is a cogitative nose and having a disposition to be straight with the forehead, is far removed from being an aggressive nose. Its width, both at the bridge and the wings denotes power and judgment of the highest order, but not having the power of apprehension (represented by the length of the tip) of Gladstone's, Beaconsfield's, and Garfield's, its owner is less skilful as a leader of men, failing at times to perceive their real motives, thus allowing too great an amount of liberty and freedom to those who are likely to abuse it.

The nose of J. E. Millais, R.A., (No. 5,) is nearly Grecian. It is a finely chiselled nose, and indicates more taste and refinement than physical force or combativeness.

The nose of Richard Wagner is a Jewish nose of the highest type. Those who have seen a front view of his face will know that it is full and wide as well as aquiline.



Plate 10.—Modern Noses.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. George Eliot. | 2. Henry Irving. |
| 3. Princess Louise. | 4. Harry Benson, (Turf Swindler) |
| 5. Prince Bismarck. | 6. Prince Imperial. |

The history of Wagner's life, his friendship with the King, and the great generalship and shrewdness which characterized his movements in different countries, and made his name as familiar as a household word, show that the Jewish character which leads to success and aggrandisement was not wanting with him. Like Offenbach, whose nose is of an exactly similar type, he had the character to bring his talents before the public, and reap the benefit therefrom, in spite of the most adverse circumstances.

On the last Plate we contrast, 1 and 2, the noses of George Eliot, the well-known authoress, and Henry Irving, the actor. George Eliot's nose is more the nose of a Roman general or a great leader than that of a woman. And so she is known to the world under a male *nom de plume*, and her writings are eminently masculine and vigorous in their character.

The nose of Henry Irving, on the other hand, is more like that of a talented woman. It is thin, long, and finely chiselled. An eminently intelligent and comprehensive nose, but one denoting not so much force and real manliness as the one previously mentioned.

The nose of the Princess Louise (3) is inclined to be Grecian. It is slightly tip-tilted; this undoubtedly imparts to her Royal Highness a little of truly feminine weakness and docility for which she is noted. No. 4 shows us the nose of Harry Benson, the notorious turf swindler. It is a strongly developed Jewish nose. Had he directed his talents to honest means of making money his efforts would have been equally successful.

The noses of Prince Bismarck and the Prince Imperial show a great contrast (5 & 6). The Prince Imperial's nose is

longer and yet infinitely the weaker nose of the two. The bridge of the nose is only moderately prominent, whereas Prince Bismarck's is strongly developed. The cogitative indicated in that of the German Statesman is also vastly superior to the more delicate and beautiful forms seen in that of the unfortunate young French Prince.



SWEETHEARTS ;

AND

HOW TO READ THEIR CHARACTERS,

*By the aid of Phrenology, Physiognomy, and the various habits
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A LECTURE

BY

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Illustrated with full page Original Drawings by Fritz Braun.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

LONDON :

GUSTAVUS COHEN, 59, GREAT RUSSELL ST., BLOOMSBURY
MANCHESTER :

JOHN HEYWOOD, DEANS GATE.

1883.

SWEETHEARTS;

AND

How to Read their Characters.

IT is not unlikely that some people upon reading the title of this little work may imagine that I have chosen this subject merely to attract, to amuse or to provoke laughter and merriment. Not at all. The subject I have chosen is the most serious that any moral teacher may either speak or write upon. The future of every country; the happiness and prosperity of the coming generation depend entirely upon the characters of the men and women who unite in matrimony, and the nature of their courtship is but as an index to the book of their married life. But in entering upon my subject at once let me raise a warning voice against early and thoughtless marriages. The marriages of children. It is not in childhood that any individual should think of choosing a companion, and the ostensible object of courtship is the choice of a life companion. For no other object should any intercourse having the appearance of courtship be permitted or indulged in. It is a species of high-handed fraud upon an unsuspecting heart, worthy of the heaviest penalties of

public opinion or law. The affections are too tender and sacred to be trifled with. He who does it is a wretch. He should be ranked among thieves, robbers, villains, and murderers. He who steals money steals trash ; but he who steals affections without a return of similar affections, steals that which is dearer than life and more precious than wealth. His theft is a robbery of the heart. How are children, or youths not of age capable of choosing companions for life, such as shall render their married life their greatest earthly blessing, as it should ? The law regards them as incapable of taking care of themselves, of making civil contracts, because of their want of wisdom. How then can they be capable of contracting for a companion for life ? and forming a contract, too, requiring as much wisdom, insight into character, knowledge of human nature, and as great a use of real judgment, as any act we have to perform in our whole life ? All such early courtships are haphazard alliances, and the resultant marriages are lotteries. This fact is incontrovertible. No girl under eighteen or boy under twenty is capable of choosing a companion with any degree of certainty, who will be such a one as they shall want in all the stern realities of life. It is high time that strong voices should be raised ; that strong hearts and hands should combine in quelling the pernicious system of juvenile street courtship, which in all its loud and lewd vulgarity disgraces our public thoroughfares nightly, and brings miseries untold upon its ultimate unfortunate victims ; the silly girls who barter away their maidenhood and modesty—all they have in this life by their careless intercourse with would-be young men, with vain, empty-headed, and conceited lads, unable and

unfitted in every way themselves to walk this life alone and unprotected, without seeking to drag a young woman into the unwholesome routine of their lives. But let us trace a case which is only one from what has become a baneful institution. Here we have a boy of eighteen, an unfortunate lad, the chief attractions of whose daily life have hitherto been centred in the consumption of fourpenny ale and penny cigars, and whose passions having now become too strong to be sated simply by these petty vices and being unchecked by higher moral or religious sentiments of any description, have broken through the barriers of common sense and induced him to contract an acquaintance, which has developed into the street courtship above mentioned. Yes, he is actually "courting a gal!" And who is the fortunate companion of his choice? A silly simpering servant girl or factory lass of fifteen or sixteen, who has been in the habit on Saturday nights or Sundays out, of ogling the debauched young fellows to be seen hanging about the doors of public-houses. She has dressed herself up in tawdry finery; large feathers and plenty of brass bracelets and a brass locket, and there equipped and garnished by her natural impudent sauciness, she has succeeded in securing the attentions of a seedy-looking street-lad, who, in order to still further impress her with his own importance has invested part of his meagre earnings in the purchase of a Birmingham jewellery watch-guard with an immense pendant; altogether inadequate to deceive even an ordinary eye. Who has not seen them walking together in an unseemly attitude, he with his one arm thrown round her waist, and his other hand tainting the air with a poisonous penny weed; while she has her one hand



JUVENILE STREET COURTSHIP.

1. Promenading the public thoroughfare. 2. Happy (?) hours in the Music-hall. 3. Such a lark!—seeing him home. 4. Rollicking home in the morning. 5. Wedding orgies. 6. Crime. 7. Forsaken.

on his shoulder and the other drawing back her pretentious and flouncey robe? Can we forget the sad spectacle of his leering debauched and unwholesome looking baby face? There is no character there! there is no manliness in his appearance or action. That loud coarse laugh, that tongue with its low and depraved sayings only appals and disgusts the sensitive and rightly-thinking passer-by, and should doubly-shock any respectable young girl, no matter how poor or humble her position might be. But no! Unfortunately the girl is as bad and debased as he is. Poor mistaken creature; her loud and shrill screams disturb the quiet street nightly. Alas! that vain and frivolous laughter will in a few years have departed for ever and given way to the sad moan of a poverty-stricken and broken-hearted wife and mother! Naturally the chief rendezvous of their courtship is the music-hall, where they both familiarize themselves with the latest objectionable song introduced by the so-called "lions." But of course, these aristocratic entertainments are expensive and reserved for Saturday nights, when he lavishly beggars himself by parting with his last hardly-earned and ill-spared few shillings. How they will sit together at the dirty little tables in the body of the hall and lovingly entwined suck their inferior liquor from the same glass. Ugh! the odours from a hundred dirty pipes fill the atmosphere of this den of vice and misery. O, the low and detestable music-hall! How many a young mind amid this paltry and abandoned glitter—the disreputable female dancers, and the foul-mouthed comedians, is filled with the vilest passions! Passions which have dragged many and many a lost young soul to a grave of shame! But one picture is sadder than the

other. How often has that girl not been compelled to "bring her young man to his lodgings" in a state of beastly intoxication? Oh—she would think nothing of that! Perhaps only characterize it as "a lark." But when he becomes her husband—when he starves her and her children, and beats her in his drunken frenzy, where will be the "lark" of the old days then? and yet she should have known that a drunken lover will make a brutal, wretched, and drunken husband. Unfortunately, however, in her silly thoughtlessness she encourages him in his debaucheries. You may meet them on a holiday returning from the fair at an early morning hour. He will of course be half-drunk and probably have rendered his besotted appearance still more picturesque by wearing her hat with the large untidy feathers, while she in compliment will have his shabby old billy-cock set jauntily on one side of her head. His hands are wandering dubiously over the keys of a two-and-sixpenny concertina, his latest investment; whilst the beery intonation of his voice—now become incoherent, is raised in an unseemly imitation of some loud street song, and of course her shrill voice must blend in the discord. Thus the days fly by until by an almost superhuman effort on his part the acquaintance is terminated by a marriage. The whole courtship has been like an unsound and drunken dream, and so the marriage itself is like a hideous nightmare. The courtship appears to have been watched and officiated over by the devil, and so he appears to be prominently present at the celebration of the nuptials. The bridegroom becomes tipsy, and the whole festivities which should be kept pure and holy on the most important and solemn occasion of the lives of two young people, are

only a drunken and shameful orgy. But the sad story is not yet told. It is only after the marriage that the hollow and wicked nature of their alliance reveals itself. His youthful passion is soon sated, and the love which was lust, and nothing more, having at last been glutted leaves him more wretched and forlorn in his married misery, than ever he was in his bachelor debaucheries. Such a connection cannot last long. He forsakes her, wanders into crime, and is at last taken to become the wretched denizen of a solitary dungeon, to brood over the dark track of a youthful life squandered and mis-spent. And what has become of her, the thoughtless gadfly of an abandoned hour? She is cast upon the world—a wretched waif—and alone. Ah no—would that it were so! A poor feeble sickly babe is the only thing that still reminds her of her married life. But what matter? Maybe she dies in a gutter and her babe is reared in the workhouse. There are dark and ghastly objects with female raiments clinging about them, drawn daily from the depths of our rivers and canals; and not a few of them are the wretched victims of a loose marriage, who in the dark and starless night of their despair have jumped into eternity, with nothing but the black mantle of their sin and shame to cover them on their approach to the unseen world! The case just cited is not one alone—it is one out of a hundred thousand of a similar nature. I would that the poor working girls and the poor lads whose whole happiness, whose whole earthly future depends upon the work of their hands, not less than upon the state of their hearts, would take a lesson from the evils abounding upon all sides, and lead godly and just lives and, when the time comes, contract a godly and christian union, which no

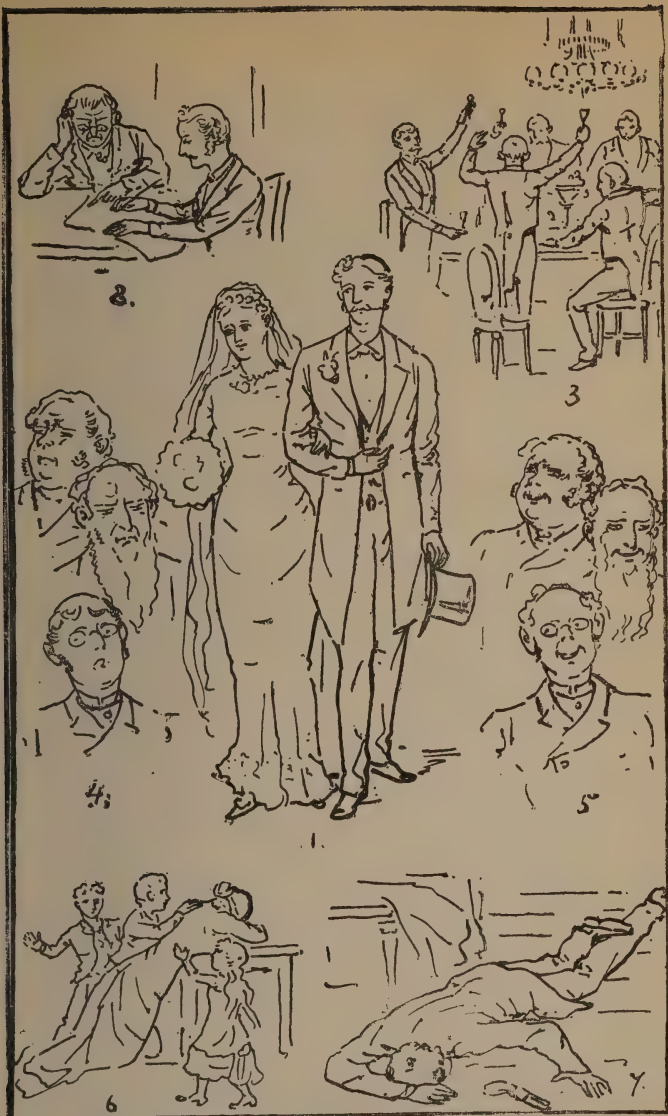
matter how humble their circumstances may be, will shower blessings upon them and their children.

Let us look for a few minutes at the opinions many young people really entertain on the subject of marriage. To do so we need not glance at the novels they read, or at the love sonnets they pretend to admire ; such may embody ideas which they fancy they reciprocate ; but are not those which they act out in real life. For instance, we might find a young lady reading with ardour some trashy novel, relating the romantic episodes in the lives of two fond hearts that beat as one, whilst she fancies her own soul leaps forth in sympathetic joy, when one Lord Augustus Cecil exclaims to the supernaturally beautiful Lady Clara—"O, that the translucent heavens would reveal to thee my nightly watchings beneath the shadows of thy father's Lordly mansion ;—O, that yon bright luminaries would on their silvery wings breathe to thee the love that gushes from the fountains of my heart !" &c., &c. And whilst that young lady waits impatiently for a week to learn the reply of the lovely Lady Clara, which is promised "to be continued in our next" she looks down with disdain upon the covert but evident overtures of young Harry Jones, the Tailor's Apprentice ; who would in time have made her a really excellent husband. Again, the young gentleman, who devotes his working hours to the humble but necessary duties of a law copyist and who gives his moments of intellectual vacuity to the torturing of a shadowy moustache, may in intervals of ecstatic rapture compose a tragic distich relative to a resolution he would take in case of a blight falling on his youthful affections. Yet, in the case of the young lady first mentioned, it will

be found that she will condescend to flirt with a brainless and unprincipled young man, who wears an eye-glass like the said Lord Augustus ; and the law-clerk may be found aspiring to the hand of a rich heiress, who has not as yet been made conscious of his existence. The future of both of these two lovers may be easily predicted. The young lady will probably marry a shop-assistant, and develop an alarming and expensive taste for bottled stout, whilst the young gentleman will take to a course of dissipation, as a revenge on society generally, and end by marrying a barmaid.

Let us look briefly at a few of the many causes of unhappy marriages. Amongst these there is nothing more destructive of all that is sacred and lovely in the martial relationship than the wanton flippancy with which the whole matter is frequently treated in England during courtship. If there are glimpses in the horizon of black clouds it is thought ridiculous to make troubles of things that seem so far ahead. If the young gentleman is intemperate occasionally, he is thought pleasantly to be merely sowing his wild oats ;—he will be sure to give up gay companions and irregular habits when he has a wife at home. If the young lady is fond of dress and display, courts admiration from everybody, laughs loudly in company without much apparent cause ; if her conversation is spiced with a little scandal, and weighted with operatics, theatricals, novel reading, dancing and Paris fashions, the proud Adonis thinks merely of her fine figure and grand air ; imagines how she will set off a drawing-room or figure by his side in the stalls of the theatre. It is a showy courtship ending in a showy marriage, a hollow appearance of grandeur for a brief period, then exposure, shame and ruin.

The young gentleman is fresh from College, his gay life has already heavily handicapped his income, but his flippant and thoughtless nature prevents him from bestowing much thought upon the future. He moves in what is vaguely known as "good society" and makes the acquaintance of a fashionable young lady. Her father has money, and his first mistake is to be deceived by the empty pomp and show of her parental abode, into thinking that her dowry will be very considerable, in fact marriage will just "square up" his somewhat questionable circumstances nicely. He does the gallant. Pretends to be fabulously rich, buys the engagement ring and still further secures her affection by bestowing upon her costly presents which he can ill afford. It is all a sham. The marriage must be grand, and the last penny is vested on the handsome home which is to belong to the happy pair. Trouble begins immediately after marriage, that silent gnawing trouble which his proud spirit will conceal from the world to the very last. He has gathered satellites about him, insincere flatterers who dine at his board, drink his wine and call him a very good fellow. He is compelled to sign a bill of sale and shortly afterwards "the ruin" follows. The friends (?) who have so often tasted of his hospitality, who in his sunny days have pledged him their eternal friendship, not only refuse to assist him in his distress, but actually sneer at him, and become the publishers of his shame. Who can describe the anguish of the wife and children. Brought up in luxury and refinement, dependance and beggary for herself and her offspring, have fallen to her bitter lot. And what of him? Grown desperate by circumstances, and his proud heart being too weak to boldly face trouble and conquer the



A "FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE."

1. The Bride and Bridegroom. 2. Signing a bill of sale. 3. The thoughtless hours. 5. Friends (?) before the ruin. 4. Friends after the ruin. 6. The victims. 7. The suicide.

demon who has laid him low, he seeks retirement and in remorseful despair—ends his life—by suicide.

Here we have another oft recurring episode—sad and tragic as it may be, of every-day life. And how refreshing it is to turn from this dark picture to the story of the love, the courtship and the marriage of a great and good man, and we may cite many of them. Their progress has been a natural growth, and the natural result of affections well-planted, and a pure and holy love which had only dawned in courtship and bloomed and flourished to the end of life itself. Here we have a young man the hardships of whose boy-hood have give him a noble character. He has conquered temptation and evil, and at last in the spring time of a hardy manhood he meets a maiden whom he loves strongly and unselfishly from his whole heart. Their love has not been sudden—an effervescent and as rapidly exploded love at first sight—no, it also has grown, and because it has been gradual in its development, has attained a hardy durability which has made it last a life time. His courtship has not become a disease that has interfered with his employment and left his pockets emptier. It has become an incentive to labour—an elevating influence which has become the beacon of ultimate success. Some years have passed and their attachment is warmer than ever, and finally consummated in marriage. They start in a small but comfortable home. It is their own, and they have yet money to spare. Happy and healthy children soon bloom around the domestic hearth, and the true and unrivalled happiness of married life is revealed to them. And they too have friends but different to those of the gay young profligate whose story we have previously related

Their friends are not reckless and unprincipled debauchees and unprincipled usurers. The grave faces of kindly old gentlemen, the love-inspiring countenance of their pastor and certain good old motherly ladies occasionally frequent their house. The wife cheers the husband in his daily toil. His spare hours are spent in study, and almost imperceptibly success attends his every movement. Sunlight falls upon the threshold of his home. His fellow-townsmen invest him with well-won honours ; and his well-won riches are a boon to the needy and a blessing to his native place. He dies, and many and sincere are the mourners that follow him to his last resting place.

I have often been asked to state a definite age at which persons may marry. Let me, however, say that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line and say, "At such an age you may cross, but woe to you if you cross earlier!" The only answer I can give to the question—"When is it proper to marry?" is this: "*When you are qualified.*" But what does this mean? It means for a young woman that she should be perfectly healthy in body and mind ; skilful and accomplished in domestic affairs and home duties ; fond of children and able to nurse them ; that she should have a character and be endowed with a large share of practical wisdom and common sense ; and, lastly, that she should have a companion adapted to her temperament and constitution.

For a young gentleman "to be qualified" means that he should have a healthy and robust constitution ; that he should have a trade, profession, or business in his hands at which he is thoroughly competent ; that he should have a manly and dignified character, and be capable of contending



A "TRUE LOVE" COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

1. The trysting-place. 2. The small home. 3. Earnest study.
4. The happy children. 5. The faces of true friends. 6. Progress.
7. Wealth.

with the difficulties of life ; that he shall have been prudent and thrifty in his youth so as to be able to furnish a comfortable home of his own without falling a prey to the money lending vultures who profess to be such kind friends to young people just starting in life ; and, lastly, that he should have a companion adapted to his constitution and temperament, one who is willing to share the trials and troubles of life with him. Married life is too serious a state to enter without first considering it practically. Don't be in too great a hurry to enter it, nor hesitate too long.

In considering the different causes which as it were promote marriage at the present time, we must be struck by the many marriages which are nothing but mere cold-blooded financial transactions. Marriage for money is a common and disastrous incentive to matrimonial alliances which can result in nothing but ultimate misery to both parties concerned. I am not against marrying for money when the sordid feeling is counterbalanced by a genuine love also. Often the wife is a sufficient fortune in herself ; but nevertheless, when it is possible, the husband, who may be an honest, struggling and laborious man, has a right to hope for pecuniary aid. A thorough jewess, for instance, in whatever circumstances of life, would think herself disgraced, if she could not bestow upon her husband a dowry however small. Ladies who possess property which is in their power to bestow on the husband, are in the midst of dangers which they seldom fully realise. Money got by marriage easily comes and easily goes, and when the money is gone the love, if there was any, has flown also. Truly the hymeneal altar is sometimes the scene of pitiable spectacles. What sight more degrading to manhood and

humanity then to see a gay young fop, in the May-day of overbearing youth leading his bride, a foolish and deceived old heiress almost in her dotage, down the sacred aisle. Such a scene was witnessed when one of the most prominent lady-philanthropists England has ever had, despoiled her career of its closing charms by bestowing her simpering old age into the keeping of a shallow and scheming young braggadocio. But such instances are common in daily life. It is shameful to think of how a pert young money-seeker may by lie, falsehood and hypocrisy, circumvent and deceive the somewhat withered affections of some rich old maid. How he has sold his honour and manhood for a lump sum of money. And what follows the hollow mockeries of the honeymoon? The ancient spouse follows her young husband like a hawk after its prey, and she soon discovers ample cause for jealousy. The unprincipled young vagabond who has deceived her, makes use of her money in forming illicit relationship with divers ladies in certain parts of the country. She becomes jealous and on the eve of the discovery he runs away with his true but deceived lover and also a great portion of his wife's money, and not unfrequently carries off her jewel-case as well. Who can describe the feelings of the old wife when she discovers what a miserable dupe she has been! How the scales seem as it were to fall from her eyes and show her, her mistake in all its horrible reality. No matter whether the runaways are captived or not—she is disgraced and defamed for ever. That confiding wives whether old or young are deceived by some dissipated rascals, I have revealed to me in my consulting rooms nearly every day. Not long ago a young wife came to me from Norfolk. When



MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

1. The introduction. 2. He declares his love. 3. The wedding.
4. Jealousy. 5. Unfaithfulness. 6. How he spends his evenings.
7. Elopement and robbery. 8. The discovery.

I told her what a devoted and affectionate wife she would make, she burst into tears. She said "I might have been happy, but before marriage I could not see my husband's faults. He pretended to be a Christian man, a temperance advocate, and in every way good and thoughtful in his manner. He knew that I should require such qualities in him. But he cruelly deceived me, and merely married me for money, always asking for more and more until I found he wanted it for gambling debts and other consequences of his continued dissipation. For a time I gave him money and endeavoured to screen his character from my parents, hoping he would reform. Then when I would give him no more money he began to ill-use me cruelly ; and at last I was obliged to separate from him." Such cases as this I find more common than most people are aware of, and all because the victims fail to pierce that superficial mask with which cunning and designing people can so easily deceive the unobservant. I could give you even sadder cases than the above in which as surely as there is a world of secretly suppressed suffering in this life, so surely have delicate, tender and clingingly affectionate wives died in my knowledge of what people call a "broken heart." And most of this slow, torturing agony, many of these bitter tears, wept silently in secret, have not been afflictions sent by God, as is commonly supposed ; but have been in consequence of irretrievable mistakes made in almost sinful ignorance. Young persons often marry without even the most shadowy ideas of the real character and inner motives of the partners they select. The most important study of all—that which most concerns the happiness and welfare of every individual—that of Human Nature is absolutely

neglected ; and even when married, when linked together by family ties, with young children at their knees, parents may be said in the words of that plaintive song to be "strangers yet."

Then look at the misery caused by those wanton, heartless and fickle young ladies—a class, which I fear are somewhat on the increase. Many an honest, faithful, and pure-hearted man is jilted by the young lady whom he imagined to be like himself, plain, candid and sincere ; simply because she is attracted less resistably by a handsomer moustache, or a finer ring, and a more expensive watch-guard. Of course, the man is a flat and a stupid to be so mistaken in a giddy butterfly of a girl ; but he has provided himself with no means of helping his sight, when love blinds him. There are many strong natures who can turn away in scorn when thus jilted, and can hide their wound until it is healed ; but there are others whose prospects such a calamity suddenly imperils, whose nerves are thus unstrung, and whose hopes for the future are, by such means made desolate. The suffering is none the less real because it is foolish. I knew of a young man who had been jilted and who was weak enough to take to his bed for fifteen weeks in consequence. He wanted a friend with a vein of irony and satire in his nature to cauterise his wounds ; but the girl needed such an exposure of the cruelty of her heart and the littleness of her mind, that should warn off all future lovers from her side for ever.

Now, young men, if you fall in love with a young lady with a small sharp chin, tight lips, a thin neck, short crisp curls, a manner of jerking her head from side to side, and a habit of looking out of the corners of her eyes, you may

expect to be jilted, especially if she is always fishing for compliments. And young ladies take my advice, and always give up a young man who does not look you frankly and honestly in the face. If he makes protestations to you and does not speak with his eyes, if he will look anywhere rather than meet your eyes, do not trust him. Read his character in his walk, in his way of shaking hands. See that his carriage is that of a gentleman, with his head boldly erect but not haughtily thrown backwards. It is an excessive development of the organ of Self-esteem that makes a man throw his head backward; especially when there is an emptiness in the frontal or intellectual region. Observe how he talks with his companions, whether he offers to bet "fivers," boxes of cigars, or bottles of champagne. Quietly note down how he speaks of his parents, whether he talks of the "old buffer" or the "old woman." If he speaks disrespectfully of his parents, he will speak in the same manner of his wife. Notice whether or not he is affectionate to his sisters, if he is kind, thoughtful and considerate at home. If he is not as gentle as a child in lifting his little sister, or if he gets angry and irritable with his younger brother's toothache, be sure there might be a time when you would want a soft and soothing touch, when your brow is feverish; and that then you might want in vain. But in order that the evils arising from misapprehension, and that young men and women may not be so easily deceived, I purpose here to give a few hints on physical appearances which the inexperienced may find very useful in making acquaintance of the opposite sex with a view to marriage. And I may here remark that the face and head of every individual are an

indisputable index to the character. Phrenology combined with Physiognomy are a stronghold which no ignorance or prejudice however great can overthrow. "O but you may say—"I have seen beautiful faces belonging to people who have anything but a beautiful character and *vice versa*!" I would reply that had you been a student of physiognomy and phrenology, you would have regarded the faces which might at first sight have struck you as perfect, in quite a different light, and discovered imperfections which exactly corresponded with the character. Have you seen the face of the proud beauty? Have you noticed how pride and self-esteem has curled those beautiful lips upwards, and taken away the loveliness which modesty alone can imprint upon the woman's face? Have you noticed the vacant stare of those large eyes?—how seemingly perfect—yet, how expressionless, for the beauty of the soul is wanting there! Look at the back of the head how small and undeveloped the social brain, and how high the head in the region of love of approbation and self-esteem! How the low distance from the ear to the top of the head shows a want of veneration, and how after all your Venus may, when placed side by side with a loving English girl, be eclipsed in beauty a thousand-fold. We might on the other hand say that we have seen ugly-featured faces; the descendants of lowly people, whose physical organic quality may have been very poor; but whose training in religion and the higher moral sentiments has endowed their faces with a singular beauty of expression, and whose appearance has, despite of what the hurried observer might term ugliness, won them the hearts and sympathies of all rightly thinking persons.



A PAGE OF SWEETHEARTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

In the annexed plate we have the heads of six young men, which we will briefly sketch in character, for the benefit of young ladies who have or are desirous of obtaining suitors.

1. The face of the conceited young fop, who has really very little to be conceited about. Here we find a very small distance from the ear to the back of the head. This is a sure sign that he has no love of social ties, and consequently would make a miserable and neglectful husband. Notice how his head rises in the back part. This is the organ of self-esteem which is excessively developed and discloses a presuming and selfish character. His perceptive faculties—the arch above the eye-brows, are undeveloped—and why? because he has wasted his time at billiards—in drinking and so-called pleasuring instead of utilizing the most valuable part of his life in study. The distance from the ear to the top of the head is insignificant. This shows a want of veneration and ideality. And how the profile of the face corresponds with the imperfect developments of the head. The ambitious little tip-tilted nose, the receding chin which indicates an utter want of manly character. When trouble came he would fly to drink for succour. Do anything but look an obstacle straight in the face. Such husbands as this—loud and selfish braggarts, often cast waifs unprotected upon the earth, and leave a confiding wife a miserable supplicant for the aid of charitable friends or relatives.

2. This is the contrast. The head of a youth who has devoted his time to labour, thought and study. The perceptive faculties have been brought out. He is shrewd, intelligent and observing. The distance from the ear to the

back of the head shows a love of home and children. He has large veneration and a well-rounded evenly-balanced head. The facial angle is good, and indicates a youth in every way fitted to battle with the difficulties of this life; and one who if he should chance to select a suitable partner would do the utmost to reflect honour upon himself, his wife and his children.

3. Where in No. 1, we have the puppy, we have here a character very much more dangerous, in the full-blown and over-bearing swell. This is the man most likely to deceive romantic young ladies. He is all show and no substance. That heavy and handsome moustache of his may give him a very fine air, and at first we may consider him a very handsomely featured and dashing young fellow. But, examine him more closely. The chin though indicating brute force and sensuality is receding, and shows an unreliable character which the upper part of the head only confirms: all the higher faculties are small. He would inveigle and sacrifice a girl to his selfish pleasure and heartlessly forsake her without compunction to commit havoc elsewhere among the inexperienced and confiding. Beware of such light and frivolous characters!

4. The counterpart of No. 3. The head of a steady, pushing, and intelligent man. Large love of social ties as indicated. A good moral brain. Plenty of determination and a well developed frontal brain, showing great knowledge and individuality.

5. Both the head and face of this character indicate strong animal propensities without sufficient moral brain and self-esteem and firmness to counteract the excessive development of amativeness (sexual love), visible in the back

portion of the head. One organ should be counteracted by another—but this man is a slave to his passions. Love has with him become a vice—a sensuality. The decline in the crown of his head from the back shows an utter want of self-esteem and firmness. His moral brain being also defective he is devoid of the higher nature and must rank almost with the more intelligent lower order of animals. His perception unrestrained by morality makes him cunning and dangerous. His unrefined nose, his thick sensual lips, voluptuous chin and small bleary eyes, which have something hoggish in them, confirm his phrenological character physiognomically. Such characters as this are very common amongst street loungers and the lower orders of society, who do not wish to make christianity and education their guardian angels in life ; and many an artless and charming young village maiden has become the pitiable victim, upon the heart-blood of whose innocence these vampires have sated themselves.

6. This is the contrast to the portrait last taken in hand. It is the head of a young clergyman, He has excessive love, as will easily be seen by the development, but that strong love is kept in pure and holy channels by the equally large veneration shown by the distance from the ear to the top of the head. Large firmness, and acute perception go to form a strong and vigorous character, undaunted by defeat and finally carrying everything before it in a glorious triumph.

We now turn to the heads of the ladies :—

1. A supercilious and vain young miss. A fickle and untrustworthy baby-character. She would whimsically kiss her lover in the evening and treat him coldly without

apparent reason in the morning. The idiotic and protruding mat of hair—overhanging her low forehead like the gable ends of a badly-thatched house already in part reveals the character. Self-esteem being very large she could accredit herself with virtues she did not possess, and her social brain being altogether neglected, she would never make a good wife or mother. Having no perception she could not distinguish between a good suitor and a bad, in fact her tastes would probably draw her towards a showy and worthless young fellow. Her veneration being small would prevent her from recognizing the great truths of true religion, or the grand works of genius. She would be drawn to church, from a desire of publicity and vanity, and to the picture-galleries from similar motives.

2. The head of a fond, loving, and steady-going young woman. Very affectionate, genuine, and sincere, when she is treated in a worthy manner. Having good perception it would be happily exceedingly unlikely that she would be deceived by a vulgar and showy youth, The social brain being large she would yearn to be loved and in return love the object of her affection with the utmost devotion. The arch of the head shows a beautiful and reliable character. Her firmness and energy would enable her to overcome trouble, and she would cheer her companion in times of difficulty. The contour of the face and the loving lips and full chin, are the undoubted physiognomical demonstrations of the character quoted.

3 and 4 are two females heads 3, the Roman cast of countenance and 4 the Greek. They are both well-balanced heads but in 3 we have more energy and firmness of character, in which region the Roman head will be found to



A PAGE OF SWEETHEARTS FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.



slightly exceed the Greek. The nose and determined chin also convey this attribute. A woman with a face of the type of No. 3 would be very thorough, practical and earnest. Seemingly severe at times but only from the best motives. In the Grecian head No. 4 we have not so much of the masculine element, but more refinement. Less ability to cope with difficulties or to overcome obstacles, but an infinite love of the beautiful and artistic in nature. Nearly all great painters and poets have inclined more to this type of nose and face, such as Shelley, Byron, and Raphael, while great statesmen and warriors and leaders of every kind such as Wellington, Napoleon, and Gladstone have been almost unexceptionally of the more powerful cast exemplified in No. 3.

5. Here we have the somewhat expressionless face of a silly hoyden, whose love has from a lack of the higher qualities also become a vice, which may ultimately end in her ruin. Her voluptuous and full physical developments pourtray the channels of her mind. Large amativeness, no firmness and small perception are the prominent characteristics the phrenologist observes in the contour of her head. It is through perverted girls of this stamp that so many nameless children yearly disgrace the civilization of this country, and this century.

6. Equally strong love is also here to be detected, but it is restrained and purged of its grossness by equally large moral and intellectual qualities. The brain is large, comprehensive and active and almost too great a strain upon the physical resources of the body. Thoughtful, loving and industrious, she would shine in the humblest, as in the loftiest of homes. Her husband would have a

constant comforter and an invaluable companion, who would by her presence bless his life unto the very end. Her children would have a watchful and attentive mother, who would send them out into the world, clad in the armour of righteousness which would turn aside the enemy and bless their own lives and the lives of those whom they came in contact with. Hoping that these few remarks may be found useful as an indication to character we would in conclusion earnestly impress upon our young readers a few concluding remarks upon the subject of matrimony.

It is necessary for the youth of both sexes to be perfectly *honest* in their intercourse with each other, so as to exhibit always their true character and nature. Dishonesty is, perhaps, a greater barrier even than ignorance to a proper understanding of the real character of those with whom we contemplate matrimonial alliances. Young men and women are not true to themselves. They put on false characters. They assume airs not their own. They shine in borrowed plumes. They practice every species of deception for the concealment of their real characters. They study to appear better than they are. They seek by the adornments of dress and gems, by the blandishments of art and manners, by the allurements of smiles and honeyed words, by the fascination of pleasure and scenes of excitement, to add unreal, unpossessed charms to their persons and characters. They appear in each other's society to be the embodiment of goodness and sweetness, the personification of lofty principle and holy love, when, in fact, they are full of human weaknesses and frailties.

Now all these outward adornments and blandishments which are not in accordance with, or the proper emblems of,

the inward nature and character, are so many lies told to deceive somebody into a false and wicked alliance of marriage. When young people are thus deceitful with each other before marriage, it is only just and right that they should suffer after for their wickedness. It is the just penalty of sin. Their lives ought to be as miserable after as they have been deceitful before marriage. And I believe they generally are. Another species of dishonesty is in the objects for which people marry. The real object of marriage is companionship. But thousands marry for a home, for standing, for money, for passion, without telling their partners that these are their objects. Such marriages are most lying frauds, base forgeries of truth, that ought to be punished with their legitimate infelicity and wretchedness. Any man or woman that will deceive an intended companion with respect to the object of marriage, is too mean to have a good companion, or to enjoy one if in his or her possession. Now that wealth and caste exert so great an influence in the world, the honest marriages have become few. What man or woman proclaims among his or her associates that station or wealth is the object for which he or she desires a matrimonial alliance. And yet, how largely those things enter into the calculations of thousands of the unmarried ! Now all these calculations are dishonest unless they are candidly expressed ; for the real and implied object of marriage is companionship.

Whoever then, would make an intelligent choice of a proper companion must be *honest* and must commune with *honest* associates in the opposite sex. To be honest, one must act himself, be true to his interior man, make his outward life a meet expression of his inward. Thus he

will be known to be just what he is. Every one has a natural intuition of kindredness, which will be an almost infallible guide when he and his associates are truly honest. But when one is under the influence of passion, or any false or wicked motive, his intuitive judgment is overwhelmed by the blinding power of that falsity, and is rendered wholly incapable of a correct decision, or of pure impression. A dishonest man can neither trust his judgment nor his impression. They are more likely to be false than true.

Then, first of all let youth be honest in their intercourse with each other. Thus they can know and be known, see and be seen as they really are; and natural companions will know each other almost as soon as they meet. Souls of real kindred make feel that kindredness almost as soon as they come into each other's presence, when they associate with pure hearts and honest purposes. They give each other an impression of congeniality which is pleasing and vivid, and may be considered as the instinctive indication of an internal companionship.

The second subject of interest and importance in our observations concerning a choice of a companion, is the physical constitution and the temperament. We want a companion kindred to our own souls. The character of the soul is, to a certain extent exhibited in the outward person. A coarse, harsh, and roughly-organized body is never the tabernacle of a refined, sensitive, and ardent spirit; nor is a refined, delicate, physical organism the dwelling place of a dull, stupid, unfeeling and harsh-toned soul. There is an exact and universal correspondence between the inward and the outward man. This correspo

dence should be studied. Harmony of spirit will always be found connected with harmony of physical constitution, with respect to temperament. If we know our own temperament, our own degree of physical activity and refinement, we may find its correspondence for our companion. We shall thus secure physical harmony, thus secure the dulcet charm of physical kindredness. This is absolutely necessary to a full, spiritual congeniality. If our temperament is upon the extreme of coarseness or refinement, or upon any extreme, it is better for posterity that we chose a companion with a temperament less in the extreme than our own. However, it should always be marked with our own peculiarity. If one has very red or light hair, it is better for his companion to have darker hair, or even black hair, with about the same degree of activity and refinement. The same may be said of the eyes and the general complexion. This secures about the same degree of spiritual delicacy and earnestness in the companions, and guards their posterity against extremes of temperament and character. Their influence is also favourable upon each other, gradually bringing back the character from the extreme. This, however, does not in the least favour the idea that those of an opposite character should marry. No greater error was ever inculcated. Sometimes, however, an individual may be benefitted who has some very bad or extreme trait of character, by having a companion who is the reverse upon this point. But then the good one has to be made a martyr to the bad one, which is a kind of injustice not pleasant to be endured. People seeking companionship are not willing as a general thing to voluntarily become personal sacrifices to improve the character of a

contemplated companion. Then seek for harmony of physical constitution and temperament, as absolutely necessary to congeniality of spirit.

The next point of importance is intellectual harmony. The intellectual characters of companions should be harmonious and of about the same degree of strength. For a philosopher to marry a ninny is absolutely wicked. For a genius to marry a blockhead is suicidal to happiness. For a man of highly-cultivated intellect to companion with a woman of narrow and untutored mind is no better, and *vice versa*. Intellectual enjoyments constitute a great portion of the real pleasures of life. They are solid, enduring and satisfying. It is by the wisdom of intellect that we are guided in all our business concerns, philanthropic movements and pleasure-seeking operations. Intellect is our pilot across the sea of life. A true and proper respect for one as a companion cannot long be retained under a consciousness of that companion's inferiority. It is an equal we respect as we should a companion. It is impossible to properly respect an inferior. Let every youth, then, bear this in mind : an equal in intellectual endowment and cultivation should be a real companion.

A harmony in *moral character* and *feeling* is absolutely essential to a full kindredness. In no respect is congeniality more important than this. In the moral nature all the virtues have their birth. This is the Lord's garden. Here are philanthropy, religion and faith. Here are hope and duty, without harmony here there can be no permanent happiness. Marriage should be consecrated in this region of the mind. A difference of moral strength and activity, a difference in the sentiments of duty and goodness, a

difference in the religious opinions and feelings will constantly mar, or, at least detract from the peace and happiness of any union, however perfect in other respects. Above all things else, seek for moral harmony of soul, seek for kindredness in the highest department of mind. Most sacred of all things are the sentiments here cherished. A union must extend to the moral nature, or it cannot be true and blessed.

Equally important is a harmony of affection. The various affections of the heart should be mutually and equally cherished. A full, perfect and ardent congeniality should be felt in all the loves. Home, country, friends, children, parents and companions should be loved by companions with an equal ardour of soul. The charm of congenial love has been the theme of the orator, the divine and the poet since Adam's union with Eve. Without a deep and earnest mutuality in love no two should ever be married. It is love that inspires and sanctions marriage. To indulge in the privileges of matrimony without love is a species of unparalleled sinfulness. It is love that hallows and makes them virtuously its divine consecration. In order that love may be permanently mutual, there must be a general congeniality of nature, spirit and character. The thoughts, opinions, feelings, activities and pleasures must be mutual. Then love assumes its highest aspect; is placed upon its only sure foundation; and glows with its native ardour, to fill the soul with its unutterable charm of charms.

A proper attention to these several particulars, in a careful and sincere study of the whole character, under the lights of the various sciences which treat of human character and life, will enable one to determine with accuracy and

confidence whether any individual is truly congenial with himself. This, however, is more than a brief study of a few days or weeks. It is a study of years. It is hazardous in the extreme to marry short of a year or two's acquaintance and careful study of the character of the contemplated companion. Not in a few brief interviews can the character of an individual be fully learned, or a full congeniality be discovered. Congenial spirits will more frequently be found in the walks of life, and the circles of society in which we have been accustomed to move than elsewhere. Let youth be truly intelligent, sincere and devout in the practical as well as the theoretical pursuit of this study, and almost sure will they be of securing to themselves the rich pleasures and inestimable benefits of this great institution ordained of Heaven, for human virtue, happiness, and exaltation in spirit.

In conclusion, we have shown by means of an appropriate sketch the exceedingly ridiculous deportment of the bashful young man. To quote a case : A certain young man wished to marry, but could not succeed in getting a suitable young lady to fall in love with him. He was astonished at his failure. At one time he donned his best attire and went with a great deal of dignity to see a young lady. He carefully sat down in his chair, very erectly, and precisely adjusting himself as though he were to have a photograph taken. He was on one side of the fireplace and she was opposite him. "Very rainy this evening," observed he. After a pause, "Crops very backward this season." Another pause ensued. "Did you hear of the accident ? A boy got run over with a cart." In this way the evening passed, and at about nine o'clock he rose to leave, asking



1. The Bashful Lover. 2. The Sincere Lover.

"if he might come again." The young lady did not say "yes," and he could not understand why he had made no impression. He thought he had acted like a gentleman, and so he did, but not like another young man who called to see a young woman he loved. He sat on the opposite side for a time, wanted to draw nearer but did not exactly know how. She spoke in rather a low tone of voice, and he, feigning not to have heard, moved his chair forward a little with the remark, "I didn't quite hear what you said." She repeated the observation in the same low tone of voice, and again drew nearer, saying "I am a little deaf in consequence of recent cold I suppose." After a while they soon became very social, passed an agreeable evening, she invited him to call again, and the final result was that they were mutually pleased with each other and were married.

MARRIAGE.—Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. Some young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, but the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites, they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out of the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by and become reconciled. The man

will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom having a much shorter journey to make must associate himself with one like himself. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach. Such large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that needs a winter to mellow and season. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a man and woman is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

THE PRACTICAL WOOER.—A young lady who was the recipient of attentions from two young men equally eligible in point of good looks, social position, and financial solidity, and entertaining similar feelings of friendship for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose, should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she should put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affection said, "You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?" "Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition—"anything! I would go to the world's end for you; I would endure any suffering for you; I would die for you if necessary!" Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her heart, and she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked, however, for a little delay before giving him an answer to his suit. Meantime the other proposed, and she questioned him in like manner. "Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I would do to show my love for you. If you marry me, you shall have good clothes to wear—I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome sealskin, and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion; and I will be a faithful, loving husband to you." "But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me, or die for me, or any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked, as she toyed with his coat-buttons. "I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied; "I've got a nice good-paying business; and, as for dying for you, *I'd rather live with you.*" "Well," said she, as visions of the sealskin, fashionable bonnets, &c., flashed before her mind, "you can speak to pa."

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